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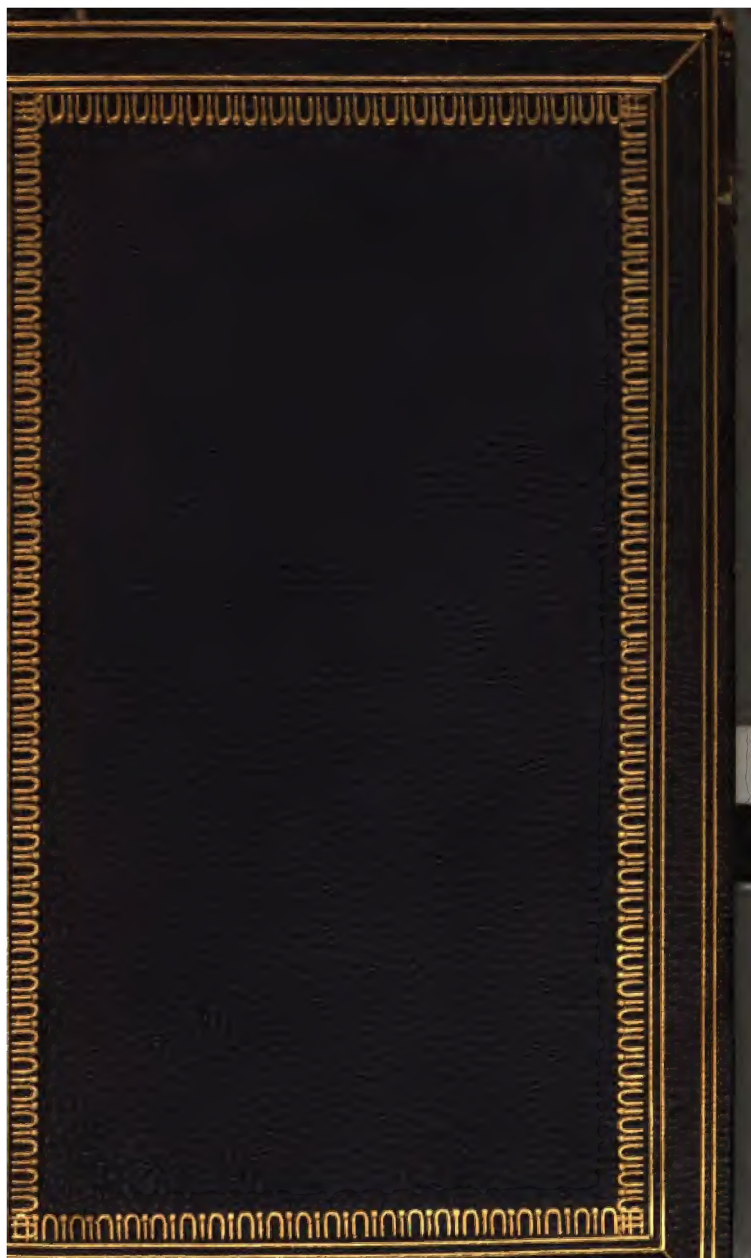
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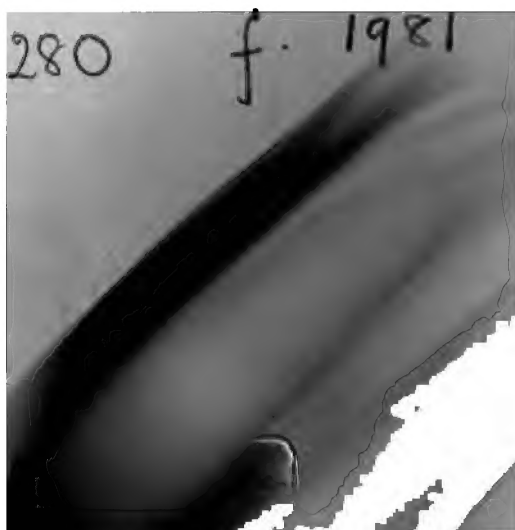
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Dr Joseph Jarvis  
from  
His grateful Niece  
Sarah

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## Proverbial Philosophy.

Gift from Miss R. Jarvis Sandberg

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To Joseph Jarvis  
from  
His grateful Niece  
Sarah

July 1857

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# Proverbial Philosophy.



1



*Martin F. Tupper:*

*Author of "Hoodity"*

# Proverbial Philosophy:

BY

MARTIN F. TUPPER.



Twenty-third Edition.



LONDON:

T. HATCHARD, 187, PICCADILLY.

1855.

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G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.



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# Proverbial Philosophy.

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(FIRST SERIES.)


## Prefatory.

**Thoughts**, that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its  
inner chambers,  
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of fancy ;  
Clear-running wine of conviction, with the scum and the  
lees of speculation ;  
Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from  
mine own garner :  
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret  
lodes,  
And come up again to the surface-world, with a know-  
ledge grounded deeper ;  
Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the key-  
stone of heaven,  
And thence have swooped to their certain mark, as the  
falcon to its quarry ;

The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened harvest of my musings,  
 These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of Wisdom,  
 These I give to thy gentle heart, thou lover of the right.

~~What~~ That, though a guilty man renew that hallowed theme,  
 And strike with feebler hand the harp of Sirach's son ?  
 What, though a youthful tongue take up that ancient parable,  
 And utter faintly forth dark sayings as of old ?  
 Sweet is the virgin honey, though the wild bee have stored it in a reed ;  
 And bright the jewelled band, that circleth an Ethiop's arm ;  
 Pure are the grains of gold in the turbid stream of Ganges,  
 And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.  
 Wherefore, thou gentle student, bend thine ear to my speech,  
 For I also am as thou art ; our hearts can commune together :  
 To meanest matters will I stoop, for mean is the lot of mortal ;  
 I will rise to noblest themes, for the soul hath an heritage of glory :  
 The passions of puny man ; the majestic characters of God ;  
 The feverish shadows of time, and the mighty substance of eternity.

Commend thy mind unto candour, and grudge not as though thou hadst a teacher,



Nor scorn angelic Truth for the sake of her evil herald ;  
 Heed not him, but hear his words, and care not whence  
     they come ;  
 The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar  
     them forth,  
 The mean unconscious sedge sigh them in the ear of  
     evening,  
 Or the mind of pride conceive, and the mouth of folly  
     speak them.  
 Lo now, I stand not forth laying hold on spear and  
     buckler,  
 I come a man of peace, to comfort, not to combat ;  
 With soft persuasive speech to charm thy patient ear,  
 Giving the hand of fellowship, acknowledging the heart  
     of sympathy :  
 Let us walk together as friends in the shaded paths of  
     meditation,  
 Nor Judgment set his seal until he hath poised his  
     balance ;  
 That the chastenings of mild reproof may meet unwitting  
     error,  
 And Charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread  
     for brothers.

## The Words of Wisdom.



**Few** and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter :

To what shall their rarity be likened ? What price shall count their worth ?

Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches,

No lovely thing on earth can picture all their beauty.

They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,

Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang around the neck of Memory ;

They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,

Which Thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart ;

They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth of time,

Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food ;  
They be drops of the crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,  
When on some brighter sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight :  
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet more, for the half is not said, of their might, and dignity, and value ;  
For life-giving be they and glorious, redolent of sanctity and heaven :  
As the fumes of hallowed incense, that veil the throne of the most High ;  
As the beaded bubbles that sparkle on the rim of the cup of immortality ;  
As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataracts of truth :  
Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

Yet once again, loving student, suffer the praises of thy teacher,  
For verily the sun of the mind, and the life of the heart is Wisdom :  
She is pure and full of light, crowning grey hairs with lustre,  
And kindling the eye of youth with a fire not its own ;  
And her words, whereunto canst thou liken them ? for earth cannot show their peers :  
They be grains of the diamond sand, the radiant floor of heaven,



Rising in sunny dust behind the chariot of God ;  
 'They be flashes of the day-spring from on high, shed  
     from the windows of the skies ;  
 'They be streams of living waters, fresh from the fountain  
     of Intelligence :  
 Such, and so precious, are the words which the lips of  
     Wisdom utter.

- For these shall guide thee well, and guard thee on thy  
     way ;  
 And wanting all beside, with these shalt thou be rich :  
 Though all around be woe, these shall make thee happy ;  
 Though all within be pain, these shall bring thee health ;  
 Thy good shall grow into ripeness, thine evil wither and  
     decay,  
 And Wisdom's words shall sweetly charm thy doubtful  
     into virtues :  
 Meanness shall then be frugal care ; where shame was,  
     thou art modest ;  
 Cowardice riseth into caution, rashness is sobered into  
     courage ;  
 The wrathful spirit, rendering a reason, standeth justi-  
     fied in anger ;  
 The idle hand hath fair excuse, propping the thoughtful  
     forehead.  
 Life shall have no labyrinth but thy steps can track it,  
 For thou hast a silken clue, to lead thee through the  
     darkness :  
 The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall perish at thy  
     coming,  
 And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious  
     sails

Wherefore, friend and scholar, hear the words of Wisdom ;

Whether she speaketh to thy soul in the full chords of revelation ;

In the teaching earth, or air, or sea ; in the still melodies of thought ;

Or, haply, in the humbler strains that would detain thee here.

## Of Truth in Things False.

---

**Error** is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil;  
In the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked  
and foolish.

For there is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some  
lines of truth :

Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some  
wholesome use :


And the just man, enamoured of the right, is blinded by  
the speciousness of wrong ;

And the prudent, perceiving an advantage, is content to  
overlook the harm.

On all things created remaineth the half-effaced signature  
of God,

Somewhat of fair and good, though blotted by the finger  
of corruption :

And if error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with  
streams of truth ;



And the Adversary loveth to have it so, for thereby  
many are decoyed.

Providence is dark in its permissions ; yet one day, when  
all is known,

The universe of reason shall acknowledge how just and  
good were they ;

For the wise man leaneth on his wisdom, and the  
righteous trusteth to his righteousness,

And those, who thirst for independence, are suffered to  
drink of disappointment.

Wherefore ?—to prove and humble them : and to teach  
the idolators of Truth,

That it is but the ladder unto Him, on whom only they  
should trust.

There is truth in the wildest scheme that imaginative  
heat hath engendered,

And a man may gather somewhat from the crudest  
theories of fancy :

The alchymist laboureth in folly, but catcheth chance  
gleams of wisdom,

And findeth out many inventions, though his crucible  
breed not gold ;

The sinner, toying with witchcraft, thinketh to delude  
his fellows,

But there be very spirits of evil, and what if they come  
at his bidding ?

He is a bold bad man who dareth to tamper with the  
dead ;

For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery—that vestibule  
leading to Eternity,

The waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their King.

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided ;  
For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate  
unseen :

And the heat of an excited intellect, radiating to its fellows,

Doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green wood  
around it is unwarmed

The dog may have a spirit, as well as his brutal master ;  
A spirit to live in happiness : for why should he be  
robbed of his existence ?

Hath he not a conscience of evil, a glimmer of moral  
sense,

Love and hatred, courage and fear, and visible shame  
and pride ?

There may be a future rest for the patient victims of the  
cruel ;

And a season allotted for their bliss, to compensate for  
unjust suffering.

Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its surface for  
the truth ;

And beware of seeming truths, that grow on the roots of  
error :

For comely are the apples that spring from the Dead  
Sea's cursed shore,

But within are they dust and ashes, and the hand that  
plucked them shall rue it.

A frequent similar effect argueth a constant cause :

Yet who hath counted the links that bind an omen to its  
issue ?



Who hath expounded the law that rendereth calamities  
gregarious,  
Pressing down with yet more woes the heavy-laden  
mourner ?  
Who knoweth wherefore a monsoon should swell the  
sails of the prosperous,  
Blithely speeding on their course the children of good  
luck ?  
Who hath companied a vision from the horn or ivory  
gate ?  
Or met another's mind in his, and explained its pre-  
sence ?  
There is a secret sowewhat in antipathies ; and love is  
more than fancy ;  
Yea, and a palpable notice warneth of an instant  
danger ;  
For the soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the  
wind,  
That catch events in their approach with sure and apt  
presentiment,  
So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming  
friend,  
Investing in his likeness the stranger that passed on be-  
fore ;  
And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word  
fulfilled,  
And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.  
O man, little hast thou learnt of truth in things most  
true,  
How therefore shall thy blindness wot of truth in things  
most false ?  
Thou hast not yet perceived the causes of life or motion,

How then canst thou define the subtle sympathies of  
mind ?

For the spirit, sharpest and strongest when disease hath  
rent the body,

Hath welcomed kindred spirits in nightly visitations,  
Or learnt from restless ghosts dark secrets of the  
living,

And helped slow justice to her prey by the dreadful  
teaching of a dream.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error  
have not warped it ;

Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth  
is not in it.

For the enemy, the father of lies, the giant Upas of  
creation,

Whose deadly shade hath blasted this once green garden  
of the Lord,

Can but pervert the good, but may not create the evil ;  
He destroyeth, but cannot build ; for he is not antago-  
nist deity :

Mighty is his stolen power, yet is he a creature and a  
subject ;

Not a maker of abstract wrong, but a spoiler of concrete  
right :

The fiend hath not a royal crown ; he is but a prowling  
robber,

Suffered, for some mysterious end, to haunt the King's  
highway ;

And the keen sword he beareth, once was a simple  
ploughshare ;

Yea, and his panoply of error is but a distortion of the  
truth :



The sickle that once reaped righteousness, beaten from  
its useful curve,

With axe, and spike, and bar, headeth the marauder's  
halbert,

Seek not further, O man, to solve the dark riddle of  
sin ;

Suffice it, that thine own bad heart is to thee thine origin  
of evil.



## Of Anticipation.

---

Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of  
the world,

But that which hath vexed thee most hath been the  
looking for evil ;

And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery  
been heaped on thy head,

Yet ills, that never happened, have chiefly made thee  
wretched.

The sting of pain and the edge of pleasure are blunted  
by long expectation,

For the gall and the balm alike are diluted in the waters  
of patience :

And often thou sippest sweetness, ere the cup is dashed  
from thy lip ;

Or drainest the gall of fear, while evil is passing by thy  
dwelling.

A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment,

But a cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of  
 joy within him :  
 Yea, though the breath of disappointment should chill  
 the sanguine heart,  
 Speedily gloweth it again, warmed by the live embers  
 of hope ;  
 Though the black and heavy surge close above the head  
 for a moment,  
 Yet the happy buoyancy of Confidence riseth superior to  
 Despair.  
 Verily, evils may be courted, may be wooed and won by  
 distrust :  
 For the wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbe-  
 lieving spirit ;  
 And to those giveth He good, who rely on His hand for  
 good ;  
 And those leaveth He to evil, who fear, but trust him not.  
 Ask for good, and hope it, for the ocean of good is  
 fathomless ;  
 Ask for good, and have it ; for thy Friend would see thee  
 happy ;  
 But to the timid heart, to the child of unbelief and dread,  
 That leaneth on his own weak staff, and trusteth the  
 sight of his eyes,  
 The evil he feared shall come, for the soil is ready for  
 the seed,  
 And suspicion hath coldly put aside the hand that was  
 ready to help him.  
 Therefore look up, sad spirit ; be strong, thou coward  
 heart,  
 Or fear will make thee wretched, though evil follow not  
 behind :

Cease to anticipate misfortune; there are still many  
chances of escape;  
But if it come, be courageous: face it, and conquer thy  
calamity.  
There is not an enemy so stout, as to storm and take the  
fortress of the mind,  
Unless its infirmity turn traitor, and Fear unbar the  
gates.  
The valiant standeth as a rock, and the billows break  
upon him;  
The timorous is a skiff unmoored, tost and mocked at by  
a ripple:  
The valiant holdeth fast to good, till evil wrench it from  
him;  
The timorous casteth it aside, to meet the worst half  
way:  
Yet oftentimes is evil but a braggart, that provoketh and  
will not fight;  
Or the feint of a subtle fencer, who measureth his thrust  
elsewhere:  
Or perchance a blessing in a masque, sent to try thy  
trust,  
The precious smiting of a friend, whose frowns are all in  
love:  
Often the storm threateneth, but is driven to other  
climes,  
And the weak hath quailed in fear, while the firm hath  
been glad in his confidence.



## Of Hidden Uses.

---

The sea-wort floating on the waves, or rolled up high  
 along the shore,  
 Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names of con-  
 tempt :  
 Yet hath it gloriously triumphed, and man been humbled  
 in his ignorance,  
 For health is in the freshness of its savour, and it cum-  
 bereth the beach with wealth ;  
 Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-tinctured  
 essence,  
 And by its humbler ashes enriching many proud.  
 Be this, then, a lesson to thy soul, that thou reckon no-  
 thing worthless,  
 Because thou heedest not its use, nor knowest the vir-  
 tues thereof.  
 And herein, as thou walkest by the sea, shall weeds be a  
 type and an earnest

Of the stored and uncounted riches lying hid in all creatures of God :

There be flowers making glad the desert, and roots fattening the soil,

And jewels in the secret deep, scattered amongst groves of coral,

And comforts to crown all wishes, and aids unto every need,

Influences, yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions,

And uses above and around, which man hath not yet regarded.

Not long to charm away disease hath the crocus yielded up its bulb,

Nor the willow lent its bark, nor the nightshade its vanquished poison ;

Not long hath the twisted leaf, the fragrant gift of China,

Nor that nutritious root, the boon of far Peru,

Nor the many-coloured dahlia, nor the gorgeous flaunting cactus,

Nor the multitude of fruits and flowers ministered to life and luxury :

Even so, there be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm,

In the sun-dried hare-bell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadow,

In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar ;

And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,

Nor the waxen flower of the arbut, though it dieth in a day,

Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the  
stars ;  
And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many  
uses,  
The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled orchis, and  
the daisy.  
The world may laugh at famine, when forest-trees yield  
bread,  
When acorns give out fragrant drink, and the sap of  
the linden is as fatness :  
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,  
Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

Still, Mind is up and stirring, and pryeth in the corners  
of contrivance,  
Often from the dark recesses picking out bright seeds of  
truth :  
Knowledge hath clipped the lightning's wings, and  
mewed it up for a purpose,  
Training to some domestic task the fiery bird of heaven ;  
Tamed is the spirit of the storm, to slave in all peaceful  
arts,  
To walk with husbandry and science ; to stand in the  
vanguard against death :  
And the chemist balanceth his elements with more than  
magic skill,  
Commanding stones that they be bread, and draining  
sweetness out of wormwood.  
Yet man, heedless of a God, counteth up vain reckonings,  
Fearing to be jostled and starved out, by the too prolific  
increase of his kind ;  
And asketh, in unbelieving dread, for how few years to  
come

Will the black cellars of the world yield unto him fuel  
for his winter.

Might not the wide waste sea be pent within narrower  
bounds?

Might not the arm of diligence make the tangled wilder-  
ness a garden?

And for aught thou canst tell, there may be a thousand  
methods

Of comforting thy limbs in warmth, though thou kindle  
not a spark.

Fear not, son of man, for thyself nor thy seed :—with a  
multitude is plenty ;

God's blessing giveth increase, and with it larger than  
enough.

Search out the wisdom of nature, there is depth in all  
her doings ;

She seemeth prodigal of power, yet her rules are the  
maxims of frugality :

The plant refresheth the air, and the earth filtereth the  
water,

And dews are sucked into the cloud, dropping fatness on  
the world :

She hath, on a mighty scale, a general use for all things ;


Yet hath she specially for each its microscopic purpose :

There is use in the prisoned air, that swelleth the pods  
of the laburnum ;

Design in the venom'd thorns, that sentinel the leaves  
of the nettle ;

A final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the  
moss around a rose :

A reason for each blade of grass, that reareth its small  
spire.



How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills  
might follow,  
If the lowest menial of nature knew not her secret office ?  
If the thistle never sprang up to mock the loose husbandry of indolence,  
Or the pestilence never swept away an unknown curse  
from among men ?  
Would ye crush the buzzing myriads that float on the  
breath of evening ?  
Would ye trample the creatures of God that people the  
rotting fruit ?  
Would ye suffer no mildew forest to stain the unhealthy  
wall,  
Nor a noisome savour to exhale from the pool that  
breedeth disease ?  
Pain is useful unto man, for it teacheth him to guard his  
life,  
And the fetid vapours of the fen warn him to fly from  
danger :  
And the meditative mind, looking on, winneth good food  
for its hunger,  
Seeing the wholesome root bring forth a poisonous  
berry ;  
For otherwhile falleth it out that truth, driven to extremities,  
Yieldeth bitter folly as the spoilt fruit of wisdom.  
O, blinded is thine eye, if it see not just aptitude in all  
things :  
O, frozen is thy heart, if it glow not with gratitude for  
all things :  
In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be  
spared,



From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.

The sage, and the beetle at his feet, hath each a ministration to perform :

The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service.

Neither is it thus alone with the definite existences of matter ;

But motion and sound, circumstance and quality, yea, all things have their office.

The zephyr playing with an aspen-leaf,—the earthquake that rendeth a continent ;

The moon-beam silvering a ruined arch,—the desert wave dashing up a pyramid ;

The thunder of jarring icebergs,—the stops of a shepherd's pipe ;

The howl of the tiger in the glen,—and the wood-dove calling to her mate ;

The vulture's cruel rage,—the grace of the stately swan ;

The fierceness looking from the lynx's eye, and the dull stupor of the sloth :

To these, and to all, is there added each its use, though man considereth it lightly :

For Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful.

All things being are in concord with the ubiquity of God ;  
Neither is there one thing overmuch, nor freed from honourable servitude.

Were there not a need-be of wisdom, nothing would be as it is ;

For essence without necessity argueth a moral weakness.  
We look through a glass darkly, we catch but glimpses  
of truth ;

But, doubtless, the sailing of a cloud hath Providence to  
its pilot,

Doubtless, the root of an oak is gnarled for a special  
purpose,

The foreknown station of a rush is as fixed as the station  
of a king,

And chaff from the hand of the winnower, steered as the  
stars in their courses.

Man liveth only in himself, but the Lord liveth in all  
things ;

And his pervading unity quickeneth the whole creation.

Man doeth one thing at once, nor can he think two  
thoughts together ;

But God compasseth all things, mantling the globe like  
air :

And we render homage to his wisdom, seeing use in all  
his creatures,

For, perchance, the universe would die, were not all  
things as they are.

## Of Compensation.

---

**Equal** is the government of heaven in allotting pleasures  
among men,

And just the everlasting law, that hath wedded happiness  
to virtue :

For verily on all things else broodeth disappointment  
with care,

That childish man may be taught the shallowness of  
earthly enjoyment.

Wherefore, ye that have enough, envy ye the rich man  
his abundance ?

Wherefore, daughters of affluence, covet ye the cottager's  
content ?

Take the good with the evil, for ye all are pensioners of  
God,

And none may choose or refuse the cup His wisdom  
mixeth.

The poor man rejoiceth at his toil, and his daily meat is  
sweet to him :

---

Content with present good, he looketh not for evil to the future :

The rich man languisheth with sloth, and findeth pleasure in nothing,

He locketh up care with his gold, and feareth the fickleness of fortune.

Can a cup contain within itself the measure of a bucket?  
Or the straitened appetites of man drink more than their fill of luxury?

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless :

And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Also, though penury and pain be real and bitter evils,  
I would reason with the poor afflicted, for he is not so wretched as he seemeth.

What right hath an offender to complain, though others escape punishment,

If the stripes of earned misfortune overtake him in his sin?

Wherefore not endure with resignation the evils thou canst not avert?

For the coward pain will flee, if thou meet him as a man :  
Consider, whatever be thy fate, that it might and ought to have been worse,

And that it lieth in thy hand to gather even blessing from afflictions :

Bethink thee, wherefore were they sent? and hath not use blunted their keenness?

Need hope, and patience, and courage, be strangers to the meanest hovel?

Thou art in an evil case, it were cruel to deny to thee  
compassion,

But there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this  
world's sorrows :

I touch not the sore of thy guilt ; but of human griefs I  
counsel thee,

Cast off the weakness of regret, and gird thee to redeem  
thy loss :

Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-know-  
ledge, patience, and humility,

And these be as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the  
coiner :

Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain thou  
hast earned so hardly,

And now thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that  
thou lose not the sweet.

Power is seldom innocent, and envy is the yoke-fellow of  
eminence ;

And the rust of the miser's riches wasteth his soul as a  
canker.

The poor man counteth not the cost at which such wealth  
hath been purchased ;

He would be on the mountain's top, without the toil and  
travail of the climbing.

But equity demandeth recompense : for high-place, ca-  
lummy and care ;

For state, comfortless splendour eating out the heart of  
home ;

For warrior fame, dangers and death ; for a name among  
the learned, a spirit overstrained ;

For honour of all kinds, the goad of ambition ; on every  
acquirement, the tax of anxiety.

He that would change with another, must take the cup  
as it is mixed :

Poverty, with largeness of heart ; or a full purse, with a  
sordid spirit ;

Wisdom, in an ailing body ; or a common mind, with  
health :

Godliness, with man's scorn ; or the welcome of the  
mighty, with guilt :

Beauty, with a fickle heart ; or plainness of face, with  
affection.

For so hath Providence determined, that a man shall not  
easily discover

Unmingled good or evil, to quicken his envy or abhor-  
rence.

A bold man or a fool must he be, who would change his  
lot with another ;

It were a fearful bargain, and mercy hath lovingly re-  
fused it :

For we know the worst of ourselves, but the secrets of  
another we see not,

And better is certain bad, than the doubt and dread of  
worse.

Just, and strong, and opportune is the moral rule of  
God ;

Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the  
measure of its gifts :

Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,  
Nor heed the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the  
good in his afflictions.

They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's  
pillow,

Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience ;  
They hear not the terrible suggestions, that knock at the portal of his will,  
Provoking to wipe away from life the one weak witness of the deed ;  
They know not the torturing suspicions that sting his panting breast,  
When the clear eye of penetration quietly readeth off the truth.  
Likewise of the good what know they ? the memories bringing pleasure,  
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent, and glistening from his eye ;  
The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose ;  
The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious.  
Many a beggar at the cross way, or grey-haired shepherd on the plain,  
Hath more of the end of all wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.

Moreover, a moral compensation reacheth to the secrecy of thought ;  
For if thou wilt think evil of thy neighbour, soon shalt thou have him for thy foe :  
And yet he may know nothing of the cause that maketh thee distasteful to his soul,—  
The cause of unkind suspicion, for which thou hast thy punishment :  
And if thou think of him in charity, wishing or praying for his weal.

He shall not guess the secret charm that lureth his soul  
to love thee.

For just is retributive ubiquity: Samson did sin with  
Dalilah,

And his eyes and captive strength were forfeit to the  
Philistine:

Jacob robbed his brother, and sorrow was his portion to  
the grave:

David must fly before his foes, yea, though his guilt is  
covered:

And He, who, seeming old in youth, was marred for  
others' sin,

For every special crime must bear its special penalty:

By luxury, or rashness, or vice, the member that hath  
erred suffereth,—

And therefore the Sacrifice for all was pained at every  
pore.

Like to the slave and his oppressor cometh night with  
sweet refreshment,

And half of the life of the most wretched is gladdened  
by the soothings of sleep.

Pain addeth zest unto pleasure, and teacheth the luxury  
of health;

There is a joy in sorrow, which none but a mourner can  
know:

Madness hath imaginary bliss, and most men have no  
more;

Age hath its quiet calm, and youth enjoyeth not for  
haste:

Daily, in the midst of its beatitude, the righteous soul is  
vexed;



And even the misery of guilt doth attain to the bliss of pardon.

Who, in the face of the born-blind, ever looked on other than content?

And the deaf ear listeneth within to the silent music of the heart.

There is evil poured upon the earth from the overflowings of corruption,—

Sickness, and poverty, and pain, and guilt, and madness, and sorrow;

But, as the water from a fountain riseth and sinketh to its level,

Ceaselessly toileth justice to equalize the lots of men:

For, habit and hope and ignorance, and the being but one of a multitude,

And strength of reason in the sage, and dulness of feeling in the fool,

And the light elasticity of courage, and the calm resignation of meekness,

And the stout endurance of decision, and the weak carelessness of apathy,

And helps invisible but real, and ministrings not unfelt, Angelic aid with worldly discomfiture, bodily loss with the soul's gain,

Secret griefs, and silent joys, thorns in the flesh, and cordials for the spirit,

(—Short of the insuperable barrier dividing innocence from guilt,—)

Go far to level all things, by the gracious rule of Compensation.

## Of Indirect Influences.

---

thy foe in the field, and perchance thou wilt meet  
thy master,  
For the sword is chained to his wrist, and his armour  
buckled for the battle ;  
But find him when he looketh not for thee, aim between  
the joints of his harness,  
And the crest of his pride will be humbled, his cruelty  
will bite the dust.  
Beard not a lion in his den, but fashion the secret pit-  
fall,  
So shalt thou conquer the strong, thyself triumphing in  
weakness.  
The hurricane rageth fiercely, and the promontory  
standeth in its might,  
Breasting the artillery of heaven, as darts glance from  
the crocodile :  
But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps  
of the sea

Mineth the wall of adamant, and stealthily compasseth  
its ruin.

The weakness of accident is strong, where the strength  
of design is weak :

And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth  
not argument.

Will not a man listen ? be silent ; and prove thy maxim  
by example :

Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth  
doth not render a reason.

Contend not in wisdom with a fool, for thy sense maketh  
much of his conceit ;

And some errors never would have thriven, had it not  
been for learned refutation :

Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler  
for truth,

And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated  
wisdom :

For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep  
thy argument,

Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct  
purpose,

The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and re-  
turn without thee,

And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest  
have won a friend.

Hints, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,

Where a bare-faced accusation would be too ridiculous  
for calumny ;

The sly suggestion toucheth nerves, and nerves contract  
the fronds,

And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its  
root ;

And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks  
that laugh at storms,

Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the  
prophet's gourd.

Hast thou loved and not known jealousy ? for a sidelong  
look

Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of  
proofs :

Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn  
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing ma-  
lice ?—

A wise man prevaieth in power, for he screeneth his  
battering engine,

But a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware.

Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,  
That crippled line of columns bleaching in the sun,  
The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying but-  
tress

Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy :

Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture  
on a ruin,

Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect  
pile ?

And wherefore not—but that light hints, suggesting un-  
seen beauties,

Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits ?

And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the  
painter,

Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel :

And so, the Helvetic lion caverned in the living rock  
Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble  
pedestal.

Tell me, daughter of taste, what hath charmed thine ear  
in music ?

Is it the laboured theme, the curious fugue or cento,—  
Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some  
strange note,

Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity ?  
Tell me, thou son of science, what hath filled thy mind  
in reading ?

Is it the volume of detail where all is orderly set down  
And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think ;  
The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better  
than a fool,

Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes ;—  
Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou  
mayst solve,

The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,  
The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half  
flower,


The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learn-  
ing,

The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning  
mysteries ?

For ideas are oft-times shy of the close furniture of words,  
And thought, wherein only is power, may be best con-  
veyed by a suggestion :

The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark mid-  
night of a storm,

Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty  
summers.




A worldly man boasteth in his pride, that there is no  
 power but of money ;  
 And he judgeth the characters of men by the differing  
 measures of their means :  
 He stealeth all goodly names, as worth, and value, and  
 substance,  
 Which be the ancient heritage of Virtue, but such an one  
 ascribeth unto Wealth :  
 He spurneth the needy sage, whose wisdom hath en-  
 riched nations,  
 And the sons of poverty and learning, without whom  
 earth were a desert :  
 Music, the soother of cares, the tuner of the dank dis-  
 cordant heart-strings,  
 It is nought unto such an one but sounds, whereby  
 some earn their living :  
 The poem, and the picture, and the statue, to him seem  
 idle baubles,  
 Which wealth condescendeth to favour, to gain him the  
 name of patron.  
 But little wotteth he the might of the means his folly  
 despiseth ;  
 He considereth not that these be the wires which move  
 the puppets of the world.  
 A sentence hath formed a character, and a character  
 subdued a kingdom ;  
 A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce  
 with the skies :  
 The pen hath shaken nations, and stablished the world  
 in peace ;  
 And the whole full horn of plenty been filled from the  
 vial of science.

He regardeth man as sensual, the monarch of created matter,  
And careth not aught for mind, that linketh him with spirits unseen ;  
He feedeth his carcase and is glad, though his soul be faint and famished,  
And the dull brute power of the body bindeth him a captive to himself.

Man liveth from hour to hour, and knoweth not what may happen ;  
Influences circle him on all sides, and yet must he answer for his actions :  
For the being that is master of himself, bendeth events to his will,  
But a slave to selfish passion is the wavering creature of circumstance.  
To this man temptation is a poison, to that man it addeth vigour ;  
And each may render to himself influences good or evil.  
As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow,  
And the torrent that swept the valley, may be led to turn a mill ;  
The wild electric flash, that could have kindled comets,  
May by the ductile wire give ease to an ailing child.  
For outward matter or event fashion not the character within,  
But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind for himself.

Some have said, What is in a name ?—most potent plastic influence ;



A name is a word of character, and repetition stablisheth the fact :

A word of rebuke, or of honour, tending to obscurity or fame;

And greatest is the power of a mean, when its power is least suspected.

A low name is a thorn in the side, that hindereth the footman in his running ;

But a name of ancestral renown shall often put the racer to his speed.

Few men have grown unto greatness whose names are allied to ridicule,

And many would never have been profligate, but for the splendour of a name.

A wise man scorneth nothing, be it never so small or homely,

For he knoweth not the secret laws that may bind it to great effects.

The world in its boyhood was credulous, and dreaded the vengeance of the stars,

The world in its dotage is not wiser, fearing not the influence of small things :

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,

But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

A man hath the tiller in his hand, and may steer against the current,

Or may glide down idly with the stream, till his vessel founder in the whirlpool.



## Of Memory.

---

~~Where~~ art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner of facts  
and fancies,—

In what strange firmament are laid the beams of thine  
airy chambers?

Or art thou that small cavern, the centre of the rolling  
brain,

Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's original?

Or hast thou some grand globe, some common hall of  
intellect,

Some spacious market-place for thought, where all do  
bring their wares,

And gladly rescued from the littleness, the narrow closet  
of a self,

The privileged soul hath large access, coming in the  
livery of learning?

Live we as isolated worlds, perfect in substance and  
spirit,

---

Each a sphere, with a special mind, prisoned in its shell  
of matter?  
Or rather, as converging radiations, parts of one majestic  
whole,  
Beams of the Sun, streams from the River, branches of  
the mighty Tree,  
Some bearing fruit, some bearing leaves, and some diseased and barren,—  
Some for the feast, some for the floor, and some,—how  
many,—for the fire?  
Memory may be but a power of coming to the treasury  
of Fact,  
A momentary self-desertion, an absence in spirit from  
the now,  
An actual coursing hither and thither, by the mind,  
slipped from its leash,  
A life, as in the mystery of dreams, spent within the  
limits of a moment.

A brutish man knoweth not this, neither can a fool comprehend it,  
But there be secrets of the memory, deep, wondrous, and fearful.  
Were I at Petra, could I not declare, My soul hath been  
here before me?  
Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra?  
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged  
on the Danube,  
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows,—nor the black tents  
of the Tartar?

Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of  
old,  
While wandering in the grove with Plato, and listening  
to Zeno in the porch?  
Paul have I seen, and Pythagoras, and the Stagyrice hath  
spoken me friendly,  
And His meek eye looked also upon me, standing with  
Peter in the palace.  
Athens and Rome, Persepolis and Sparta, am I not a  
freeman of you all?  
And chiefly can my yearning heart forget thee, O Jeru-  
salem?—  
For the strong magic of conception, mingled with the  
fumes of memory,  
Giveth me a life in all past time, yea, and addeth sub-  
stance to the future.  
Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar  
into the sun,  
Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom  
hath sublimed,  
Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness  
strange and vague,  
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your  
daily life,  
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,  
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own  
footsteps?  
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old  
familiar,  
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with  
ancient memories?

---

A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,  
And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the  
cold spirit trembling.

Memory is not wisdom ; idiots can rote volumes :  
Yet what is wisdom without memory ? a babe that is  
strangled in its birth,

The path of the swallow in the air, the path of the dol-  
phin in the waters,

A cask running out, a bottomless chasm : such is wis-  
dom without memory.

There be many wise, who cannot store their knowledge ;  
Yet from themselves are they satisfied, for the fountain  
is within :

There be many who store, but have no wisdom of their  
own,

Lumbering their armoury with weapons their muscles  
cannot lift :

There be many thieves and robbers, who glean and store  
unlawfully,

Calling in to memory's help some cunningly devised  
Cabala :

But to feed the mind with fatness, to fill thy granary with  
corn,

Nor clog with chaff and straw the threshing-floor of  
reason,

Reap the ideas, and house them well ; but leave the  
words high stubble :

Strive to store up what was thought, despising what was  
said.

For the mind is a spirit, and drinketh in ideas, as flame  
melteth into flame ;

But for words it must pack them as on floors, cumbrous  
and perishable merchandize.

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope  
for a week,—how long and weary !

But to remember fourscore years, is to look back upon  
a day.

An avenue seemeth to lengthen in the eyes of the way-  
faring man,

But let him turn, those stationed elms crowd up within  
a yard ;

Pace the lamp-lit streets of some sleeping city,

The multitude of cressets shall seem one, in the false  
picture of perspective ;

Even so, in sweet treachery, dealeth the aged with himself,  
He gazeth on the green hill-tops, while the marshes be-  
neath are hidden ;

And the partial telescope of memory pierceth the blank  
between,

To look with lingering love at the fair star of childhood.  
Life is as the current spark on the miner's wheel of  
flints ;

Whiles it spinneth there is light ; stop it, all is dark-  
ness :

Life is as a morsel of frankincense burning in the hall  
of Eternity ;

It is gone, but its odorous cloud curleth to the lofty  
roof :

Life is as a lump of salt, melting in the temple-laver ;

It is gone,—yet its savour reacheth to the farthest atom :  
Even so, for evil or for good, is life the criterion of a  
man,

For its memories of sanctity or sin pervade all the firmament of being.

There is but the flitting moment, wherein to hope or to enjoy,

But in the calendar of memory, that moment is all time.

## The Dream of Ambition.

---

**I Left** the happy fields that smile around the village of  
 Content,  
 And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Am-  
 bition.  
 Long time, parched and weary, I travelled that burning  
 sand,  
 And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my  
 way for palms ;  
 Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp uplifted  
 stings,  
 Seeming to mock me as I ran ; (then I guessed it was a  
 dream,—  
 But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we  
 are.)  
 So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel  
 cliff,  
 Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen sky ;  
 And quickly, I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen  
 wings

Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought it was  
a dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we  
are.)

So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before me a  
giant pyramid,

And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult  
steps;

For I longed, like another Belus, to mount up, yea to  
heaven,

Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest of  
earth.

Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning sun,  
And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt  
in flames;

(And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that all this  
torture was a dream,—

Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we  
are.)

And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered to  
its root,

And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand founda-  
tions:

Awhile it tottered and tilted, as raised by invisible  
levers,—


(And now my reason spake with me; I knew it was a  
dream:

Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to  
learn of wisdom,

By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto they  
might lead.)



And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it  
rushed,  
And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovites' icy  
slope ;  
A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy  
seas,  
And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,  
And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty  
throne,  
Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions  
in my way:  
Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown summer,  
Behind me death and woe, the desert and simoom.  
Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and for fear ;  
But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the maddened  
mass  
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and towers,  
And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high domes,  
shivered as an egg-shell,  
And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded in the  
streets,  
And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever  
loved,  
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming  
instinct,—  
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged  
beach,  
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild  
Atlantic  
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench  
my spirit,—  
Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered the pave-  
ment of the sea,



Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted doors of  
hell;  
And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered  
in,  
And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were  
hottest,  
Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas that  
rushed in with me,—  
And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted in  
mine ear,  
“Behold the home of Discontent; behold the rest of  
Ambition!”

## Of Subjection.

---

**He** hath dominion over all things, over universal mind  
and matter ;

For there are reciprocities of right, which no creature  
can gainsay.

Unto each was there added by its Maker, in the perfect  
chain of being,

Dependencies and sustentations, accidents, and qualities,  
and powers :


And each must fly forward in the curve, unto which it  
was forced from the beginning :

Each must attract and repel, or the monarchy of Order  
is no more.

Laws are essential emanations from the self-poised cha-  
racter of God,

And they radiate from that sun to the circling edges of  
creation.

Verily, the mighty Lawgiver hath subjected Himself  
unto laws,



And God is the primal grand example of free unrestrained  
 obedience ;  
 His perfection is limited by right, and cannot trespass  
 into wrong,  
 Because He hath established Himself as the fountain of  
 only good,  
 And in thus much is bounded, that the evil hath He left  
 unto another,  
 And that dark other hath usurped the evil which Omni-  
 potence laid down.  
 Unto God there exist impossibilities ; for the True One  
 cannot lie,  
 Nor the Wise One wander from the track which He hath  
 determined for Himself :  
 For his will was purposed from eternity, strong in the  
 love of order ;  
 And that will altereth not, as the law of the Medes and  
 Persians.  
 God is the origin of order, and the first exemplar of his  
 precept ;  
 For there is subordination of his Essence, self-guided  
 unto holiness ;  
 And there is subordination of his Persons, in due pro-  
 cession of dignity ;  
 For the Son, as a son, is subject ; and to him doth the  
 Spirit minister :  
 But these things be mysteries to man, he cannot reach  
 nor fathom them,  
 And ever must he speak in paradox, when labouring to  
 expound his God ;  
 For, behold, God is alone, mighty in unshackled free-  
 dom ;

And with those wondrous Persons abideth eternal equality.

So then, start ye from the fountain, and follow the river  
of existence ;

For its current is bounded throughout by the banks of  
just subordination :

Thrones, and dominions, and powers, Archangels, Cherubim, and Seraphim,

Angels, and flaming ministers, and breathing chariots  
and harps.

For there are degrees in heaven, and varied capabilities  
of bliss,

And steps in the ladder of Intelligence, and ranks in approaches to Perfection :

Doubtless, reverence is given, as their due, to the masters in wisdom ;

Doubtless, there are who serve ; or a throne would have  
small glory.

Regard now the universe of matter, the substance of  
visible creation,

Which of old with well-observing truth, the Greek hath  
surnamed ORDER :

Where is there an atom out of place ? or a particle that  
yieldeth not obedience ?

Where is there a fragment that is free ? or one thing the  
equal of another ?—

The chain is unbroken down to man, and beyond him  
the links are perfect :

But he standeth solitary sin, a marvel of permitted chaos.

And shall this seeming error in the scale of due subordination



Be a spot of desert unreclaimed, in the midst of the vine-  
yard of the Lord?  
Shall his presumptuous pride snap the safe tether of con-  
nexion,  
And his blind selfish folly refuse the burden of mainten-  
ance?  
O man, thou art a creature ; boast not thyself above the  
law :  
Think not of thyself as free : thou art bound in the  
trammels of dependence.  
What is the sum of thy duty, but obedience to righteous  
rule ;  
To the great commanding Oracle, uttered by delegated  
organs ?  
Thou canst not render homage to abstract Omnipresent  
Power,  
Save through the concrete symbol of visible ordained  
authority.  
Those who obey not man, are oftenest found rebels  
against God ;  
And seldom is the delegate so bold, as to order what he  
knoweth to be wrong.  
Yet mark me, proud gainsayer ! I say not, obey unto sin ;  
But, where the Principal is silent, take heed thou despise  
not the Deputy :  
And He that loveth order, will bless thee for thy faith,  
If thou recognize His sanction in the powers that fashion  
human laws.

Thou, the vicegerent of the Lord, His high anointed  
image,

Towards whom a good man's loyalty floweth from the  
heart of his religion,  
Thou, whose deep responsibilities are fathomed by a na-  
tion's prayers,  
Whom wise men fear for while they love, and envy thee  
nothing but thy virtues,  
From thy dizzy pinnacle of greatness, remember thou  
also art a subject,  
And the throne of thine earthly glory is itself but the  
footstool of thy God.  
The homage thy kingdoms yield thee, regard thou as  
yielded unto Him ;  
And while girt with all the majesty of state, consider thee  
the Lord's chief servant ;  
So shalt thou prosper, and be strong, grafted on the  
strength of Another ;  
So shall thy virgin heart be happy, in being humble.  
And thou shalt flourish as an oak, the monarch of thine  
island forests,  
Whose deep-dug roots are twisted around the stout ribs  
of the globe,  
That mocketh at the fury of the storm, and rejoiceth in  
summer sunshine,  
Glad in the smiles of heaven, and great in the stability  
of earth.

A ruler hath not power for himself, neither is his pomp  
for his pride ;  
But beneath the ermine of his office should he wear the  
rough hair-cloth of humility.  
Nevertheless, every way obey him, so thou break not a  
higher commandment ;

For Nero was an evil king, yet Paul prescribeth subjection.  
 If the rulers of a nation be holy, the Lord hath blessed that nation;  
 If they be lewd and impious, chastisement hath come upon that people:  
 For the bitterest scourge of a land is ungodliness in them that govern it,  
 And the guilt of the sons of Josiah drove Israel weeping into Babylon.  
 Yet be thou resolute against them, if they change the mandates of thy God,  
 If they touch the ark of his covenant, wherein all his mercies are enshrined:  
 Be resolute, but not rebellious; lest thou be of the company of Korah:  
 Set thy face against them as a flint: but be not numbered with Abiram.  
 Daniel nobly disobeyed; but not from a spirit of sedition;  
 And Azarias shouted from the furnace,—I will not bow down, O KING.  
 If truth must be sacrificed to unity, then faithfulness were folly;  
 If man must be obeyed before God, the martyrs have bled in vain:  
 Yet none of that blessed army reviled the rulers of the land,  
 They were loud and bold against the sin, but bent before the ensign of authority.  
 Honesty, scorning compromise, walketh most suitably with Reverence;



Otherwise righteous daring may show but as obstinate rebellion :

Therefore, suffer not thy censure to lack the savour of courtesy,

And remember, the mortal sinneth, but the staff of his power is from God.

Man, thou hast a social spirit, and art deeply indebted to thy kind :

Therefore claim not all thy rights; but yield, for thine own advantage.

Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other ;

The branch can not but wither, that is cut from the parent vine.

Wouldst thou be a dweller in the woods, and cast away the cords that bind thee,

Seeking, in thy bitterness or pride, to be exiled from thy fellows ?

Behold, the beasts shall hunt thee, weak, naked, houseless outcast,

Disease and Death shall track thee out, as bloodhounds in the wilderness :

Better to be vilest of the vile, in the hated company of men,

Than to live a solitary wretch, dreading and wanting all things ;

Better to be chained to thy labour, in the dusky thoroughfares of life,

Than to reign monarch of Sloth, in lonesome savage freedom.

---

Hence then cometh the doctrine, that all should be equal and free?—

It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away subjection.

No man is his neighbour's equal, for no two minds are similar,

And accidents, alike with qualities, have every shade but sameness :

The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice balance of equality,

And all things, from without and from within, make one man to differ from another.

We are equal and free ! was the watchword that spirited the legions of Satan ;

We are equal and free ! is the double lie that entrappeth to him conscripts from earth :

The messengers of that dark despot will pander to thy license and thy pride,

And draw thee from the crowd where thou art safe, to seize thee in the solitary desert.

Woe unto him whose heart the syren song of Liberty hath charmed :

Woe unto him whose mind is bewitched by her treacherous beauty ;

In mad zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and restraint,

And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair Idol of the Damned.

No man hath freedom in aught, save in that from which the wicked would be hindered,


He is free toward God and good ; but to all else a bond-man.

Thou art in a middle sphere, to render and receive honour ;  
If thy king commandeth, obey ; and stand not in the way with rebels :  
But if need be, lay thy hand upon thy sword, and fear not to smite a traitor,  
For the universe acquitteth thee with honour, fighting in defence of thy king.  
If a thief break thy dwelling, and thou take him, it were sin in thee to let him go ;  
Yea, though he pleadeth to thy mercy, thou canst not spare him and be blameless :  
For his guilt is not only against thee, it is not thy monies or thy merchandize,  
But he hath done damage to the Law, which duty constraineth thee to sanction.  
Feast not thine appetite of vengeance, remembering thou also art a man,  
But weep for the sad compulsion, in which the chain of Providence hath bound thee :  
Mercy is not thine to give ; wilt thou steal another's privilege ?  
Or send abroad, among thy neighbours, a felon whom impunity hath hardened ?  
Remember the Roman father, strong in his stern integrity,  
And let not thy slothful self-indulgence make thee a conniver at the crime.  
Also, if the knife of the murderer be raised against thee or thine,  
And through good providence and courage, thou slay him that would have slain thee,

Thou lovest not a tittle of thy rectitude, having executed  
 sudden justice ;  
 Still mayst thou walk among the blessed, though thy  
 hands be red with blood.  
 For thyself, thou art neither worse nor better ; but thy  
 fellows should count thee their creditor :  
 Thou hast manfully protected the right, and the right is  
 stronger for thy deed.  
 Also, in the rescuing of innocence, fear not to smite the  
 ravisher ;  
 What though he die at thy hand ? for a good name is  
 better than the life ;  
 And if Phinehas had everlasting praise in the matter of  
 Salu's son,  
 With how much greater honour standeth such a rescuer  
 acquitted ?  
 Uphold the laws of thy country, and fear not to fight in  
 their defence ;  
 But first be convinced in thy mind ; for herein the  
 doubter sinneth.  
 Above all things, look thou well around, if indeed stern  
 duty forceth thee  
 To draw the sword of justice, and stain it with the  
 slaughter of thy fellows.  
 She, that lieth in thy bosom, the tender wife of thy affec-  
 tions,  
 Must obey thee, and be subject, that evil drop not on  
 thy dwelling.  
 The child that is used to constraint, feareth not more  
 than he loveth ;  
 But give thy son his way, he will hate thee and scorn  
 thee together.

The master of a well-ordered home knoweth to be kind  
to his servants ;  
Yet he exacteth reverence, and each one feareth at his  
post.  
There is nothing on earth so lowly, but duty giveth it  
importance ;  
No station so degrading, but it is ennobled by obedience :  
Yea, break stones upon the highway, acknowledging the  
Lord in thy lot,  
Happy shalt thou be, and honourable, more than many  
children of the mighty.  
Thou that despisest the outward forms, beware thou lose  
not the inward spirit ;  
For they are as words unto ideas, as symbols to things  
unseen.  
Keep then the form that is good ; retain, and do reverence  
to example ;  
And in all things observe subordination, for that is the  
whole duty of man.

A horse knoweth his rider, be he confident or timid,  
And the fierce spirit of Bucephalus stoopeth unto none  
but Alexander ;  
The tigress, roused in the jungle by the prying spaniels  
of the fowler,  
Will quail at the eye of man, so he assert his dignity ;  
Nay, the very ships, those giant swans breasting the  
mighty waters,  
Roll in the trough, or break the wave, to the pilot's fear  
or courage :  
How much more shall man, discerning the Fountain of  
authority,



Bow to superior commands, and make his own obeyed  
And yet, in travelling the world, hast thou not often  
known

A gallant host led on to ruin by a feeble Xerxes ?  
Hast thou not often seen the wanton luxury of indolence  
Sullyng with its sleepy mist the tarnished crown of head-  
ship ?

Alas ! for a thousand fathers, whose indulgent sloth  
Hath emptied the vial of confusion over a thousand  
homes :

Alas ! for the palaces and hovels, that might have been  
nurseries for heaven,

By hot intestine broils blighted into schools for hell :  
None knoweth his place, yet all refuse to serve,  
None weareth the crown, yet all usurp the sceptre ;  
And perchance some fiercer spirit, of natural nobility of  
mind,

That needed but the kindness of constraint to have grown  
up great and good,

Now—the rich harvest of his heart choked by unweeded  
tares,—

All bold to dare and do, unchecked by wholesome fear,  
A scoffer about bigotry and priestcraft, a rebel against  
government and God,

And standard-bearer of the turbulent, leading on the  
sons of Belial,


Such an one is king of that small state, head tyrant of  
the thirty,

Brandishing the torch of discord in his village-home :  
And the timid Eli of the house, yon humble parish-  
priest,

Liveth in shame and sorrow, fearing his own handy-  
work :

The mother, heartstricken years ago, hath dropped  
into an early grave ;  
The silent sisters long to leave a home they cannot love ;  
The brothers, casting off restraint, follow their wayward  
wills ;  
And the chance-guest, early departing, blesseth his kind  
stars,  
That on his humbler home hath brooded no domestic  
curse !  
Yet is that curse the fruit ; wouldest thou the root of the  
evil ?  
A kindness—most unkind, that hath always spared the  
rod ;  
A weak and numbing indecision in the mind that should  
be master ;  
A foolish love, pregnant of hate, that never frowned on  
sin ;  
A moral cowardice of heart, that never dared command.

A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family a small  
kingdom ;  
And the government of whole or part differeth in nothing  
but extent.  
The house, where the master ruleth, is strong in united  
subjection,  
And the only commandment with promise, being ho-  
noured, is a blessing to that house :  
But and if he yieldeth up the reins, it is weak in dis-  
cordant anarchy,  
And the bonds of love and union melt away, as ropes of  
sand.  
The realm, that is ruled with vigour, lacketh neither  
peace nor glory,



It dreadeth not foes from without, nor the sons of riot  
from within :

But the meanness of temporizing fear robbeth a kingdom  
of its honour,

And the weakness of indulgent sloth ravageth its bowels  
with discord.

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule ;  
The authorized supremacy of one, the prescriptive sub-  
jection of many :

Therefore, the children of the east have thriven from age  
to age,

Obeying, even as a god, the royal father of Cathay :

Therefore, to this our day, the Rechabite wanteth not a  
man,

But they stand before the Lord, forsaking not the man-  
date of their sire :

Therefore shall Magog among nations arise from his  
northern lair,

And rend, in the fury of his power, the insurgent world  
beneath him :

For the thunderbolt of concentrated strength can be  
hurled by the will of one,


While the dissipated forces of many are harmless as  
summer lightning.



## Of Rest.

---

In the silent watches of the night, calm night that  
breedeth thoughts,  
When the task-weary mind disporteth in the careless  
play-hours of sleep,  
I dreamed ; and behold, a valley, green and sunny and  
well watered,  
And thousands moving across it, thousands and tens of  
thousands :  
And though many seemed faint and toil-worn, and  
stumbled often, and fell,  
Yet moved they on unresting, as the ever-flowing cata-  
ract.  
Then I noted adders in the grass, and pitfalls under the  
flowers,  
And chasms yawned among the hills, and the ground  
was cracked and slippery :  
But Hope and her brother Fear suffered not a foot to  
linger ;



Bright phantoms of false joys beckoned alluringly forward,  
While yelling grisly shapes of dread came hunting on behind :  
And ceaselessly, like Lapland swarms, that miserable crowd sped along  
To the mist-involved banks of a dark and sullen river.  
There saw I, midway in the water, standing a giant fisher,  
And he held many lines in his hand, and they called him  
Iron Destiny.  
So I tracked those subtle chains, and each held one among the multitude :  
Then I understood what hindered, that they rested not in their path :  
For the fisher had sport in his fishing, and drew in his lines continually,  
And the new-born babe, and the aged man, were dragged into that dark river :  
And he pulled all those myriads along, and none might rest by the way,  
Till many, for sheer weariness, were eager to plunge into the drowning stream.

So I knew that valley was Life, and it sloped to the waters of Death.  
But far on the thither side spread out a calm and silent shore,  
Where all was tranquil as a sleep, and the crowded strand was quiet :  
And I saw there many I had known, but their eyes glared chillingly upon me,

As set in deepest slumber; and they pressed their fingers  
to their lips.

Then I knew that shore was the dwelling of Rest, where  
spirits held their Sabbath,

And it seemed they would have told me much, but they  
might not break that silence;

For the law of their being was mystery: they glided on,  
hushing as they went.

Yet further, under the sun, at the roots of purple moun-  
tains,

I noted a blaze of glory, as the night-fires on northern  
skies;

And I heard the hum of joy, as it were a sea of melody;

And far as the eye could reach, were millions of happy  
creatures

Basking in the golden light; and I knew that land was  
Heaven.

Then the hill whereon I stood split asunder, and a crater  
yawned at my feet,

Black and deep and dreadful, fenced round with ragged  
rocks;

Dimly was the darkness lit up by spires of distant  
flame:

And I saw below a moving mass of life, like reptiles bred  
in corruption,

Where all was terrible unrest, shrieks and groans and  
thunder.

So I woke, and I thought upon my dream; for it seemed  
of wisdom's ministration.

What man is he that findeth rest, though he hunt for it  
year after year?

As a child he had not yet been wearied, and cared not  
then to court it ;  
As a youth he loved not to be quiet, for excitement spurred  
him into strife ;  
As a man he tracketh rest in vain, toiling painfully to  
catch it,  
But still is he pulled from the pursuit, by the strong  
compulsion of his fate :  
So he hopeth to have peace in old age, as he cannot rest  
in manhood,  
But troubles thicken with his years, till Death hath  
dodged him to the grave.  
There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side  
of life ;  
But unto this world's pilgrim no rest for the sole of his  
foot.  
Ever, from stage to stage, he travelleth wearily forward,  
And though he pluck flowers by the way, he may not  
sleep among the flowers.  
Mind is the perpetual motion ; for it is a running stream  
From an unfathomable source, the depth of the divine  
Intelligence :  
And though it be stopped in its flowing, yet hath it a  
current within,  
The surface may sleep unruffled, but underneath are  
whirlpools of contention.  
Seekest thou rest, O mortal ?—seek it no more on  
earth,  
For destiny will not cease from dragging thee through  
the rough wilderness of life ;  
Seekest thou rest, O immortal ?—hope not to find it in  
Heaven,

For sloth yieldeth not happiness : the bliss of a spirit is  
action.  
Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean  
of existence,  
Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired  
wings,  
Until, after short sufficient slumber, it is quickened unto  
deathless energy,  
And speedeth in eagle flight to the Sun of unapproach-  
able perfection.

## Of Humility.

---

*Vice* is grown aweary of her gawds, and donneth russet  
 garments,  
 Loving for change to walk as a nun, beneath a modest  
 veil :  
 For Pride hath noted how all admire the fairness of  
 Humility,  
 And to clutch the praise he coveteth, is content to be  
 drest in hair-cloth ;  
 And wily Lust tempteth the young heart, that is proof  
 against the bravery of harlots,  
 With timid tears and retiring looks of an artful seeming  
 maid ;  
 And indolent Apathy, sleepily ashamed of his dull lack-  
 lustre face,  
 Is glad of the livery of meekness, that charitable cloak  
 and cowl ;  
 And Hatred hideth his demon frown beneath a gentle  
 mask ;

And Slander, snake-like, creepeth in the dust, thinking  
to escape recrimination.

But the world hath gained somewhat from its years, and  
is quick to penetrate disguises,

Neither in all these is it easily deceived, but rightly  
divideth the true from the false.

Yet there is a meanness of spirit, that is fair in the eyes  
of most men,

Yea, and seemeth fair unto itself, loving to be thought  
Humility.

Its choler is not roused by insolence, neither do injuries  
disturb it :

Honest indignation is strange unto its breast, and just  
reproof unto its lip.

It shrinketh, looking fearfully on men, fawning at the  
feet of the great ;

The breath of calumny is sweet unto its ear, and it  
courteth the rod of persecution.

But what ! art thou not a man, deputed chief of the  
creation ?

Art thou not a soldier of the right, militant for God and  
good ?


Shall virtue and truth be degraded, because thou art too  
base to uphold them ?

Or Goliath be bolder in blaspheming for want of a David  
in the camp ?

I say not, avenge injuries ; for the ministry of vengeance  
is not thine :

But wherefore rebuke not a liar ? wherefore do dishonour  
to thyself ?

Wherefore let the evil triumph, when the just and the  
right are on thy side ?



Such Humility is abject, it lacketh the life of sensibility,  
And that resignation is but mock, where the burden is  
not felt :

Suspect thyself and thy meekness : thou art mean and  
indifferent to sin ;

And the heart that should grieve and forgive, is case-  
hardened and forgetteth.

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man with his  
Maker,

But oftentimes it seemeth out of place in the intercourse  
of man with man :

Yea, it is the cringer to his equal, that is chiefly seen bold  
to his God,

While the martyr, whom a world cannot brow-beat, is  
humble as a child before Him.

Render unto all men their due, but remember thou also  
art a man,

And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is owing  
to thy reasonable being.

Be courteous, and listen, and learn : but teach and an-  
swer if thou canst :

Serve thee of thy neighbour's wisdom, but be not en-  
slaved as to a master.

Where thou perceivest knowledge, bend the ear of atten-  
tion and respect ;


But yield not further to the teaching, than as thy mind  
is warranted by reasons.

Better is an obstinate disputant, that yieldeth inch by  
inch,

Than the shallow traitor to himself, who surrendereth to  
half an argument.



Modesty winneth good report, but scorn cometh close  
upon servility ;  
Therefore, use meekness with discretion, casting not  
pearls before swine.  
For a fool will tread upon thy neck, if he seeth thee  
lying in the dust ;  
And there be companies and seasons where resolute bearing  
is but duty.  
If a good man discloseth his secret failings unto the view  
of the profane,  
What doeth he but harm unto his brother, confirming  
him in his sin ?  
There is a concealment that is right, and an open-mouthed  
humility that erreth ;  
There is a candour near akin to folly, and a meekness  
looking like shame.  
Masculine sentiments, vigorously holden, well become a  
man ;  
But a weak mind hath a timorous grasp, and mistaketh  
it for tenderness of conscience.  
Many are despised for their folly, who put it to the account  
of their religion,  
And because men treat them with contempt, they look to  
their God for glory ;  
But contempt shall still be their reward, who betrayed  
their Master unto ridicule,  
Reflecting on Him in themselves, meanness and ignorance  
and cowardice.  
A Christian hath a royal spirit, and need not be ashamed  
but unto One :  
Among just men walketh he softly, but the world should  
see him as a champion :



His humbleness is far unlike the shame that covereth the  
 profligate and weak,  
 When the sober reproof of virtue hath touched their  
 tingling ears;  
 It is born of love and wisdom, and is worthy of all  
 honour,  
 And the sweet persuasion of its smile changeth contempt  
 into reverence.

A man of a haughty spirit is daily adding to his ene-  
 mies :  
 He standeth as the Arab in the desert, and the hands of  
 all men are against him :  
 A man of a base mind daily subtracteth from his  
 friends,  
 For he holdeth himself so cheaply, that others learn to  
 despise him :  
 But where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth the  
 front of self-respect,  
 There look thou for the man, whom none can know but  
 they will honour.  
 Humility is the softening shadow before the stature of  
 Excellence,  
 And lieth lowly on the ground, beloved and lovely as the  
 violet :  
 Humility is the fair-haired maid, that calleth Worth her  
 brother,  
 The gentle silent nurse, that fostereth infant virtues :  
 Humility bringeth no excuse; she is welcome to God  
 and man :  
 Her countenance is needful unto all, who would prosper  
 in either world :

And the mild light of her sweet face is mirrored in the  
eyes of her companions,  
And straightway stand they accepted, children of peni-  
tence and love.  
As when the blind man is nigh unto a rose, its sweet-  
ness is the herald of its beauty,  
So when thou savourest humility, be sure thou art nigh  
unto merit.  
A gift rejoiceth the covetous, and praise fatteneth the  
vain,  
And the pride of man delighteth in the humble bearing  
of his fellow ;  
But to the tender benevolence of the unthanked Al-  
moner of good,  
Humility is queen among the graces for she giveth Him  
occasion to bestow.

## Of Pride.

---

~~Deep~~ is the sea, and deep is hell, but Pride mineth  
 deeper ;  
 It is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundations  
 of the soul.  
 If thou expose it in thy motives, and track it in thy  
 springs of thought,  
 Complacent in its own detection, it will seem indignant  
 virtue ;  
 Smoothly will it gratulate thy skill, O subtle anatomist  
 of self,  
 And spurn at its very being, while it nestleth the deeper  
 in thy bosom.  
 Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap  
 thee,  
 Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge ; proud of thy  
 discoveries of pride.  
 Fruitlessly thou strainest for humility, by darkly diving  
 into self ;

Rather look away from innate evil, and gaze upon extraneous good :  
For in sounding the deep things of the heart, thou shalt learn to be vain of its capacities,  
But in viewing the heights above thee, thou shalt be taught thy littleness :  
Could an emmet pry into itself, it might marvel at its own anatomy,  
But let it look on eagles, to discern how mean a thing it is.  
And all things hang upon comparison ; to the greater, great is small :  
Neither is there anything so vile, but somewhat yet is viler :  
On all sides is there an infinity : the culprit at the gallows hath his worse,  
And the virgin martyr at the stake need not look far for a better.  
Therefore see thou that thine aim reacheth unto higher than thyself :  
Beware that the standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement :  
For pride is a pestilent meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,  
That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its source :  
Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,  
That will lead thee on, if thou wilt hunt it, even to the dwelling of despair.  
Deep calleth unto deep, and mountain overtoppeth mountain,  
And still shalt thou fathom to no end the depth and the height of pride :

For it is the vast ambition of the soul, warped to an idol object,  
And nothing but a Deity in Self can quench its insatiable thirst.

Be aware of the smiling enemy, that openly sheatheth his weapon,  
But mingleth poison in secret with the sacred salt of hospitality :

For pride will lie dormant in thy heart, to snatch its secret opportunity,

Watching, as a lion-ant, in the bottom of its toils.

Stay not to parley with thy foe, for his tongue is more potent than his arm,

But be wiser, fighting against pride in the simple pano-  
ply of prayer.

As one also of the poets hath said, let not the Proteus escape thee ;

For he will blaze forth as fire, and quench himself in likeness of water ;

He will fright thee as a roaring beast, or charm thee as a subtle reptile.

Mark, amid all his transformations, the complicate deceitfulness of pride,

And the more he striveth to elude thee, bind him the closer in thy toils.

Prayer is the net that snareth him ; prayer is the fetter that holdeth him :

Thou canst not nourish pride, while waiting as an alms-man on thy God,—

Waiting in sincerity and trust, or pride shall meet thee even there ;

Yea, from the palaces of Heaven, hath pride cast down  
his millions.

Root up the mandrake from thy heart, though it cost thee  
blood and groans,

Or the cherished garden of thy graces will fade  
perish utterly.

## Of Experience.

---

I ~~knew~~ that age was enriched with the hard-earned  
 wages of knowledge,  
 And I saw that hoary wisdom was bred in the school of  
 disappointment :  
 I noted that the wisest of youth, though provident and  
 cautious of evil,  
 Yet sailed along unsteadily, as lacking some ballast of the  
 mind :  
 And the cause seemed to lie in this, that while they con-  
 sidered around them,  
 And warded off all dangers from without, they forgot  
 their own weakness within.  
 So steer they in self-confidence, until, from the multitude  
 of perils,  
 They begin to be wary of themselves, and learn the first  
 lesson of Experience.  
 I knew that in the morning of life, before its wearisome  
 journey,



The youthful soul doth expand, in the simple luxury of  
being ;  
It hath not contracted its wishes, nor set a limit to its  
hopes ;  
The wing of fancy is unclipt, and sin hath not seared  
the feelings :  
Each feature is stamped with immortality, for all its de-  
sires are infinite,  
And it seeketh an ocean of happiness, to fill the deep  
hollow within.  
But the old and the grave look on, pitying that generous  
youth,  
For they also have tasted long ago the bitterness of hope  
destroyed :  
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the days that  
are past,  
But they know he must taste for himself, or he will not  
give ear to their wisdom.  
For Experience hath another lesson, which a man will  
do well if he learn,  
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat disap-  
pointment of its pain.

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are his  
scholars :  
Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which he hath  
taught.  
Youth is confident, manhood wary, and old age confident  
again :  
Youth is kind, manhood cold, and age returneth unto  
kindness,  
For youth suspecteth nought, till manhood, bitterly  
learned,

Mistrusteth all, overleaping the mark ; and age correcteth  
his excess.

Suspicion is the scaffold unto faith, a temporary needful  
eyesore,

By which the strong man's dwelling is slowly builded up  
behind ;

But soon as the top-stone hath been set to the well-  
proved goodly pyramid,

The scaffold is torn down, and well-timed trust taketh  
its long leave of suspicion.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues enshrine the  
lessons of Experience,

Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none the  
wiser :

For self-love lendeth him a glass, to colour all he conneth,  
Lest in the features of another he find his own com-  
plexion.

And we secretly judge of ourselves as differing greatly  
from all men,

And love to challenge causes to show how we can master  
their effects :

Pride is pampered in expecting that we need not fear a  
common fate,

Or wrong-headed prejudice exulteth, in combating old  
experience ;

Or perchance caprice and discontent are the spurs that  
goad us into danger,

Careless, and half in hope to find there an enemy to joust  
with.

Private experience is an unsafe teacher, for we rarely  
learn both sides,

And from the gilt surface reckon not on steel beneath :

The torrid sons of Guinea think scorn of icy seas,  
And the frostbitten Greenlander disbelieveth suns too  
hot.

But thou, student of Wisdom, feed on the marrow of the  
matter ;

If thou wilt suspect, let it be thyself ; if thou wilt expect,  
let it not be gladness.

## Of Estimating Character.

---

Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on  
 his brother;  
 For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth  
 the reasons of the mind.  
 And the world is not wiser than of old, when justice was  
 meted by the sword,  
 When the spear avenged the wrong, and the lot decided  
 the right,  
 When the footsteps of blinded innocence were tracked  
 by burning ploughshares,  
 And the still condemning water delivered up the wizard  
 to the stake:  
 For we wait, like the sage of Salamis, to see what the  
 end will be,  
 Fixing the right or the wrong, by the issues of failure or  
 success.  
 Judge not of things by their events; neither of character  
 by providence;

And count not a man more evil, because he is more  
unfortunate :

For the blessings of a better covenant lie not in the sun-  
shine of prosperity,

But pain and chastisement the rather show the wise  
Father's love.

Behold that daughter of the world : she is full of gaiety  
and gladness ;

The diadem of rank is on her brow, uncounted wealth is  
in her coffers :

She tricketh out her beauty like Jezebel, and is welcome  
in the courts of kings ;

She is queen of the fools of fashion, and ruleth the revels  
of luxury :

And though she sitteth not as Tamar, nor standeth in  
the ways as Rahab,

Yet in the secret of her chamber, she shrinketh not from  
dalliance and guilt.

She careth not if there be a God, or a soul, or a time of  
retribution,

Pleasure is the idol of her heart : she thirsteth for no  
purer heaven.

And she laugheth with light good humour, and all men  
praise her gentleness ;

They are glad in her lovely smile, and the river of her  
bounty filleth them.

So she prospered in the world : the worship and desire  
of thousands ;

And she died even as she had lived, careless and cour-  
teous and liberal.

The grave swallowed up her pomp, the marble proclaimed  
her virtues,

For men esteemed her excellent, and charities sounded  
forth her praise ;

But elsewhere far other judgment setteth her—with in-  
fidels and harlots !

She abused the trust of her splendour : and the wages of  
her sin shall be hereafter.

Look again on this fair girl, the orphan of a village  
pastor

Who is dead, and hath left her his all,—his blessing and  
a name unstained.

And friends, with busy zeal, that their purses be not  
taxed,

Place the sad mourner in a home, poor substitute for  
that she hath lost.

A stranger among strange faces she drinketh the worm-  
wood of dependence ;

She is marked as a child of want : and the world hateth  
poverty.

Prayer is not heard in that house ; the day she hath  
loved to hallow

Is noted but by deeper dissipation, the riot of luxury  
and gaming :

And wantonness is in her master's eye, and she hath no  
where to flee to ;

She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God  
seemeth to forsake her ;

Then cometh, in fair show, the promise and the feint of  
affection,

And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her  
father, and loveth.

And the villain hath wronged her trust, and mocked,  
and flung her from him,

And men point at her and laugh : and women hate her  
as an outcast :

But elsewhere far other judgment seateth her—among  
the martyrs !

And the Lord, who seemed to forsake, giveth double  
glory to the fallen.

Once more, in the matter of wealth ; if thou throw thine  
all on a chance,

Men will come around thee, and wait, and watch the  
turning of the wheel :

And if, in the lottery of life, thou hast drawn a splendid  
prize,

What foresight hadst thou, and skill ! yea, what enter-  
prize and wisdom !

But if it fall out against thee, and thou fail in thy  
perilous endeavour,

Behold, the simple did sow, and hath reaped the right  
harvest of his folly :

And the world will be gladly excused, nor will reach out  
a finger to help ;

For why should this speculative dullard be a whirlpool  
to all around him ?

Go to, let him sink by himself : we knew what the end  
of it would be :—

For the man hath missed his mark, and his fellows look  
no further.

Also, touching guilt and innocence : a man shall walk  
in his uprightness

Year after year without reproach, in charity and honesty  
with all :

But in one evil hour the enemy shall come in like a  
flood ;

Shall track him, and tempt him, and hem him,—till he  
knoweth not whither to fly.

Perchance his famishing little ones shall scream in his  
ears for bread,

And, maddened by that fierce cry, he rusheth as a thief  
upon the world ;

The world that hath left him to starve, itself wallowing  
in plenty,—

The world, that denieth him his rights,—he daringly  
robbeth it of them.

I say not, such an one is innocent ; but, small is the  
measure of his guilt

To that of his wealthy neighbour, who would not help  
him at his need ;

To that of the selfish epicure, who turned away with  
coldness from his tale ;

To that of unsuffering thousands, who look with compla-  
cence on his fall.

Or perchance the continual dropping of the venomed  
words of spite,

Insult and injury and scorn, have galled and pierced his  
heart ;

Yet, with all long-suffering and meekness, he forgiveth  
unto seventy times seven :

Till, in some weaker moment, tempted beyond endur-  
ance,



He striketh, more in anger than in hate; and, alas! for  
his heavy chance,

He hath smitten unto instant death his spiteful life-long  
enemy!

And none was by to see it; and all men knew of their  
contentions:

Fierce voices shout for his blood, and rude hands hurry  
him to judgment.

Then man's verdict cometh,—Murderer, with forethought  
malice;

And his name is a note of execration; his guilt is too  
black for devils.

But to the Righteous Judge, seemeth he the suffering  
victim;

For his anger was not unlawful, but became him as a  
Christian and a man;

And though his guilt was grievous when he struck that  
heavy bitter blow,

Yet light is the sin of the smiter, and verily kicketh the  
beam,

To the weight of that man's wickedness, whose slow re-  
lentless hatred

Met him at every turn, with patient continuance in evil.

Doubtless, eternal wrath shall be heaped upon that  
spiteful enemy.

It is vain, it is vain, saith the preacher; there be none  
but the righteous and the wicked,

Base rebels, and staunch allies, the true knight, and the  
traitor:

And he beareth strong witness among men, There is no  
neutral ground,

The broad highway and narrow path map out the whole domain ;  
 Sit here among the saints, these holy chosen few,  
 Or grovel there a wretch condemned, to die among the million.  
 And verily for ultimate results, there be but good and bad ;  
 Heaven hath no dusky twilight ; hell is not gladdened with a dawn.  
 Yet looking round among his fellows, who can pass righteous judgment,  
 Such an one is holy and accepted, and such an one reprobate and doomed ?  
 There is so much of good among the worst, so much of evil in the best,  
 Such seeming partialities in providence, so many things to lessen and expand,  
 Yea, and with all man's boast, so little real freedom of his will,—  
 That, to look a little lower than the surface, garb or dialect or fashion,  
 Thou shalt feebly pronounce for a saint, and faintly condemn for a sinner.  
 Over many a good heart and true, fluttereth the Great King's pennant ;  
 By many an iron hand, the pirate's black banner is unfurled :  
 But there be many more besides, in the yacht and the trader and the fishing-boat,  
 In the feathered war canoe, and the quick mysterious gondola :  
 And the army of that Great King hath no stated uniform ;

Of mingled characters and kinds goeth forth the countless host ;

There is the turbaned Damascene, with his tattooed Zealand brother,

There the slim bather in the Ganges, with the sturdy Russian boor,

The sluggish inmate of a Polar cave, with the fire-souled daughter of Brazil,

The embruted slave from Cuba, and the Briton of gentle birth.

For all are His inheritance, of all He taketh tithe :

And the church, His mercy's ark, hath some of every sort.

Who art thou, O man, that art fixing the limits of the fold ?

Wherefore settest thou stakes to spread the tent of heaven ?

Lay not the plummet to the line : religion hath no landmarks :

No human keenness can discern the subtle shades of faith :

In some it is as earliest dawn, the scarce diluted darkness ;

In some as dubious twilight, cold and grey and gloomy :

In some the ebon east is streaked with flaming gold :

In some the dayspring from on high breaketh in all its praise.

And who hath determined the when, separating light from darkness ?

Who shall pluck from earliest dawn the promise of the day ?

Leave that care to the Husbandman, lest thou garner tares ;



Help thou the shepherd in his seeking, but to separate  
 be his ;  
 For I have often seen the noble erring spirit  
 Wrecked on the shoals of passion, and numbered of the  
 lost ;  
 Often the generous heart, lit by unhallowed fire,  
 Counted a brand among the burning, and left uncared-  
 for, in his sin :  
 Yet I waited a little year, and the mercy thou hadst for-  
 gotten  
 Hath purged that noble spirit, washing it in waters of  
 repentance ;  
 That glowing generous heart, having burnt out all its  
 dross,  
 Is as a golden censer, ready for the aloes and cassia :  
 While thou, hard-visaged man, unlovely in thy strict-  
 ness,  
 Who turned from him thy sympathies with self-com-  
 placent pride,  
 How art thou shamed by him ! his heart is a spring of  
 love,  
 While the dry well of thine affections is choked with  
 secret mammon.

Sometimes at a glance thou judgest well ; years could  
 add little to thy knowledge :  
 When charity gloweth on the cheek, or malice is lower-  
 ing in the eye,  
 When honesty's open brow, or the weasel-face of cun-  
 ning is before thee,  
 Or the loose lip of wantonness, or clear bright forehead  
 of reflection.

But often, by shrewd scrutiny, thou judgest to the good  
man's harm :

For it may be his hour of trial, or he slumbereth at his  
post,

Or he hath slain his foe, but not yet levelled the strong-  
hold,

Or barely recovered of the wounds, that fleshed him in his  
fray with passion.

Also, of the worst, through prejudice, thou loosely shalt  
think well :

For none is altogether evil, and thou mayst catch him  
at his prayers :

There may be one small prize, though all beside be  
blanks ;

A silver thread of goodness in the black sergeloath of  
crime.

There is to whom all things are easy : his mind, as a  
master-key,

Can open, with intuitive address, the treasures of art and  
science :

There is to whom all things are hard ; but industry  
giveth him a crow-bar,

To force, with groaning labour, the stubborn lock of  
learning :

And often, when thou lookest on an eye, dim in native  
dulness,

Little shalt thou wot of the wealth diligence hath  
gathered to its gaze ;

Often, the brow that should be bright with the dormant  
fire of genius,

Within its ample halls, hath ignorance the tenant.



Yet are not the sons of men cast as in moulds by the lot?

The like in frame and feature have much alike in spirit;

Such a shape hath such a soul, so that a deep discerner  
From his make will read the man, and err not far in  
judgment:

Yea, and it holdeth in the converse, that growing similarity of mind

Findeth or maketh for itself an apposite dwelling in the  
body:

Accident may modify, circumstance may bevil, externals  
seem to change it,

But still the primitive crystal is latent in its many variations:

For the map of the face, and the picture of the eye, are  
traced by the pen of passion;

And the mind fashioneth a tabernacle suitable for itself.  
A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing  
fostereth meanness;

A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread  
nourisheth decision;

Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by  
looking;


Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he  
hateth:

For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities  
of power,

And each keepeth up the strife; a man's works make or  
mar him.

There be deeper things than these, lying in the twilight  
of truth

But few can discern them aright, from surrounding  
dimness of error,  
For perchance, if thou knewest the whole, and largely  
with comprehensive mind  
Couldst read the history of character, the chequered  
story of a life.  
And into the great account, which summeth a mortal's  
destiny,  
Wert to add the forces from without, dragging him this  
way and that,  
And the secret qualities within, grafted on the soul from  
the womb,  
And the might of other men's example, among whom  
his lot is cast,  
And the influence of want, or wealth, of kindness or  
harsh ill-usage,  
Of ignorance he cannot help, and knowledge found for  
him by others,  
And first impressions, hard to be effaced, and leadings  
to right or to wrong,  
And inheritance of likeness from a father, and natural  
human frailty,  
And the habit of health or disease, and prejudices  
poured into his mind,  
And the myriad little matters none but Omniscience can  
know,  
And accidents that steer the thoughts, where none but  
Ubiquity can trace them ;—  
If thou couldst compass all these, and the consequents  
flowing from them,  
And the scope to which they tend, and the necessary  
fitness of all things,



Then shouldst thou see as He seeth, who judgeth all  
men equal,—

Equal, touching innocence and guilt ; and different alone  
in this,

That one acknowledgeth his evil, and looketh to his God  
for mercy ;

Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God for  
justice ;

So He, that sendeth none away, is largely munificent to  
prayer,

But, in the heart of presumption, sheatheth the sword of  
vengeance.



## Of Hatred and Anger.

---

**Blunted** unto goodness is the heart which anger never  
 stirreth,  
 But that which hatred swelleth, is keen to carve out  
 evil.  
 Anger is a noble infirmity, the generous failing of the  
 just,  
 The one degree that riseth above zeal, asserting the pre-  
 rogatives of virtue :  
 But hatred is a slow continuing crime, a fire in the bad  
 man's breast,  
 A dull and hungry flame, for ever craving insatiate.  
 Hatred would harm another ; anger would indulge  
 itself :  
 Hatred is a simmering poison ; anger, the opening of a  
 valve :  
 Hatred destroyeth as the upas-tree ; anger smiteth as a  
 staff :

hatred is the atmosphere of hell ; but anger is known in heaven.

there not a righteous wrath, an anger just and holy,  
when goodness is sitting in the dust, and wickedness  
enthroned on Babel?

thou pity condemn guilt?—is justice not a feeling but  
a law

dealing to the line and to the plummet, incognizant  
of moral sense?

thou that condemnest anger, small is thy sympathy with  
angels,

thou that hast accounted it for sin, cold is thy communion  
with heaven.

be ware of the angry in his passion ; but fear not to approach him afterward ;

if thou acknowledge thine error, he himself will be  
sorry for his wrath :

be ware of the hater in his coolness ; for he meditateth  
evil against thee :

commending the resources of his mind calmly to work  
thy ruin.

deceit and treachery skulk with hatred, but an honest  
spirit flieth with anger :

one lieth secret, as a serpent ; the other chaseth, as  
a leopard.

readily be reconciled in love, and receive the returning  
offender,

wittingly prolonging anger, thou tamperest unconsciously  
with hatred.

prudence is power in a man, nerving him to rein his  
spirit :

Passion is as palsy to his arm, while it yelleth on the  
coursers to their speed :

Patience keepeth counsel, and standeth in solid self-  
possession,

But the weakness of sudden passion layeth bare the  
secrets of the soul.

The sentiment of anger is not ill, when thou lookest on  
the impudence of vice,

Or savourest the breath of calumny, or hast earned the  
hard wages of injustice,

But see thou that thou curb it in expression, rendering  
the mildness of rebuke,

So shalt thou stand without reproach, mailed in all the  
dignity of virtue.

## Of Good in Things Evil.

---

I heard the man of sin reproaching the goodness of  
Jehovah,

Wherefore, if He be Almighty Love, permitteth He misery  
and pain ?

I saw the child of hope vexed in the labyrinth of doubt,  
Wherefore, O holy One and just, is the horn of thy foul  
foe so high exalted ?—

And, alas ! for this our groaning world, for that grief  
and guilt are here ;

Alas ! for that Earth is the battle-field, where good must  
combat with evil :

Angels look on and hold their breath, burning to mingle  
in the conflict,

But the troops of the Captain of Salvation may be none  
but the soldiers of the cross :

And that slender band must fight alone, and yet shall  
triumph gloriously,

Enough shall they be for conquest, and the motto of  
their standard is, ENOUGH.

Thou art sad, O denizen of earth, for pains and diseases  
and death,

But remember, thy hand hath earned them; grudge not  
at the wages of thy doings:

Thy guilt, and thy fathers' guilt, must bring many sor-  
rows in their company,

And if thou wilt drink sweet poison, doubtless it shall  
rot thee to the core.

What art thou but the heritor of evil, with a right to  
nothing good?

The respite of an interval of ease were a boon which  
Justice might deny thee:

Therefore lay thy hand upon thy mouth, O man much  
to be forgiven,

And wait, thou child of hope, for time shall teach thee  
all things.

Yet hear, for my speech shall comfort thee: reverently,  
but with boldness,

I would raise the sable curtain, that hideth the sym-  
metry of Providence.

Pain and sin are convicts, and toil in their fetters for  
good;


The weapons of evil are turned against itself, fighting  
under better banners:

The leech delighteth in stinging, and the wicked loveth  
to do harm,

But the wise Physician of the Universe useth that ill  
tendency for health.

Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy and  
kindness;

Patience, humility, and faith, spring not seldom from  
thine own:



An enemy, humbled by his sorrows, cannot be far from  
thy forgiveness ;  
A friend, who hath tasted of calamity, shall fan the dying  
incense of thy love :  
And for thyself, is it a small thing, so to learn thy  
frailty,  
That from an aching bone thou savest the whole  
body ?  
The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but if it refineth  
thy soul,  
The good of one meek thought shall outweigh years of  
torment.  
Nevertheless, wretched man, if thy bad heart be hardened  
in the flame,  
Being earth-born, as of clay, and not of moulded wax,  
Judge not the hand that smiteth, as if thou wert visited  
in wrath :  
Reproach thyself, for He is Justice ; repent thee, for He  
is Mercy.

Cease, fond caviller at wisdom, to be satisfied that every-  
thing is wrong :  
Be sure there is good necessity, even for the flourishing  
of evil.  
Would the eye delight in perpetual noon ? or the ear in  
unqualified harmonics ?  
Hath winter's frost no welcome, contrasting sturdily  
with summer ?  
Couldst thou discern benevolence, if there were no sor-  
rows to be soothed ?  
Or discover the resources of contrivance, if nothing  
stood opposed to the means ?

What were power without an enemy? or mercy without  
an object?

Or truth, where the false were impossible? or love,  
where love were a debt?

The characters of God were but idle, if all things around  
Him were perfection,

And virtues might slumber on like death, if they lacked  
the opportunities of evil.

There is One all-perfect, and but one; man dare not  
reason of His essence:

But there must be deficiencies in heaven, to leave room  
for progression in bliss:

A realm of unqualified BEST were a stagnant pool of  
being,

And the circle of absolute perfection, the abstract cipher  
of indolence.

Sin is an awful shadow, but it addeth new glories to the  
light;

Sin is a black foil, but it setteth off the jewelry of  
heaven:

Sin is the traitor that hath dragged the majesty of mercy  
into action;

Sin is the whelming argument, to justify the attribute of  
vengeance.

It is a deep dark thought, and needeth to be diligently  
studied,

But perchance evil was essential, that God should be  
seen of His creatures:

For where perfection is not, there lacketh possible  
good,

And the absence of better that might be, taketh from the  
praise of it is well:



And creatures must be finite, and finite cannot be perfect:  
 Therefore, though in small degree, creation involveth evil,  
 He chargeth His angels with folly, and the heavens are not clean in His sight:  
 For every existence in the universe hath either imperfection or Godhead:  
 And the light that blazeth but in One, must be softened with shadow for the many.  
 There is then good in evil; or none could have known his Maker;  
 No spiritual intellect or essence could have gazed on His high perfections,  
 No angel harps could have tuned the wonders of His wisdom,  
 No ransomed souls have praised the glories of His mercy,  
 No howling fiends have shown the terrors of His justice,  
 But God would have dwelt alone, in the fearful solitude of holiness.

Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in evil;  
 Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph, because thou art not valueless as vile;  
 Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the clarity of Light;  
 Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons;  
 Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ravageth a continent,  
 Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island;



Because to the full demonstration of the qualities and  
accidents of good,

The swarthy legions of the Devil have toiled as unwitting  
pioneers.

For sin is still sin ; so hateful Love doth hate it ;  
A blot on the glory of creation, which Justice must wipe  
out.

Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of in-  
nocence ;

A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of  
Lebanon ;

A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy pilgrim-  
age ;

A rent in the sacred veil, whereby God left His temple.  
Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for  
thy guilt :

Fear evil, or face its Enemy : dread sin, or dare Justice.

Hea, saith the Spirit, and their works do follow them ;  
Habits, and thoughts, and deeds, are shadows and satel-  
lites of self.

What ! shall the claimant to a throne stand forward with  
a rabble rout,—


Meanness, impiety, and lust ; riot and indolence and  
vanity ?

Nay, man ! the train wherewith thou comest attend  
whither thou shalt go :

A throne for a king's son, but an inner dungeon for the  
felon.

For a man's works do follow him : bodily, standing in  
the judgment,

Behold the false accuser, behold the slandered saint ;



The slave, and his bloody driver; the poor, and his  
 generous friend;  
 The simple dupe, and the crafty knave: the murderer,  
 and—his victim!  
 Yet all are in many characters; the best stand guilty at  
 the bar;  
 And he that seemed the worst may have most of real  
 excuse.  
 The talents unto which a man is born, be they few or  
 many,  
 Are dropped into the balance of account, working un-  
 looked-for changes;  
 And perchance the convict from the galleys may stand  
 above the hermit from his cell,  
 For that the obstacles in one outweigh the propensions  
 in the other.  
 There be, who have made themselves friends, yea, by  
 unrighteous mammon,—  
 Friends, ready waiting as an escort to those everlasting  
 habitations;  
 Embodied in living witnesses, thronging to meet them in  
 a cloud,  
 Charity, meekness and truth, zeal, sincerity and pa-  
 tience.  
 There be, who have made themselves foes, yea, by  
 honest gain,  
 Foes, whose plaint must have its answer, before the  
 bright portal is unbarred:  
 Pride, and selfishness, and sloth, apathy, wrath and false-  
 hood,  
 Bind to their everlasting toil many that must weary in  
 the fires.

Love hath a power and a longing to save the gathered  
world,

And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds  
of his doings :

Yet few, here one and there one, scanty as the gleanings  
after harvest,

Are glad of the robes of praise which Mercy would fling  
around the naked ;

But wrapping closer to their skin the poisoned tunic of  
their works,

They stand in self-dependence, to perish in abandonment  
of God.

## Of Prayer.

---

~~A wicked~~ man scorneth prayer, in the shallow sophistry  
 of reason,  
 He derideth the silly hope that God can be moved by  
 supplication:—  
 Can the Unchangeable be changed, or waver in His pur-  
 pose?  
 Can the weakness of pity affect Him? Should He turn  
 at the bidding of a man?  
 Methought He ruled all things, and ye called His decrees  
 immutable,  
 But if thus He listeneth to words, wherein is the firmness  
 of His will?—  
 So I heard the speech of the wicked, and, lo, it was  
 smoother than oil;  
 But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the pro-  
 mise of the Scripture is true:  
 Yet was my soul in darkness, for his words were too  
 hard for me;

Till I turned to my God in prayer: for I know He  
 heareth always.  
 Then I looked abroad on the earth, and, behold, the Lord  
 was in all things ;  
 Yet saw I not His hand in aught, but perceived that He  
 worketh by means ;  
 Yea, and the power of the mean proveth the wisdom that  
 ordained it,  
 Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone  
 through the air.  
 So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld the  
 mercies of Jehovah,  
 And I saw sound argument was still the faithful friend  
 of godliness ;  
 For as the rock of the affections is the solid approval of  
 reason,  
 Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis  
 of Philosophy.


Scorner, thy thoughts are weak, they reach not the sum-  
 mit of the matter ;  
 Go to, for the mouth of a child might show thee the  
 mystery of prayer :  
 Verily, there is no change in the counsels of the Mighty  
 Ruler :  
 Verily, His purpose is strong, and rooted in the depths of  
 necessity :  
 But who hath shown thee His purpose, who hath made  
 known to thee His will ?  
 When, O gainsayer ! hast thou been schooled in the  
 secrets of wisdom ?  
 Fate is a creature of God, and all things move in their  
 orbits,

And that which shall surely happen is known unto Him  
from eternity ;  
But as, in the field of nature, He useth the sinews of  
the ox,  
And commandeth diligence and toil, Himself giving the  
increase ;  
So, in the kingdom of His grace, granteth He omnipotence  
to prayer,  
For He knoweth what thou wilt ask, and what thou wilt  
ask aright.  
No man can pray in faith, whose prayer is not grounded  
on a promise :  
Yet a good man commendeth all things to the righteous  
wisdom of his God :  
For those, who pray in faith, trust the immutable Je-  
hovah,  
And they, who ask blessings unpromised, lean on un-  
covenanted mercy.

Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy  
soul ;  
Esteem the providence that led to them as an index of  
God's good will ;  
So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with  
acceptance.  
Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fulness  
of thy prayer :  
For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to  
bestow.  
The salt preserveth the sea, and the saints uphold the  
earth ;  
Their prayers are the thousand pillars that prop the  
canopy of nature.

Verily, an hour without prayer, from some terrestrial  
mind,  
Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the black-  
ness of darkness.  
Perchance the terrible day, when the world must rock  
into ruins,  
Will be one unwhitened by prayer,—shall He find faith  
on the earth?  
For there is an economy of mercy, as of wisdom, and  
power, and means;  
Neither is one blessing granted, unbesought from the  
treasury of good:  
And the charitable heart of the Being, to depend upon  
whom is happiness,  
Never withholdeth a bounty, so long as His subject  
prayeth;  
Yea, ask what thou wilt, to the second throne in heaven,  
It is thine, for whom it was appointed; there is no limit  
unto prayer:  
But and if thou cease to ask, tremble, thou self-sus-  
pended creature,  
For thy strength is cut off as was Samson's: and the  
hour of thy doom is come.

Frail art thou, O man, as a bubble on the breaker, .  
Weak and governed by externals, like a poor bird caught  
in the storm;  
Yet thy momentary breath can still the raging waters,  
Thy hand can touch a lever that may move the world.  
O Merciful, we strike eternal covenant with thee,  
For man may take for his ally the King who ruleth  
kings:



How strong, yet how most weak, in utter poverty how rich,

What possible omnipotence to good is dormant in a man !

Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,  
Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-  
fires of decline.

All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily,  
Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, dank with unhealthy  
moisture ;

Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas ! poor child of  
weakness ?

Thou hast erred ; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her  
strength :

Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter of  
Orleans,

She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the rush-  
ing cataract,

Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host  
is God,

And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning  
of her eye ;

She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many  
blessings,

Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful  
land :

For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,  
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of  
his prayers,

And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he  
pleadeth ;



For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before  
 God continually,  
 And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native  
 atmosphere of heaven :  
 Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of the  
 world's wisdom,  
 Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not  
 his value.  
 Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its  
 king,  
 But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man  
 prayer.  
 Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on His right  
 throne,  
 Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memory  
 of earth,—  
 For One, a mediating man, that hath clad His Godhead  
 with mortality,  
 And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of  
 Nature,  
 Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,  
 And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world  
 into nothing.

Thus, O worshipper of reason, thou hast heard the sum  
 of the matter :  
 And woe to his hairy scalp that restraineth prayer before  
 God.  
 Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and  
 being ;  
 Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of  
 Mercy :

---

Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, so be it ;  
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of  
Omnipotence.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy  
wants ;

Thy mind, thy conscience, and thy being, thy rights  
commend thee unto prayer,

The cure of all cares, the grand panacea for all pains,  
Doubt's destroyer, ruin's remedy, the antidote to all  
anxieties.

So then, God is true, and yet He hath not changed :  
It is He that sendeth the petition, to answer it according  
to His will.

## The Lord's Prayer.

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**Inquirest** thou, O man, wherewithal may I come unto the Lord?

And with what wonder-working sounds may I move the majesty of Heaven?

There is a model to thy hand; upon that do thou frame thy supplication;

Wisdom hath measured its words; and redemption urgeth thee to use them.

Call thy God thy Father, and yet not thine alone,  
For thou art but one of many, thy brotherhood is with all:

Remember His high estate, that He dwelleth King of Heaven;

So shall thy thoughts be humbled, nor love be unmixed with reverence:

Be thy first petition unselfish, the honour of Him who made thee,

And that in the depths of thy heart His memory be shrined in holiness:

---

Pray for that blessed time, when good shall triumph over  
evil,  
And one universal temple echo the perfections of Jeho-  
vah :  
Bend thou to His good will, and subserve His holy pur-  
poses,  
Till in thee, and those around thee, grow a little heaven  
upon earth :  
Humbly, as a grateful almsman, beg thy bread of  
God,—  
Bread for thy triple estate, for thou hast a trinity of  
nature :  
Humility smootheneth the way, and gratitude softeneth the  
heart,  
Be then thy prayer for pardon mingled with the tear of  
penitence ;  
Yea, and while, all unworthy, thou leanest on the hand  
that should smite,  
Thou canst not from thy fellows withhold thy less for-  
giveness.  
To thy Father thy weaknesses are known, and thou hast  
not hid thy sin,  
Therefore ask Him, in all trust, to lead thee from the  
dangers of temptation ;  
While the last petition of the soul, that breatheth on the  
confines of prayer,  
Is deliverance from sin and the evil one, the miseries of  
earth and hell.  
And wherefore, child of hope, should the rock of thy  
confidence be sure ?  
Thou knowest that God heareth, and promiseth an  
answer of peace ;

Thou knowest that He is King, and none can stay  
hand ;  
Thou knowest His power to be boundless, for there  
none other :  
And to Him thou givest glory, as a creature of His w  
manship and favour,  
For the never-ending term of thy saved and bright ex  
istence.

## Of Discretion.

---

For what then was I born?—to fill the circling year  
 With daily toil for daily bread, with sordid pains and  
 pleasures?—

To walk this chequered world, alternate light and dark-  
 ness,

The day-dreams of deep thought followed by the night-  
 dreams of fancy?—

To be one in a full procession?—to dig my kindred  
 clay?—

To decorate the gallery of art?—to clear a few acres of  
 forest?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee  
 life.

Is then that noble end to feed this mind with knowledge,  
 To mix for mine own thirst the sparkling wine of wisdom,  
 To light with many lamps the caverns of my heart,  
 To reap, in the furrows of my brain, good harvest of  
 right reasons?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee  
life.

Is it to grow stronger in self-government, to check the  
chafing will,

To curb with tightening rein the mettled steeds of pas-  
sion,

To welcome with calm heart, far in the voiceless desert,  
The gracious visitings of heaven that bless my single  
self?—

For more than these, my soul, thy God hath lent thee  
life.

To aim at thine own happiness, is an end idolatrous and  
evil ;

In earth, yea in heaven, if thou seek it for itself, seeking  
thou shalt not find.

Happiness is a road-side flower, growing on the high-  
way of Usefulness ;

Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand ; passed by, it is  
fragrance to thy spirit :


Love not thine own soul, regard not thine own weal,  
Trample the thyme beneath thy feet ; be useful, and be  
happy !

Thus unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,  
And quickly he starteth on his course, knight-errant to  
do good.

His sword is edged with arguments, his vizor terrible  
with censures ;

He goeth full mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his  
heart.

Yet one thing he lacketh, the Mentor of the mind,  
The quiet whisper of Discretion—Thy time is not yet  
come.



For he smiteth an oppressor; and vengeance for that  
smiting

Is dealt in doubled stripes on the faint body of the vic-  
tim :

He is glad to give and to distribute; and clamorous  
pauperism feasteth,

While honest labour, pining, hideth his sharp ribs :

He challengeth to a fair field that subtle giant Infidelity,  
And, worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the  
hands of error ;

He hasteth to teach and preach, as the war-horse rusheth  
to the battle,

And to pave a way for truth, would break up the Apen-  
nines of prejudice :

He wearieth by stale proofs, where none looked for a  
reason,

And to the listening ear will urge the false argument of  
feeling.

So hath it often been, that, judging by results,

The hottest friends of truth have done her deadliest  
wrong.

Alas ! for there are enemies without, glad enough to  
parley with a traitor,

And a zealot will let down the drawbridge, to prove his  
own prowess :

Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the  
citadel of truth,

That he may fill the gap, for fame, with his own weak  
body.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto  
good ;



Touch not the ark with unclean hand, yea, though it  
seem to totter.

There are evil who work good, and there are good who  
work evil,

And foolish backers of wisdom have brought on her  
many reproaches.

Truth hath more than enough to combat in the minds of  
all men,

For the mist of sense is a thick veil, and sin hath warped  
their wills ;

Yet doth an officious helper awkwardly prevent her vic-  
tory,—

These thy wounded hands were smitten in the house of  
friends :—

To point out a meaning in her words, he will blot those  
words with his finger ;

And winnow chaff into the eyes,\* before he hath wheat to  
show :

He will heap sturdy logs on a faint expiring fire,

And with a room in flames, will cast the casement open ;

By a shoulder to the wheel downhill harasseth the  
labouring beast,

And where obstruction were needed, will harm by an ill-  
judged thrusting-on.

A vessel foundereth at sea, if a storm have unshipped  
the rudder ;

And a mind with much sail shall require heavy ballast.

Take a lever by the middle, thou shalt seem to prove it  
powerless,

Argue for truth indiscreetly, thou shalt toil for falsehood.

There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most  
thronged assembly ;

But a quarrelsome spirit is straitened in the open field :  
Many a teacher, lacking judgment, hindereth his own  
lessons ;

And the savoury mess of pottage is spoiled by a bitter  
herb :

The garment woven of a piece is rashly torn by schism,  
Because its unwise claimants will not cast lots for its  
possession.

Discretion guide thee on thy way, noble-minded youth,  
Help thee to humour infirmities, to wink at innocent  
errors,

To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and  
fancy :

Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer,  
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence  
than speech,

Whisper thee, thou art Weakness, though thy cause be  
Strength,

And tell thee, the key-stone of an arch can be loosened  
with least labour from within.

The snows of Hecla lie around its troubled smoking  
Geysers ;

Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring  
of zeal :


So shalt thou gain thine honourable end, nor lose the  
midway prize :

So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy.

### Of Trifles.

---

Yet once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a  
 little one?  
 Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among  
 so many?  
 And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupifieth  
 his heart with doubts;—  
 Whom shall I harm in this matter? and a little ill  
 breedeth much good;  
 My thoughts, are they not mine own? and they leave no  
 mark behind them;  
 And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty  
 sins affect Him?—  
 So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and  
 little,  
 Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in  
 the gulf despairing.  
 For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may  
 not produce great things,



And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead  
eternally astray.  
A landmark tree was once a seed ; and the dust in the  
balance maketh a difference ;  
And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a  
pebble :  
The dangerous bar in the harbour's mouth is only grains  
of sand ;  
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a  
colony of worms :  
Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty ele-  
phant ;  
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the  
brook.  
Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest  
with thine equals,  
For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to  
be a giant.  
What, is thy servant a dog?—not yet wilt thou grasp  
the dagger,  
Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet be-  
tray the innocent ;  
But, if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or  
passion,  
And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of  
guilt,  
And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as  
done,  
And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a  
villain,  
Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth  
invoke him to thy heart,

And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened  
into poison.

A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the  
world :

Vast is the mighty ocean, but drops have made it vast.  
Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for  
good ;

For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy  
wealth :

The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or  
hastening,

Hath saved life, and destroyed it, hath cast down and  
built up fortunes.

Commit thy trifles unto God, for to Him is nothing  
trivial ;

And it is but the littleness of man that seeth no great-  
ness in a trifle.

All things are infinite in parts, and the moral is as the  
material,

Neither is anything vast, but it is compacted of atoms.

Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou study thy  
pleasure in trifles,

For slender joys, often repeated, fall as sunshine on the  
heart :

Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer  
their stinging to fret thee ;

Thrust not thine hand among the thorns, but with a  
leathern glove.

Regard nothing lightly which the wisdom of Providence  
hath ordered ;

And therefore, consider all things that happen unto thee  
or unto others.

The warrior that stood against a host, may be pierced  
unto death by a needle ;

And the saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the  
victim of a thought :

A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike in the  
gun ;

And the cable of a furlong is lost through an ill-wrought  
inch.

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happi-  
ness :

And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of  
petty pains.

A fool observeth nothing, and seemeth wise unto him-  
self ;

A wise man heedeth all things, and in his own eyes is a  
fool :

He that wondereth at nothing hath no capabilities of  
bliss :

But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasure  
to his hand.

If pestilence stalk through the land, ye say, This is God's  
doing ;

Is it not also His doing when an aphid creepeth on a  
rose-bud ?—

If an avalanche roll from its Alp, ye tremble at the will  
of Providence :

Is not that will concerned when the sear leaves fall from  
the poplar ?—

A thing is great or little only to a mortal's thir  
But abstracted from the body, all things are ali  
tant :

The Ancient of Days noteth in His book the idl  
of a creature,

And happy and wise is the man to whose  
existeth not a trifle.

## Of Recreation.

---

To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit with  
 pleasure,  
 Is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the  
 shade of recreation.  
 For he cannot fling aside his mind, nor bar up the flood-  
 gates of his wisdom ;  
 Yea, though he strain after folly, his mental monitor  
 shall check him :  
 For knowledge and ignorance alike have laws essential to  
 their being,—  
 The sage studieth amusements, and the simple laugheth  
 in his studies.  
 Few, but full of understanding, are the books of the library  
 of God,  
 And fitting for all seasons are the gain and the gladness  
 they bestow :  
 The volume of Mystery and Grace, for the hour of deep  
 communings,



When the soul considereth intensely the startling marvel  
of itself:  
The book of destiny and Providence, for the time of  
sober study,  
When the mind gleaneth wisdom from the olive grove of  
history:  
And the cheerful pages of Nature, to gladden the pleasant  
holiday,  
When the task of duty is complete, and the heart swelleth  
high with satisfaction.  
The soul may not safely dwell too long with the deep  
things of futurity;  
The mind may not always be bent back, like the Parthian,  
straining at the past;  
And, if thou art wearied with wrestling on the broad  
arena of science,  
Leave awhile thy friendly foe, half vanquished in the  
dust,  
Refresh thy jaded limbs, return with vigour to the  
strife,—  
Thou shalt easier find thyself his master, for the vacant  
interval of leisure.

That which may profit and amuse is gathered from the  
volume of creation,  
For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness  
of wisdom.  
The elements of all things are the same, though nature  
hath mixed them with a difference,  
And Learning delighteth to discover the affinity of seeming  
opposites:  
So out of great things and small draweth he the secrets  
of the universe,

---

And argueth the cycles of the stars, from a pebble flung  
by a child.

It is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the  
spreading cedar,

From the giant king of palms, to the lichen that staineth  
its stem ;

To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason  
of brutes,—

The river-horse browsing in the jungle, the plover  
screaming on the moor,

The cayman basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus an-  
chored to an iceberg,

The dog at his master's feet, and the milch-kine lowing  
in the meadow ;

To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the  
anatomy of insects,

Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild  
flowers ;

To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in  
the butterfly ;

To recognize affections in a moth, and look with admira-  
tion on a spider.

It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from  
far the mansions of the blest,

Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the  
redeemed ;

To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those  
medals in the rocks

Which Design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the  
green infancy of time ;

To gather from the unconsidered shingle mottled starlike  
agates,

Full of unstoried flowers in the bubbling bloom-chalcedony :  
Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic carving,  
Corallines, and fresh seaweeds, spreading forth their delicate branches.  
It is an admirable lore, to learn the cause in the change,  
To study the chemistry of Nature, her grand, but simple secrets,  
To search out all her wonders, to track the resources of her skill,  
To note her kind compensations, her unobtrusive excellence.  
In all it is wise happiness to see the well-ordained laws of Jehovah,  
The harmony that filleth all His mind, the justice that tempereth His bounty,  
The wonderful all-prevalent analogy that testifieth one Creator,  
The broad arrow of the Great King, carved on all the stores of His arsenal.  
But beware, O worshipper of God, thou forget not Him in His dealings,  
Though the bright emanations of His power hide Him in created glory ;  
For if, on the sea of knowledge, thou regardest not the pole-star of religion,  
Thy bark will miss her port, and run upon the sand-bar of folly :  
And if, enamoured of the means, thou considerest not the scope to which they tend,  
Wherein art thou wiser than the child, that is pleased with toys and baubles ?

Verily, a trifling scholar, thou heedest but the letter of instruction ;

For, as motive is spirit unto action, as memory endeareth place,

As the sun doth fertilize the earth, as affection quickeneth the heart,

So is the remembrance of God in the varied wonders of creation.

Man hath found out inventions, to cheat him of the weariness of life,

To help him to forget realities, and hide the misery of guilt.

For love of praise, and hope of gain, for passion and delusive happiness,

He joineth the circle of folly, and heapeth on the fire of excitement ;

Oftentimes sadly out of heart at the tiresome insipidity of pleasure,

Oftentimes labouring in vain, convinced of the palpable deceit :

Yet a man speaketh to his brother, in the voice of glad congratulation,

And thinketh others happy, though he himself be wretched :

And hand joineth hand to help in the toil of amusement, While the secret aching heart is vacant of all but disappointment.

The cheapest pleasures are the best ; and nothing is more costly than sin ;

Yet we mortgage futurity, counting it but little loss :

Neither can a man delight in that which breedeth sorrow,

Yet do we hunt for joy even in the fires that consume it.  
Whoso would find gladness may meet her in the hovel  
of poverty,

Where benevolence hath scattered around the gleanings  
of the horn of plenty ;

Whoso would sun himself in peace, may be seen of her  
in deeds of mercy,

When the pale lean cheek of the destitute is wet with  
grateful tears.

If the mind is wearied by study, or the body worn with  
sickness,

It is well to lie fallow for a while, in the vacancy of sheer  
amusement ;

But when thou prosperest in health, and thine intellect  
can soar untired,

To seek uninstrusive pleasure is to slumber on the  
couch of indolence.

## The Train of Religion.



Stay awhile, thou blessed band, be entreated, daughters  
of heaven!

While the chance-met scholar of Wisdom learneth your  
sacred names :

He is resting a little from his toil, yet a little on the  
borders of earth,

And fain would he have you his friends, to bid him glad  
welcome hereafter.

Who among the glorious art thou, that walkest a God-  
dess and a Queen,


Thy crown of living stars, and a golden cross thy  
sceptre ?

Who among flowers of loveliness is she, thy seeming  
herald,

Yet she boasteth not thee nor herself, and her garments  
are plain in their neatness ?

Wherefore is there one among the train, whose eyes are  
red with weeping,

Yet is her open forehead beaming with the sun of  
ecstasy?  
And who is that blood-stained warrior, with glory sitting  
on his crest?  
And who that solemn sage, calm in majestic dignity?  
Also, in the lengthening troop see I some clad in robes  
of triumph,  
Whose fair and sunny faces I have known and loved on  
earth:  
Welcome, ye glorified Loves, Graces, and Sciences, and  
Muses,  
That, like sisters of charity, tended in this world's hos-  
pital;  
Welcome, for verily I knew, ye could not but be children  
of the light,  
Though earth hath soiled your robes, and robbed you of  
half your glory;  
Welcome, chiefly welcome, for I find I have friends in  
• heaven,  
And some I might scarce have looked for, as thou, light-  
hearted Mirth;  
Thou also, star-robed Urania; and thou, with the curious  
glass,  
That rejoicedst in tracking wisdom where the eye was  
too dull to note it:  
And art thou too among the blessed, mild, much-injured  
Poetry?  
Who quickenest with light and beauty the leaden face  
of matter,  
Who not unheard, though silent, fillest earth's gardens  
with music,  
And not unseen, though a spirit, dost look down upon  
us from the stars,—



That hast been to me for oil and for wine, to cheer and  
uphold my soul,  
When wearied, battling with the surge, the stunning  
surge of life :

Of thee, for well have I loved thee, of thee may I ask in  
hope,

Who among the glorious is she, that walketh a Goddess  
and a Queen ?

And who that fair-haired herald, and who that weeping  
saint ?

And who that mighty warrior, and who that solemn  
sage ?

Son, happy art thou that Wisdom hath led thee hither-  
ward :

For otherwise never hadst thou known the joy-giving  
name of our Queen.

Behold her, the life of men, the anchor of their ship-  
wrecked hopes :

Behold her, the shepherdess of souls, who bringeth back  
the wanderers to God.

And for that modest herald, she is named on earth  
Humility :

And hast thou not known, my son, the tearful face of  
Repentance ?

Faith is yon time-scarred hero, walking in the shade of  
his laurels :

And Reason, the serious sage, who followeth the foot-  
steps of Faith :

And we, all we, are but handmaids, ministers of minor  
bliss,

Who rejoice to be counted servants in the train of a  
Queen so glorious :



But for her name, son of man, it is strange to the language of heaven,  
For those who have never fallen need not and may not learn it :  
Ligeance we swear to our God, and ligeance well have we kept ;  
It is only the band of the redeemed who can tell thee the fulness of that name ;  
Yet will I comfort thee, my son, for the love wherewith thou hast loved me,  
And thou shalt touch for thyself the golden sceptre of Religion.

So that blessed train passed by me ; but the vision was sealed upon my soul ;  
And its memory is shrined in fragrance, for the promise of the Spirit was true :  
I learn from the silent poem of all creation round me,  
How beautiful their feet, who follow in that train.

## Of a Trinity.

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Despise not, shrewd reckoner, the God of a good  
 man's worship,  
 Neither let thy calculating folly gainsay the unity of  
 three :  
 Nor scorn another's creed, although he cannot solve thy  
 doubts ;  
 Reason is the follower of faith, where he may not be  
 precursor :  
 It is written, and so we believe, waiting not for outward  
 proof,  
 Inasmuch as mysteries inscrutable are the clear preroga-  
 tives of godhead.  
 Reason hath nothing positive, faith hath nothing  
 doubtful ;  
 And the height of unbelieving wisdom is to question all  
 things.  
 When there is marvel in a doctrine, faith is joyful and  
 adareth ;

But when all is clear, what place is left for faith?  
Tell me the sum of thy knowledge,—is it yet assured of  
anything?

Despise not what is wonderful, when all things are won-  
derful around thee.

From the multitude of like effects, thou sayest, behold  
a law:

And the matter thou art baffled in unmaking is to thy  
mind an element.

Then look abroad, I pray thee, for analogy holdeth  
everywhere,

And the Maker hath stamped his name on every crea-  
ture of his hand:

I know not of a matter or a spirit, that is not three in  
one,

And truly should account it for a marvel, a coin without  
the image of its Cæsar.

Man talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth by  
himself as wise:

His own guess counteth he truth, but the notions of  
another are his scorn.

But bear thou yet with a brother, whose thought may  
be less subtle than thine own,

And suffer the passing speculation suggested by analogies  
to faith.

Like begetteth like, and the great sea of Existence  
In each of its uncounted waves holdeth up a mirror to  
its Maker:

Like begetteth like, and the spreading tree of being  
With each of its trefoil leaves pointeth at the trinity of  
God.

Let him whose eyes have been unfilmed, read this homily  
in all things,  
And thou, of duller sight, despise not him that readeth :  
There be three grand principles ; life, generation, and  
obedience ;  
Shadowing in every creature, the Spirit, and the Father,  
and the Son :  
There be three grand unities, variously mixed in trini-  
ties,  
Three catholic divisors of the million sums of matter :  
Yea, though science hath not seen it, climbing the ladder  
of experiment,  
Let faith, in the presence of her God, promulgate the  
mighty truth ;  
Of three sole elements all nature's works consist :  
The pine, and the rock to which it clingeth, and the  
eagle sailing around it :  
The lion, and the northern whale, and the deeps wherein  
he sporteth ;  
The lizard sleeping in the sun ; the lightning flashing  
from a cloud ;  
The rose, and the ruby, and the pearl ; each one is made  
of three ;  
And the three be the like ingredients, mingled in diverse  
measures.  
Thyself hast within thyself body, and life, and mind :  
Matter, and breath, and instinct, unite in all beasts of  
the field ;  
Substance, coherence, and weight, fashion the fabrics of  
the earth ;  
The will, the doing, and the deed, combine to frame a  
fact :

The stem, the leaf, and the flower; beginning, middle,  
and end;

Cause, circumstance, consequent: and every three is  
one.

Yea, the very breath of man's life consisteth of a trinity  
of vapours,

And the noonday light is a compound, the triune shadow  
of Jehovah.

Shall all things else be in mystery, and God alone be  
understood?

Shall finite fathom infinity, though it sound not the  
shallows of creation?

Shall a man comprehend his Maker, being yet a riddle  
to himself?

Or time teach the lesson, that eternity cannot master?

If God be nothing more than one, a child can compass  
the thought;

But seraphs fail to unravel the wondrous unity of three.

One verily He is, for there can be but one who is all  
mighty;

Yet the oracles of nature and religion proclaim Him  
three in one.

And where were the value to thy soul, O miserable  
denizen of earth,

Of the idle pageant of the cross, where hung no sacrifice  
for thee?

Where the worth to thine impotent heart, of that stirred  
Bethesda,

All numbed and palsied as it is, by the scorpion stings  
of sin?

No, thy trinity of nature, enchained by treble death,

Helplessly craveth of its God, Himself for three sal-  
vations :

The soul to be reconciled in love, the mind to be glori-  
fied in light,

While this poor dying body leapeth into life.

And if indeed for us all the costly ransom hath been  
paid,

Bethink thee, could less than Deity have owned so vast  
a treasure ?

Could a man contend with God, and stand against the  
bosses of His buckler,

Rendering the balance for guilt, atonement to the utter-  
most ?

Thou art subtle to thine own thinking, but wisdom  
judgeth thee a fool,

Resolving thou wilt not bow the knee to a Being thou  
canst not comprehend :

The mind that could compass perfection were itself  
perfection's equal :

And reason refuseth its homage to a God who can be  
fully understood.

Thou that despisest mystery, yet canst expound no-  
thing,

Wherefore rejectest thou the fact that solveth the enigma  
of all things ?

Wherefore veilest thou thine eyes, lest the light of reve-  
lation sun them,

And putttest aside the key that would open the casket of  
truth ?

The mind and the nature of God are shadowed in all His  
works,

And none could have guessed of His essence, had  
not uttered it Himself.

Therefore, thou child of folly, that scornest the re  
of His wisdom,

Learn from the consistencies of nature the ne  
miracle of Godhead :

Yea, let the heathen be thy teacher, who adoreth n  
gods,

For there is no wide-spread error that hath not trut  
its beginning.

Be content; thine eye cannot see all the sides of a  
at one view,

Nor thy mind in the self-same moment follow two i

There are now many marvels in thy creed, belie  
what thou seest,

Then let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee  
worshipping mystery.

## Of Thinking.

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Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome  
 fragrance,  
 But reverie is the same flower, when rank and running  
 to seed.  
 Better to read little with thought, than much with levity  
 and quickness ;  
 For mind is not as merchandize, which decreaseth in the  
 using,  
 But liker to the passions of man, which rejoice and ex-  
 pand in exertion :  
 Yet live not wholly on thine own ideas, lest they lead  
 thee astray ;  
 For in spirit, as in substance, thou art a social creature ;  
 And if thou leanest on thyself, thou rejectest the guid-  
 ance of thy betters,  
 Yea, thou contemnest all men,—Am I not wiser than  
 they?—



Foolish vanity hath blinded thee, and warped thy weak judgment ;  
For, though new ideas flow from new springs, and enrich the treasury of knowledge,  
Yet listen often, ere thou think much ; and look around thee ere thou judgest.  
Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of Wisdom,  
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he that would make it for himself.

Imagination is not thought, neither is fancy reflection :  
Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an eagle ;  
Reflection sternly considereth, nor is sparing to condemn evil,  
But fancy lightly laugheth, in the sun-clad gardens of amusement.  
For the shy game of the fowler the quickest shot is the surest :  
But with slow care and measured aim the gunner pointeth his cannon :  
So for all less occasions, the surface-thought is best,  
But to be master of the great take thou heavier metal.  
It is a good thing, and a wholesome, to search out bosom sins,  
But to be the hero of selfish imaginings, is the subtle poison of pride :  
At night, in the stillness of thy chamber, guard and curb thy thoughts,  
And in recounting the doings of the day, beware that thou do it with prayer,

Or thinking will be an idle pleasure, and retrospect yield  
no fruit.

Steer the bark of thy mind from the syren isle of reverie,  
And let a watchful spirit mingle with the glance of re-  
collection :

Also, in examining thine heart, in sounding the fountain  
of thine actions,  
Be more careful of the evil than of the good ; and humble  
thyself in thy sin.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thy-  
self,

For thus only canst thou learn the character of God to-  
ward thee.

He made thee, and thou art ; He redeemed thee, and thou  
wilt be :

Thou art evil, yet He loveth thee : thou sinnest, yet He  
pardoneth thee.

Though thou canst not perceive Him, yet is He in all His  
works,

Infinite in grand outline, infinite in minute perfection :  
Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all His attri-  
butes ;

Art is the shadow of His wisdom, and copieth His re-  
sources.

Thou knowest the laws of matter to be emanations of His  
will,

And thy best reason for aught is this,—thou, Lord,  
wouldst have it so.

Yea, what is any law but an absolute decree of God ?

Or the properties of matter and mind, but the arbitrary  
fiats of Jehovah ?

He made and ordained necessity ; he forged the chain of  
reason ;

And holdeth in his own right hand the first of the golden  
links.

A fool regardeth mind as the spiritual essence of mat-  
ter,

And not rather matter as the gross accident of mind.  
Can finite govern infinite, or a part exceed the whole,  
Or the wisdom of God sit down at the feet of innate  
necessity ?

Necessity is a creature of His hand : for He can never  
change ;

And chance hath no existence where everything is need-  
ful.

Canst thou measure Omnipotence, canst thou conceive  
Ubiquity,

Which guideth the meanest reptile, and quickeneth the  
brightest seraph,

Which steereth the particle of dust, and commandeth the  
path of the comet?

To Him all things are equal, for all things are neces-  
sary :


The smith was weary at his forge, and welded the metal  
carelessly,

And the anchor breaketh in its bed ; and the vessel found-  
ereth with her crew :

A word of anger is muttered, engendering the midnight  
murder,

The sun bursteth from a cloud, and maddeneth the toil-  
ing husbandman.

Shall these things be, and God not know it ?



Shall He know, and not be in them? shall He see, and  
not be among them?

And how can they be otherwise than as He knoweth?  
Truly, the Lord is in all things; verily, He worketh in all.  
Think thus, and thy thoughts are firm, ascribing each  
circumstance to Him;

Yet know surely, and believe the truth, that God willeth  
not evil;

For adversities are blessings in disguise, and wickedness  
the Lord abhorreth:

That He is in all things is an axiom, and that He is right-  
eous in all:

Ascribe holiness to Him, while thou musest on the mys-  
tery of sin,

For infinite can grasp that, which finite cannot compass.

In works of art, think justly: what praise canst thou  
render unto man?

For he made not his own mind, nor is he the source of  
contrivance.

If a cunning workman make an engine that fashioneth  
curious works,

Which hath the praise, the machine or its maker,—the  
engine, or he that framed it?

And could he frame it so subtly as to give it a will and  
freedom,

Endow it with complicated powers, and a glorious living  
soul,

Who, while he admireth the wondrous understanding  
creature,

Will not pay deeper homage to the Maker of master  
minds?

Otherwise, thou art senseless as the pagan, that adoreth  
his own handy-work ;  
Yea, while thou boastest of thy wisdom, thy mind is as  
the mind of the savage,  
For he boweth down to his idols, and thou art a wor-  
shipper of self,  
Giving to the reasoning machine the credit due to its  
creator.

The key-stone of thy mind, to give thy thoughts soli-  
dity,  
To bind them as in an arch, to fix them as the world in  
its sphere,  
Is to learn from the book of the Lord, to drink from the  
well of His wisdom.  
Who can condense the sun, or analyse the fulness of the  
Bible,  
So that its ideas be gathered, and the harvest of its wis-  
dom be brought in?  
That book is easy to the man who setteth his heart to  
understand it,  
But to the careless and profane it shall seem the foolish-  
ness of God ;  
And it is a delicate test to prove thy moral state ;  
To the humble disciple it is bread, but a stone to the  
proud and unbelieving :  
A scorner shall find nothing but the husks, wherewith  
to feed his hunger,  
But for the soul of the simple, it is plenty of full-ripe  
wheat.  
The Scripture abideth the same, in the sober majesty of  
truth ;

And the differing aspects of its teaching proceed from  
diversity in minds.

He that would learn to think may gain that knowledge  
there ;

For the living word, as an angel, standeth at the gate of  
wisdom,

And publisheth, This is the way, walk ye surely in it.

Religion taketh by the hand the humble pupil of repent-  
ance,

And teacheth him lessons of mystery, solving the ques-  
tions of doubt ;

She maketh man worthy of himself, of his high prero-  
gative of reason,

Threadeth all the labyrinths of thought, and leadeth him  
to his God.

Come hither, child of meditation, upon whose high fair  
forehead

Glittereth the star of mind in its unearthly lustre :

Hast thou nought to tell us of thine airy joys,—

When, borne on sinewy pinions, strong as the western  
condor,

The soul, after soaring for a while round the cloud-capped  
Andes of reflection,

And in its conscious immortality, leaveth a world be-  
hind,

Are at one bold flight the broad Atlantic to another?

Art thou no secret pangs to whisper common men,

Ahead of thine own energies, still active day and night,


Too ecstatic heat sublime thyself away,

Thy vivid horrors, sharp and clear, madden thy tense  
fibres?

In half-shaped visions of sleep hast thou not feared thy  
flittings,  
Lest reason, like a raking hawk, return not to thy call :  
Nor waked to work-day life with throbbing head and  
heart,  
Nor welcomed early dawn to save thee from unrest ?  
For the wearied spirit lieth as a fainting maiden,  
Captive and borne away on the warrior's foam-covered  
steed,  
And sinketh down wounded, as a gladiator on the sand,  
While the keen faulchion of Intellect is cutting through  
the scabbard of the brain.  
Imagination, like a shadowy giant looming on the twi-  
light of the Hartz,  
Shall overwhelm judgment with affright, and scare him  
from his throne :  
In a dream thou mayst be mad, and feel the fire within  
thee ;  
In a dream thou mayst travel out of self, and see thee  
with the eyes of another ;  
Or sleep in thine own corpse ; or wake as in many  
bodies ;  
Or swell, as expanded to infinity ; or shrink, as impri-  
soned to a point ;  
Or among moss-grown ruins mayst wander with the sullen  
disembodied,  
And gaze upon their glassy eyes until thy heart-blood  
freeze.

Alone must thou stand, O man ! alone at the bar of  
judgment ;

Alone must thou bear thy sentence, alone must thou  
answer for thy deeds :



Therefore it is well thou retirest often to secrecy and  
solitude,  
To feel that thou art accountable separately from thy fel-  
lows :  
For a crowd hideth truth from the eyes, society drowneth  
thought,  
And being but one among many, stiflcth the chidings of  
conscience.  
Solitude bringeth woe to the wicked, for his crimes are  
told out in his ear ;  
But addeth peace to the good, for the mercies of his God  
are numbered.  
Thou mayst know if it be well with a man,—loveth he  
gaiety or solitude ?  
For the troubled river rusheth to the sea, but the calm  
lake slumbereth among the mountains.  
How dear to the mind of the sage are the thoughts that  
are bred in loneliness ;  
For there is as it were music at his heart, and he talketh  
within him as with friends :  
But guilt maddeneth the brain, and terror glareth in the  
eye,  
Where, in his solitary cell, the malefactor wrestleth with  
remorse.  
Give me but a lodge in the wilderness, drop me on an  
island in the desert,  
And thought shall yield me happiness, though I may not  
increase it by imparting :  
For the soul never slumbereth, but is as the eye of the  
Eternal,  
And mind, the breath of God, knoweth not ideal vacuity.



At night, after weariness and watching, the body sinke  
into sleep,

But the mental eye is awake, and thou reasonest in th  
dreams :

In a dream thou mayst live a lifetime, and all be forgott  
in the morning :

Even such is life, and so soon perisheth its memory.

## Of Speaking.

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**Speech** is the golden harvest that followeth the flower  
 ing of thought;  
 Yet oftentimes runneth it to husk, and the grains be  
 withered and scanty:  
 Speech is reason's brother, and a kingly prerogative of  
 man,  
 That likeneth him to his Maker, who spake, and it was  
 done:  
 Spirit may mingle with spirit, but sense requireth a sym-  
 bol;  
 And speech is the body of a thought, without which it  
 were not seen.  
 When thou walkest, musing with thyself, in the green  
 aisles of the forest,  
 Utter thy thinkings aloud, that they take a shape and  
 being;  
 For he that pondereth in silence crowdeth the store-house  
 of his mind,

And though he hath heaped great riches, yet is he hindered in the using.

A man that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and deeply,

Corrodeth his own heart-strings, and keepeth back good from his fellows :

A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly,

Wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men :

But thou, when thou hast thought, weave charily the web of meditation,

And clothe the ideal spirit in the suitable garments of speech.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good savoureth of evil ;

To be secret looketh like guilt, to speak out may breed contention :

Often have I known the honest heart, flaming with indignant virtue,

Provoke unneeded war by its rash ambassador the tongue :

Often have I seen the charitable man go so slyly on his mission,

That those who met him in the twilight, took him for a skulking thief :

I have heard the zealous youth telling out his holy secrets

Before a swinish throng, who mocked him as he spake ;

And I considered, his openness was hardening them that mocked,

Whereas a judicious keeping-back might have won their sympathy:

I have judged rashly and harshly the hand, liberal in the dark,

Because in the broad daylight, it hath holden it a virtue to be close;

And the silent tongue have I condemned, because reserve hath chained it,

That it hid, yea from a brother, the kindness it had done by comforting.

No need to sound a trumpet, but less to hush a footfall:

Do thou thy good openly, not as though the doing were a crime.

Secresy goeth cowed, and Honesty demandeth wherefore?

For he judgeth,—judgeth he not well?—that nothing need be hid but guilt.

Why should thy good be evil spoken of, through thine unrighteous silence?

If thou art challenged, speak, and prove the good thou doest.

The free example of benevolence, unobtruded, yet unhidden,

Soundeth in the ears of sloth, Go, and do thou likewise:

And I wot the hypocrite's sin to be of darker dye,

Because the good man, fearing, thereby hideth his light:

But neither God nor man hath bid thee cloak thy good,

When a seasonable word would set thee in thy sphere, that all might see thy brightness.

Ascribe the honour to thy Lord, but be thou jealous of that honour,

Nor think it light and worthless, because thou mayst not wear it for thyself:

Remember, thy grand prerogative is free unshackled  
utterance,  
And suffer not the flood-gates of secresy to lock the full  
river of thy speech.

Come, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among  
this world's sorrows,  
Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the  
cup of life.  
There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire  
burneth at their heart,  
And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not  
with their tongue :  
There be, whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to  
reply,  
Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her mes-  
sengers ;  
But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the current  
of their speech ;  
'The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth  
on the heart,  
The mocking promise of power is once more broken in  
performance,  
And they stand impotent of words, travailing with un-  
born thoughts :  
Courage is cowed at the portal ; wisdom is widowed of  
utterance ;  
He that went to comfort is pitied ; he that should rebuke,  
is silent :  
And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look  
and laugh ;  
While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by com-  
passion :

---

And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing  
at the heart,  
And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty  
sounds.  
There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet con-  
sidered,  
And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of  
speech ;  
For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess  
that want ;  
It is as lack of breath or bread : life hath no grief more  
galling.

Come, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of  
pleasure have not known,  
Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appe-  
tites of sense.  
Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervour on his  
cheek !  
That glorious burst of winged words ! how bound they  
from his tongue !  
The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong  
triumphant argument,  
The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,  
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,  
The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold  
and free,  
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omni-  
potence of truth,  
The grandeur of his speech in his majesty of mind !  
Champion of the right,—patriot, or priest, or pleader of  
the innocent cause,

Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey  
of persuasion,  
Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by  
the live coal from the altar,  
How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the  
draught of thy pleasures!  
To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured  
cadence,  
A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy  
will;  
A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,  
Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount  
of God:  
And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in  
thy words,—  
Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its  
rising,  
Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one  
spirit,  
They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive  
unto thine,  
Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affec-  
tions to thy purpose,  
And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous  
emotions:  
Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall  
throne thee with archangels.

## Of Reading.

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One drachma for a good book, and a thousand talents  
for a true friend ;—

So standeth the market, where scarce is ever costly :

Yea, were the diamonds of Golconda common as shingles  
on the shore,

A ripe apple would ransom kings before a shining stone :  
And so, were a wholesome book as rare as an honest  
friend,

To choose the book be mine : the friend let another take.  
For altered looks and jealousies and fears have none  
entrance there :

The silent volume listeneth well, and speaketh when thou  
listest :

It praiseth thy good without envy, it chideth thine evil  
without malice,

It is to thee thy waiting slave, and thine unbending  
teacher.

Need to humour no caprice, need to bear with no infir-  
mity ;



Thy sin, thy slander, or neglect, chilleth not, quencheth  
 not, its love :  
 Unalterably speaketh it the truth, warped nor by error  
 nor interest ;  
 For a good book is the best of friends, the same to-day  
 and for ever.

To draw thee out of self, thy petty plans and cautions,  
 To teach thee what thou lackest, to tell thee how largely  
 thou art blest,  
 To lure thy thought from sorrow, to feed thy famished  
 mind,  
 To graft another's wisdom on thee, pruning thine own  
 folly,  
 Choose discreetly, and well digest the volume most suited  
 to thy case,  
 Touching not religion with levity, nor deep things when  
 thou art wearied.  
 Thy mind is freshened by morning air, grapple with  
 science and philosophy ;  
 Noon hath unnerved thy thoughts, dream for a while on  
 fictions :  
 Grey evening sobereth thy spirit, walk thou then with  
 worshippers :  
 But reason shall dig deepest in the night, and fancy fly  
 most free.

☉ books, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of  
 the wisest ;  
 Sweet solaces of daily life ; proofs and results of immor-  
 tality ;  
 Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing  
 of the nations ;

Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword:  
 Gentle comrades, kind advisers; friends, comforts, treasures:  
 Helps, governments, diversities of tongues; who can weigh your worth?—  
 To walk no longer with the just; to be driven from the porch of science;  
 To bid long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philosophers, and teachers;  
 To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in communion with the good;  
 To be thrust from the feet of Him who spake as never man spake;  
 To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of superstition,  
 To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy; to die as the Mohawk in ignorance:  
 O what were life, but a blank? what were death, but a terror?  
 What were man, but a burden to himself? what were mind, but misery?  
 Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge,  
 And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on the ashes of its wisdom!



## Of Writing.

---

**T**he pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened ?  
 Ask of the scholar, he shall know,—to the chains that  
     bind a Proteus :  
 Ask of the poet, he shall say,—to the sun, the lamp of  
     heaven :  
 Ask of thy neighbour, he can answer,—to the friend that  
     telleteth my thought :  
 The merchant considereth it well, as a ship freighted with  
     wares ;  
 The divine holdeth it a miracle, giving utterance to the  
     dumb.  
 It fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment ;  
 Chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, and send-  
     ing it bright into the world.  
 To think rightly, is of knowledge ; to speak fluently, is  
     of nature ;  
 To read with profit, is of care ; but to write aptly, is of  
     practice.

No talent among men hath more scholars, and fewer  
 masters :  
 For to write is to speak beyond hearing, and none stand  
 by to explain.  
 To be accurate, write ; to remember, write ; to know  
 thine own mind, write ;  
 And a written prayer is a prayer of faith : special, sure,  
 and to be answered.  
 Hast thou a thought upon thy brain, catch it while thou  
 canst ;  
 Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon  
 take wing :  
 Thine uncompounded unity of soul, which argueth and  
 maketh it immortal,  
 Yieldeth up its momentary self to every single thought ;  
 Therefore, to husband thine ideas, and give them stability  
 and substance,  
 Write often for thy secret eye ; so shalt thou grow  
 wiser.  
 The commonest mind is full of thoughts ; some worthy  
 of the rarest :  
 And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its  
 wealth.

⑥ precious compensation to the dumb, to write his wants  
 and wishes ;  
 O dear amends to the stammering tongue, to pen his  
 burning thoughts !  
 To be of the college of Eloquence, through these silent  
 symbols ;  
 To pour out all the flowing mind without the toil of  
 speech ;

To show the babbling world how it might discourse more  
sweetly ;  
To prove that merchandize of words bringeth no mono-  
poly of wisdom ;  
To take sweet vengeance on a prating crew, for the  
tongue's dishonour,  
By the large triumph of the pen, the homage rendered  
to a writing.  
With such, that telegraph of mind is dearer than wealth  
or wisdom,  
Enabling to please without pain, to impart without humili-  
ation.

Fair girl, whose eye hath caught the rustic penmanship  
of love,  
Let thy bright brow and blushing cheek confess in this  
sweet hour,—  
Let thy full heart, poor guilty one, whom the scroll of  
pardon hath just reached,—  
Thy wet glad face, O mother, with news of a far-off  
child,—  
Thy strong and manly delight, pilgrim of other shores,  
When the dear voice of thy betrothed speaketh in the  
letter of affection,—  
Let the young poet, exulting in his lay, and hope (how  
false) of fame,  
While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the  
verse,—  
Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never  
die,  
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts  
immortal,—

Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess

The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer.

Moreover, their preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence :

When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,  
Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,

And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank dis-  
appointment :

Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling  
friend,

And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplica-  
ble doubts,

While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,  
And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the  
capricious and in fault :

Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs,  
Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay :  
Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of  
his welfare,

Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears.

For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affec-  
tion,

And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.

The pen, flowing with love, or dipped black in hate,  
Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with  
censure,

Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than  
the sword,

More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning  
fortune ;  
And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath  
most profit in the world,  
For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a  
letter.

Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record ;  
A written thought at midnight shall redeem the livelong  
day.  
Idea is as a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as  
the wind,  
Reading is an unremembered pastime ; but a writing is  
eternal :  
For therein the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is  
eloquent,  
And the quick eye of the reader is cleared by the reed of  
the scribe.  
As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,  
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul :  
The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exacti-  
tude of vision in a picture,  
And so, the mind that was among us, in its writings is  
embalmed.

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## Of Wealth.

---

**Prodigality** hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist  
 heart-fellow,  
 Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she  
 despiseth :  
 She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are  
 red and hungry ;  
 But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh  
 loosely and maudlin.  
 Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on  
 saving,  
 And labour to build up by penury that which extrava-  
 gance threw down :  
 Even so, with most men, do riches earn themselves a  
 double curse ;  
 They are ill-got by tight dealing : they are ill-spent by  
 loose squandering.  
 Give me enough, saith Wisdom ;—for he feareth to ask  
 for more ;



And that by the sweat of my brow, addeth stout-hearted  
Independence :

Give me enough, and not less, for want is leagued with  
the tempter ;

Poverty shall make a man desperate, and hurry him  
ruthless into crime :

Give me enough, and not more, saving for the children  
of distress ;

Wealth oftentimes killeth, where want but hindereth the  
budding :

There is green glad summer near the pole, though brief  
and after long winter,

But the burnt breasts of the torrid zone yield never  
kindly nourishment.

Wouldst thou be poor, scatter to the rich,—and reap the  
tares of ingratitude ;

Wouldst thou be rich, give unto the poor ;—thou shalt  
have thine own with usury :

For the secret hand of Providence prospereth the charit-  
able all ways,

Good luck shall he have in his pursuits, and his heart  
shall be glad within him ;

Yet perchance he never shall perceive, that, even as to  
earthly gains,

The cause of his weal, as of his joy, hath been small  
givings to the poor.

In the plain of Benares is there found a root that  
fathereth a forest,

Where round the parent banian tree drop its living  
soions ;

Thirstily they strain to the earth, like stalactites in a  
grotto,

And strike broad roots, and branch again, lengthening  
 their cool arcades :  
 And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is  
 torturing his flesh,  
 And the calm brahmin worshippeth the sleek and pam-  
 pered bull ;  
 At the base lean jackals coil, while from above depending  
 With dull malignant stare watcheth the branch-like boa.  
 Even so, in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all  
 evil ;  
 Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches  
 overgrow the mind :  
 And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet dis-  
 torted piety,—  
 The clenched and rigid fist, with the eyes upturned to  
 heaven,  
 Fanatic zeal with miserly severity, a mixture of gain  
 with godliness,  
 And him, against whom passion hath no power, kneel-  
 ing to a golden calf :  
 The hungry hounds of extortion are there, the bond, and  
 the mortgage, and the writ,  
 While the appetite for gold, unslumbering, watcheth to  
 glut its maw :—  
 And the heart, so tenanted and shaded, is cold to all  
 things else ;  
 It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by  
 the light of charity.

For covetousness disbelieveth God, and laugheth at the  
 rights of men ;  
 Spurring unto theft and lying, and tempting to the  
 poison and the knife ;

It sundereth the bonds of love, and quickeneth the  
flames of hate ;  
A curse that shall wither the brain, and case the heart  
with iron.  
Content is the true riches, for without it there is no  
satisfying,  
But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals  
of the soul.  
The wise man knoweth where to stop, as he runneth in  
the race of fortune,  
For experience of old hath taught him, that happiness  
lingereth midway ;  
And many in hot pursuit have hasted to the goal of  
wealth,  
But have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold,—the  
mind and the power to enjoy it.

There is no greater evil among men than a testament  
framed with injustice :  
Where caprice hath guided the boon, or dishonesty re-  
fused what was due.  
Generous is the robber on the highway, in the open dar-  
ing of his guilt,  
To the secret coward, whose malice liveth and harmeth  
after him ;  
Who smoothly sank into the tomb, with the smile of  
fraud upon his face,  
And the last black deed of his existence was injury with-  
out redress :  
For deaf is the ear of the dead, and can hear no palliat-  
ing reasons ;  
The smiter is not among the living, and Right pleadeth  
but in vain.

Yet shall the curse of the oppressed be as blight upon  
 the grave of the unjust ;  
 Yea, bitterly shall that hand-writing testify against him  
 at the judgment.  
 I saw the humble relation that tended the peevishness  
 of wealth,  
 And ministered, with kind hand, to the wailings of dis-  
 ease and discontent :  
 I noted how watchfulness and care were feeding on the  
 marrow of her youth,  
 How heavy was the yoke of dependence, loaded by petty  
 tyranny ;  
 Yet I heard the frequent suggestion,—It can be but a  
 little longer,  
 Patience and mute submission shall one day reap a rich  
 reward.  
 So, tacitly enduring much, waited that humble friend,  
 Putting off the lover of her youth until the dawn of  
 wealth :  
 And it came, that day of release, and the freed heart  
 could not sorrow,  
 For now were the years of promise to yield their golden  
 harvest :  
 Hope, so long deferred, sickly sparkled in her eye,  
 The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the  
 happier future,  
 And she checked, as unworthy and ungrateful, the dark  
 suspicious thought  
 That perchance her right had been the safer, if not left  
 alone with honour :  
 But, alas, the sad knowledge soon came, that her stern  
 task-master's will

Hath rewarded her toil with a jibe, her patience with  
utter destitution!—  
Shall not the scourge of justice lash that cruel coward,  
Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness  
of disappointment?  
Shall not the hate of men, and vengeance, fiercely pur-  
suing,  
Hunt down the wretched being that sinneth in his  
grave?  
He fancied his idol self safe from the wrath of his fel-  
lows,  
But Hades rose as he came in, to point at him the finger  
of scorn;  
And again must he meet that orphan-maid to answer her  
face to face,  
And her wrongs shall cling around his neck, to hinder  
him from rising with the just:  
For his last most solemn act hath linked his name with  
liar,  
And the crime of Ananias is branded on his brow!

A good man commendeth his cause to the one great  
Patron of innocence,  
Convinced of justice at the last, and sure of good mean-  
while.  
He knoweth he hath a Guardian, wise and kind and  
strong,  
And can thank Him for giving, or refusing, the trust or  
the curse of riches:  
His confidence standeth as a rock; he dreadeth not  
malice nor caprice,  
Nor the whisperings of artful men, nor envious secret  
influence;

He scorneth servile compromise, and the pliant mouth-  
ings of deceit;

He maketh not a show of love, where he cannot concede  
esteem;

He regardeth ill-got wealth, as the root most fruitful of  
wretchedness,

So he walketh in straight integrity, leaning on God and  
his right.

No gain, but by its price: labour, for the poor man's  
meal,

Oftimes heart-sickening toil, to win him a morsel for his  
hunger:

Labour, for the chapman at his trade, a dull unvaried  
round,

Year after year, unto death; yea, what a weariness is it!

Labour, for the pale-faced scribe, drudging at his hated  
desk,

Who bartereth for needful pittance the untold gold of  
health;

Labour, with fear, for the merchant, whose hopes are  
ventured on the sea;

Labour, with care, for the man of law, responsible in his  
gains;

Labour, with envy and annoyance, where strangers will  
thee wealth;

Labour, with indolence and gloom, where wealth falleth  
from a father;

Labour unto all, whether aching thews, or aching head,  
or spirit,—

The curse on the sons of men, in all their states, is  
labour.

Nevertheless, to the diligent, labour bringeth blessing:  
The thought of duty sweeteneth toil, and travail is as  
    pleasure;  
And time spent in doing hath a comfort that is not for  
    the idle,  
The hardship is transmuted into joy by the dear alchemy  
    of Mercy.  
Labour is good for a man, bracing up his energies to  
    conquest,  
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself  
    useless:  
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty  
    hinges,  
And the grasp of the mind is weakened, as the talons of  
    a caged vulture.  
Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened  
    misery:  
Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened  
    happiness:  
Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature  
    of society,  
And he that hath more than enough, is a thief of the  
    rights of his brother.

## Of Invention.

---

Man is proud of his mind, boasting that it giveth him  
 divinity,  
 Yet with all its powers can it originate nothing ;  
 For the great God into all His works hath largely poured  
 out Himself,  
 Saving one special property, the grand prerogative,—  
 Creation.  
 To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and  
 defeat ;  
 But to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and im-  
 possible.  
 Can a man make matter?—and yet this would-be god  
 Thinketh to make mind, and form original idea :  
 The potter must have his clay, and the mason his  
 quarry,  
 And mind must drain ideas from everything around it.  
 Doth the soil generate herbs, or the torrid air breed  
 flies,



Or the water frame its monads, or the mist its swarming  
blight?—

Mediately, through thousand generations, having seed  
within themselves,

All things, rare or gross, own one common Father.

Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the  
sun :

We only arrange and combine the ancient elements of all  
things.

Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion ;

A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern hidden  
aptitudes :

From the basket and acanthus, is modelled the graceful  
capital ;

The shadowed profile on the wall helpeth the limner to  
his likeness ;

The footmarks, stamped in clay, lead on the thoughts to  
printing ;

The strange skin garments cast upon the shore sug-  
gest another hemisphere :

A falling apple taught the sage pervading gravitation ;

The Huron is certain of his prey, from tracks upon the  
grass ;

And shrewdness, guessing out the hint, followeth on the  
trail :

But the hint must be given, the trail must be there, or  
the keenest sight is as blindness.

Behold the barren reef, which an earthquake hath just  
left dry ;

It hath no beauty to boast of, no harvest of fair  
fruits :

But soon the lichen fixeth there, and, dying, diggeth its  
     own grave,  
 And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the re-  
     luctant surface;  
 And cormorants roost there, and the snail addeth its  
     slime,  
 And efts, with muddy feet, bring their welcome tribute;  
 And the sea casteth out her dead, wrapped in a shroud  
     of weeds;  
 And orderly nature arrangeth again the disunited  
     atoms;  
 Anon, the cold smooth stone is warm with feathery  
     grass,  
 And the light sporules of the fern are dropt by the pass-  
     ing wind,  
 The wood-pigeon, on swift wing, leaveth its crop-full of  
     grain,  
 The squirrel's jealous care planteth the fir-cone and the  
     filbert:  
 Years pass, and the sterile rock is rank with tangled  
     herbage;  
 The wild-vine clingeth to the briar, and ivy runneth  
     green among the corn,  
 Lordly beeches are studded on the down, and willows  
     crowd around the rivulet,  
 And the tall pine and hazel-thicket shade the rambling  
     hunter.  
 Shall the rock boast of its fertility? shall it lift the head  
     in pride?—  
 Shall the mind of man be vain of the harvest of its  
     thoughts?  
 The savage is that rock; and a million chances from  
     without,

By little and little acting on the mind, heap up the hot-bed of society ;  
And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things around it,  
Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seeds  
For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clue,  
We yield an hundred-fold ; but the great sower is Analogy.  
There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach,  
A boll of rotting flax before the bridal veil,  
An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing,  
A spark struck into tinder to light the lamp of knowledge,  
A slight suggestive nod to guide the watching mind,  
A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of Comparison.  
By culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—  
Creation ;  
Here is the limit of thy power,—here let thy pride be stayed :  
The soil may be rich, and the mind may be active, but neither yield unsown ;  
The eye cannot make light, nor the mind make spirit :  
Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty Invention ;  
For it is to find out things that are, not to create the unexisting :  
It is to cling to contiguities, to be keen in catching likeness,  
And with energetic elasticity to leap the gulfs of contrast.

The globe knoweth not increase, either of matter or  
spirit;

Atoms and thoughts are used again, mixing in varied  
combinations;

And though, by moulding them anew, thou makest them  
thine own,

Yet have they served thousands, and all their merit is of  
God.

## Of Ridicule.

---

Seams of thought for the sage's brow, and laughing  
 lines for the fool's face ;  
 For all things leave their track in the mind ; and the  
 glass of the mind is faithful.  
 Seest thou much mirth upon the cheek ? there is then  
 little exercise of virtue ;  
 For he that looketh on the world, cannot be glad and  
 good :  
 Seest thou much gravity in the eye ? be not assured of  
 finding wisdom ;  
 For she hath too great praise, not to get many mimics  
 There is a grave-faced folly ; and verily, a laughter-  
 loving wisdom ;  
 And what, if surface-judges account it vain frivolity ?  
 There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie  
 fallow too long ;  
 Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the  
 strong mind :

And note thou this for a verity,—the subtlest thinker  
when alone,  
From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh the loudest  
with his fellows :  
And well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a  
cheerful countenance,  
Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling eddies ;  
For that, a true philosophy commandeth an innocent life,  
And the unguilty spirit is lighter than a linnet's heart :  
Yea, there is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;  
The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over  
with affection,  
The brow unwrinkled by a care, and the lip triumphant  
in its gladness

And for yon grave-faced folly, need not far to look for  
her ;  
How seriously on trifles dote those leaden eyes,  
How ruefully she sigheth after chances long gone by,  
How sulkily she moaneth over evils without cure !  
I have known a true-born mirth, the child of innocence  
and wisdom,  
I have seen a base-born gravity, mingled of ignorance  
and guilt :  
And again, a base-born mirth, springing out of careless  
ness and folly,  
And again, a true-born gravity, the product of reflection  
and right fear.  
The wounded partridge hideth in a furrow, and a stricken  
conscience would be left alone ;  
But when its breast is healed, it runneth gladly with its  
fellows :

Whereas the solitary heron, standing in the sedgy fen,  
Holdeth aloof from the social world, intent on wiles and  
death.

Need but of light philosophy to dare the world's dread  
laugh ;

For a little mind courteth notoriety, to illustrate its puny  
self :

But the sneer of a man's own comrades trieth the  
muscles of courage,

And to be derided in his home is as a viper in the nest :  
The laugh of a hooting world hath in it a notion of sub  
limity,

But the tittering private circle stingeth as a hive of  
wasps.

Some have commended ridicule, counting it the test of  
truth,

But neither wittily nor wisely ; for truth must prove  
ridicule :

Otherwise a blunt bulrush is to pierce the proof armour  
of argument,

Because the stolidity of ignorance took it for a barbed  
shaft.


Softer is the hide of the rhinoceros, than the heart of de-  
riding unbelief,

And truth is idler there, than the Bushman's feathered  
reed :

A droll conceit parrieth a thrust, that should have hit  
the conscience,

And the leering looks of humour tickle the childish  
mind ;

For that the matter of a man is mingled most with folly.



Neither can he long endure the searching gaze of  
wisdom.

It is pleasanter to see a laughing cheek than a serious  
forehead,

And there liveth not one among a thousand whose idol  
is not pleasure.

Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong  
mind :

But common men are cowards, and dread an empty  
laugh.

Fear a nettle, and touch it tenderly, its poison shall burn  
thee to the shoulder ;

But grasp it with a bold hand,—is it not a bundle of  
myrrh ?

Betray mean terror of ridicule, thou shalt find fools  
enough to mock thee ;

But answer thou their laughter with contempt, and the  
scoffers will lick thy feet



## Of Commendation.

---

**The** praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their  
 Master ;  
 A fore-running earnest of thy welcome,—Well done,  
 faithful servant ;  
 A rich preludious note, that droppeth softly on thine  
 ear,  
 To tell thee the chords of thy heart are in tune with the  
 choirs of heaven.  
 Yet is it a dangerous hearing, for the sweetness may lull  
 thee into slumber,  
 And the cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the  
 fumes of presumption.  
 So seek it not for itself, but taste, and go gladly on thy  
 way,  
 For the mariner slacketh not his sail, though the sandal-  
 groves of Araby allure him ;  
 And the fragrance of that incense would harm thee, as  
 when, on a summer evening,

The honied yellow flowers of the broom oppress thy  
charmed sense :

And a man hath too much of praise, for he praiseth  
himself continually ;

Neither lacketh he at any time self-commendation or ex-  
cuse.

Praise a fool, and slay him : for the canvas of his vanity  
is spread ;

His bark is shallow in the water, and a sudden gust shall  
sink it :

Praise a wise man, and speed him on his way ; for he  
carrieth the ballast of humility,

And is glad when his course is cheered by the sympathy  
of brethren ashore.

The praise of a good man is good, for he holdeth up the  
mirror of Truth,

That Virtue may see her own beauty, and delight in her  
own fair face :

The praise of a bad man is evil, for he hideth the defor-  
mity of Vice,

Casting the mantle of a queen around the limbs of a  
leper.

Praise is rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it  
not :

And where conscience feeleth it her due, no praise is bet-  
ter than a little.

He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the  
esteem of his fellows ;

And he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their  
contempt :

The honest commendation of an equal no one can scorn,  
and be blameless,

Yet even that fair fame no one can hunt for, and be  
honoured :

If it come, accept it and be thankful, and be thou hum-  
ble in accepting ;

If it tarry, be not thou cast down ; the bee can gather  
honey out of rue :

And is thine aim so low, that the breath of those around  
thee

Can speed thy feathered arrow, or retard its flight ?

The child shooteth at a butterfly, but the man's mark is  
an eagle ;

And while his fellows talk, he hath conquered in the  
clouds.

Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in  
thy charge ;

So shalt thou walk in peace, deserving, if not having.

With a friend, praise him when thou canst ; for many a  
friendship hath decayed,

Like a plant in a crowded corner, for want of sunshine  
on its leaves :

With another, praise him not often—otherwise he shall  
despise thee ;

But be thou frugal in commending ; so will he give  
honour to thy judgment :

For thou that dost so zealously commend, art acknow-  
ledging thine own inferiority,

And he, thou so highly hast exalted, shall proudly look  
down on thy esteem.

Wilt thou that one remember a thing?—praise him in  
the midst of thy advice ;

Never yet forgot man the word whereby he hath been  
praised.

Better to be censured by a thousand fools, than approved  
 but by one man that is wise ;  
 For the pious are slower to help right, than the profane  
 to hinder it :  
 So, where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the  
 excellent,  
 And be suspicious of the good, which wicked men can  
 praise.  
 The captain bindeth his troop, not more by severity than  
 kindness,  
 And justly, should recompense well-doing, as well as be  
 strict with an offender ;  
 The laurel is cheap to the giver, but precious in his sight  
 who hath won it,  
 And the heart of the soldier rejoiceth in the approving  
 glance of his chief.  
 Timely-given praise is even better than the merited re-  
 buke of censure,  
 For the sun is more needful to the plant than the knife  
 that cutteth out a canker ;  
 Many a father hath erred, in that he hath withheld re-  
 proof,  
 But more have mostly sinned, in withholding praise  
 where it was due :  
 There be many such as Eli among men ; but these be  
 more culpable than Eli,  
 Who chill the fountain of exertion by the freezing looks  
 of indifference :  
 Ye call a man easy and good, yet he is as a two-edged  
 sword ;  
 He rebuketh not vice, and it is strong ; he comforteth  
 not virtue, and it fainteth.

There is nothing more potent among men than  
timely bestowed;

And a gift kept back where it was hoped, separates  
friends:

For what is a gift but a symbol, giving substance  
praise and esteem?

And where is a sharper arrow than the sting of un-  
neglect?

Expect not praise from the mean, neither gratitude  
the selfish;

And to keep the proud thy friend, see thou do him  
service:

For, behold, he will hate thee for his debt: thou  
humbled him by giving;

And his stubbornness never shall acknowledge that  
he hath taken from thy hand:

Yea, rather will he turn and be thy foe, lest thou  
from his friendship

That he doth account thee creditor, and standeth  
second place.

Still, O kindly feeling heart, be not thou chilled  
thankless,

Neither let the breath of gratitude fan thee into  
tary heat:

Do good for good's own sake, looking not to wages  
nor love;

Fling thy grain among the rocks, cast thy bread  
the waters,

His claim be strongest to thy help, who is thrown  
helplessly upon thee,—

So shalt thou have a better praise, and reap a  
harvest of reward.

If a man hold fast to thy creed, and fit his thinking to  
thy notions,

Thou shalt take him for a man right-minded, yea, and  
excuse his evil:

But seest thou not, O bigot, that thy zeal is but a hunt-  
ing after praise,

And the full pleasure of a proselyte lieth in the flattering  
of self?

A man of many praises meeteth many welcomes,

But he, who blameth often, shall not keep a friend;

The velvet-coated apricot is one thing, and the spiked  
horse-chesnut is another,

A handle of smooth amber is pleasanter than rough  
buck-horn.

Show me a popular man; I can tell thee the secret of  
his power;

He hath soothed them with glozing words, lulling their  
ears with flattery,

The smile of seeming approbation is ever the companion  
of his presence,

And courteous looks, and warm regards, earn him all  
their hearts.

Nothing but may be better, and every better might be  
best;

The blind may discern, and the simple prove, fault or  
want in all things;

And a little mind looketh on the lily with a microscopic  
eye,

Eager and glad to pry out specks on its robe of purity;

But a great mind gazeth on the sun, glorying in his  
brightness,

And taking large knowledge of his good, in the broad  
prairie of creation:

What, though he hatch basilisks? what, though spots are  
on the sun?

In fulness is his worth, in fulness be his praise!

## Of Self-acquaintance.

---

Knowledge holdeth by the hilt, and heweth out a road  
to conquest ;

Ignorance graspeth the blade, and is wounded by its  
own good sword :

Knowledge distilleth health from the virulence of oppo-  
site poisons ;

Ignorance mixeth wholesomes unto the breeding of dis-  
ease :

Knowledge is leagued with the universe, and findeth a  
friend in all things ;

But ignorance is everywhere a stranger ; unwelcome, ill  
at ease, and out of place.

A man is helpless and unsafe up to the measure of his  
ignorance,

For he lacketh perception of the aptitudes commending  
such a matter to his use,

Clutching at the horn of danger, while he judgeth it the  
handle of security,



Or casting his anchor so widely, that the granite reef is  
just within the tether.  
Untaught in science, he is but half alive, stupidly taking  
note of nothing,  
Or listening with dull wonder to the crafty saws of an  
empiric :  
Simple in the world, he trusteth unto knaves ; and then  
to make amends for folly,  
Dealeth so shrewdly with the honest, they cannot but  
suspect him for a thief ;  
With an unknown God, he maketh mock of reason,  
fathering contrivance on chance,  
Or doting with superstitious dread on some crooked  
image of his fancy :  
But ignorant of Self, he is weakness at heart ; the key-  
stone crumbleth into sand,  
There is panic in the general's tent, the oak is hollow as  
hemlock ;  
Though the warm sap creepeth up its bark, filling out  
the sheaf of leaves,  
Though knowledge of all things beside add proofs of  
seeming vigour,  
Though the master-mind of the royal sage feast on the  
mysteries of wisdom,  
Yet ignorance of self shall bow down the spirit of a  
Solomon to idols ;  
The storm of temptation, sweeping by, shall snap that  
oak like a reed,  
And the proud luxuriance of its tufted crown drag it the  
sooner to the dust.

Mouth, confident in self, tampereth with dangerous dalli-  
ance,

Till the vice his heart once hated hath locked him in  
 her foul embrace :  
 Manhood, through zeal of doing good, seeketh high  
 place for its occasions,  
 Unwitting that the bleak mountain air will nip the tender  
 budding of his motives :  
 Or painfully, for love of truth, he climbeth the ladder of  
 science,  
 Till pride of intellect heating his heart, warpeth it aside  
 to delusion :  
 The maiden, to give shadow to her fairness, plaiteth her  
 raven hair,  
 Headlessly weaving for her soul the silken net of vanity :  
 The grey-beard looketh on his gold, till he loveth its yellow  
 smile,  
 Unconscious of the bright decoy which is luring his  
 heart unto avarice :  
 Wrath avoideth no quarrel, jealousy counteth its sus-  
 picions,  
 Pining envy gazeth still, and melancholy seeketh soli-  
 tude,  
 The sensitive broodeth on his slights, the fearful poreth  
 over horrors,  
 The train of wantonness is fired, the nerves of indecision  
 are unstrung ;  
 Each special proneness unto harm is pampered by igno-  
 rant indulgence,  
 And the man, for want of warning, yieldeth to the apt  
 temptation.

A smith at the loom, and a weaver at the forge, were but  
 sorry craftsmen ;

And a ship that saileth on every wind never shall reach  
her port :  
Yet there be thousands among men who heed not the  
leaning of their talents,  
But cutting against the grain, toil on to no good end :  
And the light of a thoughtful spirit is quenched beneath  
the bushel of commerce,  
While meaner plodding minds are driven up the moun-  
tain of philosophy :  
The cedar withereth on a wall, while the house-leek is  
fattening in a hot-bed,  
And the dock with its rank leaves hideth the sun from  
violets.  
To everything a fitting place, a proper honourable use ;  
The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble  
sphere :  
The glow-worm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her  
evening torch,  
And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steereth his  
course by that star :  
But ignorance mocketh at proprieties, bringing out the  
glow-worm at noon ;  
And setteth the faults of mediocrity in the full blaze of  
wisdom.  
Ravens croaking in darkness, and a sky-lark trilling to  
the sun,  
The voice of a screech-owl from a ruin, and the black-  
bird's whistle in a wood,  
A cushion-footed camel for the sands, and a swift rein-  
deer for the snows,  
A naked skin for Ethiopia, and rich soft furs for the  
Pole :

---

In all things is there a fitness: discord with discord hath  
its music;

And the harmony of nature is preserved by each one  
knowing his place.

The blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt  
making for the goal,

The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing  
eloquence,—

What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of the  
mark

Alike if itself be crooked, or the bow be strung awry;

And the mind which were excellent in one way, but  
foolishly toileth in another,

What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked  
arrow?

By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers: put not  
the racer to the plough,

Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the  
fleet:

Consider thy failings, heed thy propensities, search out  
thy latent virtues,

Analyze the doubtful, cultivate the good, and crush the  
head of evil;

So shalt thou catch with quick hand the golden ball of  
opportunity,

The warrior armed shall be ready for the fray, beside his  
bridled steed;

Thou shalt ward off special harms, and have the sway of  
circumstance,

And turn to thy special good the common current of  
events;

Choosing from the wardrobe of the world, thou shalt  
suitably clothe thy spirit,  
Nor thrust the white hand of peace into the gauntlet of  
defiance :

The shepherd shall go with a staff, and conquer by sling  
and stone ;

The soldier shall let alone the distaff, and the scribe lay  
down the sword ;

The man unlearned shall keep silence, and earn one  
attribute of wisdom,

The sage be sparing of his lessons before unhearing  
ears :

Calm shalt thou be, as a lion in repose, conscious of  
passive strength,

And the shock that splitteth the globe, shall not un-  
throne thy self-possession.

Acquaint thee with thyself, O man ! so shalt thou be  
humble :

The hard hot desert of thy heart shall blossom with the  
lily and the rose ;

The frozen cliffs of pride shall melt, as an iceberg in the  
tropics ;

The bitter fountains of self-seeking be sweeter than the  
waters of the Nile.

But if thou lack that wisdom,—thy frail skiff is doomed,  
On stronger eddy whirling to the dreadful gorge ;

Untaught in that grand lore, thou standest, cased in  
steel,

To dare with mocking unbelief the thunderbolts of  
heaven.

For look now around thee on the universe, behold how  
all things serve thee ;

The teeming soil, and the buoyant sea, and undulating  
 air,  
 Golden crops, and bloomy fruits, and flowers, and pre-  
 cious gems,  
 Choice perfumes, and fair sights, soft touches and sweet  
 music :  
 For thee, shoaling up the bay, crowd the finny nations,  
 For thee, the cattle on a thousand hills live, and labour,  
 and die :  
 Light is thy daily slave, darkness inviteth thee to  
 slumber ;  
 Thou art served by the hands of Beauty, and Sublimity  
 kneeleth at thy feet :  
 Arise, thou sovereign of creation, and behold thy glory !  
 Yet more, thou hast a mind ; intellect wingeth thee to  
 heaven,  
 Tendeth thy state on earth, and by it thou divest down  
 to hell ;  
 Thou hast measured the belts of Saturn, thou hast  
 weighed the moons of Jupiter,  
 And seen, by reason's eye, the centre of thy globe ;  
 Subtly hast thou numbered by billions the leagues be-  
 tween sun and sun,  
 And noted in thy book the coming of their shadows ;  
 With marvellous unerring truth, thou knowest to an  
 inch and to an instant,  
 The where and the when of the comet's path that shall  
 seem to rush by at thy command :  
 Arise, thou king of mind, and survey thy dignity !  
 Yet more,—for once believe religion's flattering tale ;  
 Thou hast a soul, aye, and a God,—but be not therefore  
 humbled ;

Thy Maker's self was glad to live and die—a man ;  
 The brightest jewel in His crown is voluntary manhood :  
 By deep dishonour, and great price, bought He that envied  
                   freedom,

But thou wast born an heir of all, thy Master scarce  
                   could earn.

O climax unto pride, O triumph of humanity,  
 O triple crown upon thy brow, most high and mighty  
                   Self!

Arise, thou Lord of all, thou greater than a God!—  
 How saidst thou, wretched being?—cast thy glance  
                   within ;

Regard that painted sepulchre, the hovel of thy heart :  
 Ha! with what fearful imagery swarmeth that small  
                   chamber ;

The horrid eye of murder, scowling in the dark,  
 The bony hand of avarice, filching from the poor,  
 The lurid fires of lust, the idiot face of folly,  
 The sickening deed of cruelty, the foul fierce orgies of  
                   the drunken,

Weak contemptible vanity, stubborn stolid unbelief,  
 Envy's devilish sneer, and the vile features of ingrati-  
                   tude,—

Man, hast thou seen enough ? or are these full proof  
 That thou art a miracle of mercy, and all thy dignity is  
                   dross ?

Well said the wisdom of earth, O mortal, know thy-  
                   self ;

But better the wisdom of heaven, O man, learn thou thy  
                   God :

By knowledge of self thou art conscious of evil, and  
                   mailed in panoply to meet it ;

By knowledge of God cometh knowledge of good, and  
universal love is at thy heart.

Every creature knoweth its capacities, running in the  
road of instinct,

And reason must not lag behind, but serve itself of all  
proprieties :

The swift to the race, and the strong to the burden, and  
the wise for right direction ;

For self-knowledge filleth with acceptance its niche in  
the temple of utility :

But vainly wilt thou look for that knowledge, till the  
clue of all truth is in thy hand,

For the labyrinth of man's heart windeth in complicate  
deceivings :

Thou canst not sound its depths with the shallow plumb-  
line of reason,

Till religion, the pilot of the soul, have lent thee her un-  
fathomable coil :

Therefore, for this grand knowledge, and knowledge is  
the parent of dominion,

Learn God, thou shalt know thyself ; yea, and shalt have  
mastery of all things.





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## Of Cruelty to Animals.

---

~~Shame~~ upon thee, savage Monarch-Man, proud Monopolist of reason :

Shame upon Creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot :

What, man ! are there not enough, hunger, and diseases, and fatigue,—

And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence ?

What ! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them with thy spite ?

The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away his all,—

Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his forfeit serfs ?

The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery,

Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all  
 the strings?  
 The rebel hath fortified his strong-hold, shutting in his  
 vassals with him,—  
 Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppres-  
 sion from within?  
 Thou twice deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful  
 representative of Love,  
 For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures  
 thou hast ruined;  
 Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,  
 Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy  
 cruelty:  
 Liveth there but one among the million that shall not  
 bear witness against thee,  
 A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof  
 it will accuse thee?  
 From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-  
 mouse in the harvest-field,  
 From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to  
 the minnow caught upon a pin,  
 From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in  
 her covered nest,  
 From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the  
 lady-bird and the gnat,  
 The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their  
 master cruel:  
 The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;  
 The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn  
 to even;  
 The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labouring ox  
 at plough;

The speckled trout, basking in the shallow, and the partridge, gleaning in the stubble,  
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,  
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,  
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine : freely mayst thou serve thee of them all :  
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness ;  
Gratitude to their God and thine,—their Father and thy Father,  
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all :  
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying ; for burden, but with limits of humanity ;  
For luxury, but not through torture ; for draught, but according to the strength :  
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,  
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash ;  
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite ;  
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal ;  
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,  
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance ;  
Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth in his eye ;

---

His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath  
his burden ;  
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their  
vigour,  
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth  
unequally with toil ;  
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the  
crushing blow ;  
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings,—the gene-  
rous brute is dead !  
Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge  
his wrongs ?  
No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no sentence  
to be passed on his oppressor ?  
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for  
him ;  
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at  
his woes ;  
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon  
the cruel ;  
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own ex-  
ceeding punishment.  
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth  
by on the other side,  
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

## Of Friendship.

---

As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even  
 such is self-interest to friendship :

For Confidence cannot dwell where Selfishness is porter  
 at the gate.

If thou see thy friend to be selfish, thou canst not be  
 sure of his honesty ;

And in seeking thine own weal, thou hast wronged the  
 reliance of thy friend.

Flattery hideth her varnished face when friendship  
 sitteth at his board ;

And the door is shut upon suspicion, but candour is bid  
 glad welcome :

For friendship abhorreth doubt, its life is in mutual  
 trust,

And perisheth, when artful praise proveth it is sought  
 for a purpose.

A man may be good to thee at times, and render thee  
 mighty service,

Whom yet thy secret soul could not desire as a friend ;  
 For the sum of life is in trifles, and though, in the  
     weightier masses,  
 A man refuse thee not his purse, nay, his all in thine  
     utmost need,  
 Yet if thou canst not feel that his character agreeth with  
     thine own,  
 Thou never wilt call him friend, though thou render him  
     a heartfelt of gratitude.  
 A coarse man grindeth harshly the finer feelings of his  
     brother ;  
 A common mind will soon depart from the dull com-  
     panionship of wisdom ;  
 A weak soul dareth not to follow in the track of vigour  
     and decision ;  
 And the worldly regardeth with scorn the seeming  
     foolishness of faith.  
 A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of  
     little matters,  
 And if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is  
     crumbled into dust.

Come, I will show thee a friend ; I will paint one worthy  
     of thy trust :  
 Thine heart shall not weary of him : thou shalt not se-  
     cretly despise him.  
 Thou art long in learning him, in unravelling all his  
     worth ;  
 And he dazzleth not thine eyes at first, to be darkened in  
     thy sight afterward,  
 But riseth from small beginnings, and reacheth the  
     height of thine esteem.



He remembereth that thou art only man ; he expecteth,  
not great things from thee ;

And his forbearance toward thee silently teacheth thee  
to be considerate unto him.

He despiseth not courtesy of manner, nor neglecteth the  
decencies of life :

Nor mocketh the failings of others, nor is harsh in his  
censures before thee :

For so, how couldst thou tell, if he talketh not of thee in  
ridicule ?

He withholdeth no secret from thee, and rejecteth not  
thine in turn ;

He shareth his joys with thee, and is glad to bear part in  
thy sorrows.

Yet one thing, he loveth thee too well to show thee the  
corruptions of his heart :

For as an ill example strengtheneth the hands of the  
wicked,

So to put forward thy guilt, is a secret poison to thy  
friend :

For the evil in his nature is comforted, and he warreth  
more weakly against it,

If he find that the friend whom he honoureth, is a man  
more sinful than himself.

I hear the communing of friends ; ye speak out the ful-  
ness of your souls,

And being but men, as men, ye own to all the sympathies  
of manhood :

Confidence openeth the lips, indulgence beameth from  
the eye,

The tongue loveth not boasting, the heart is made glad  
with kindness :

And one standeth not as on a hill, beckoning to the  
other to follow,

But ye toil up hand in hand, and carry each other's  
burdens.

Ye commune of hopes and aspirations, the fervent  
breathings of the heart,

Ye speak with pleasant interchange the treasured secrets  
of affection,

Ye listen to the voice of complaint, and whisper the lan-  
guage of comfort,

And as in a double solitude, ye think in each other's  
hearing.

Choose thy friend discreetly, and see thou consider his  
station,

For the graduated scale of ranks accordeth with the or-  
dinance of Heaven :

If a low companion ripen to a friend, in the full sunshine  
of thy confidence,

Know, that for old age thou hast heaped up sorrow :

For thou sinkest to that level, and thy kin shall scorn  
thee,

Yea, and the menial thou hast pampered haply shall  
neglect thee in thy death ;

And if thou reachest up to high estates, thinking to  
herd with princes,

What art thou but a footstool, though so near a throne ?

O rush among the lilies, be taught thou art a weed,

O briar among the cedars, hot contempt shall burn thee.

But thou, friend and scholar, select from thine own  
caste,

And make not an intimate of one, thy servant or thy master ;

For only friendship among men is the true republic,  
Where all have equality of service, and all have freedom  
of command.

And yet, if thou wilt take my judgment, be shy of too  
much openness with any,  
Lest thou repent hereafter, should he turn and rend  
thee :

For many an apostate friend hath abused unguarded confidence,

And bent to selfish ends the secret of the soul.

Absence strengtheneth friendship; where the last recollections were kindly ;

But it must be good wine at the last, or absence shall  
weaken it daily.

A rare thing is faith, and friendship is a marvel among  
men,

Yet strange faces call they friends, and say they believe  
when they doubt.

Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing  
affection ;

For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the  
mind.

Be sparing of advice by words, but teach thy lesson by  
example :

For the vanity of man may be wounded, and retort unkindly upon thee.

There be some that never had a friend, because they were  
gross and selfish ;

Worldliness, and apathy, and pride, leave not many that  
are worthy :

But one who meriteth esteem, need never lack a friend :  
For as thistledown flieth abroad, and casteth its anchor  
in the soil,

So philanthropy yearneth for a heart, where it may take  
root and blossom.

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry  
cold,

Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the so-  
ciety of men :

He grieveth, and hath deep reasons: for falsehood hath  
wronged his trust,

And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled  
with the briars of suspicion.

For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath  
hoped well !

How few there be among men who forget themselves for  
other !

Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren  
as rivals,

Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.

And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged  
that sacred name,

For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an  
enemy ;

And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth  
at thy board :

But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials  
of want ?

Such be as vultures round a carcase assembled together  
for the feast ;  
But a sudden noise scareth them, and forthwith are they  
specks among the clouds.  
There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have  
thy confidence ;  
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for  
thee :  
To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,  
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find  
they the occasion :  
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high  
capability of friendship,  
Yet verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a  
friend.

## Of Love.

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**There** is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart ;  
 Its root lieth deep : it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac  
 crocus of autumn :  
 Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn  
 and even ;  
 Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings  
 of the south :  
 Its sun is the brightness of Affection, and it bloometh in  
 the borders of Hope ;  
 Its companions are gentle flowers, and the briar wither-  
 eth by its side.  
 I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the magic of its  
 smile ;  
 The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and  
 kissed it ;  
 And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant  
 flower of Eden,

As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish  
in a kindly soil.  
I saw, and asked not its name; I knew no language was  
so wealthy,  
Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo  
within.  
And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man capable of  
Love?  
Hath a seducer known it? Can an adulterer perceive  
it?  
Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its  
purity?  
Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?  
Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying  
its own;  
Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of ten-  
derness and joy:  
Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers;  
Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with Truth  
and Sincerity.

Love:—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,  
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,  
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,  
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted  
love!  
For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to  
Mind,  
The heart's own-country music thrilling all its chords,  
The story without an end that angels throng to hear,  
The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's  
heart!

Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy  
honest praise,  
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for  
prudence,  
Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free  
philosophy,  
And estimate the recklessness of license as the right at-  
tribute of liberty,—  
But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not  
this pure name ;  
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the  
meanness of desire :  
For love is no more such, than seraphs' hymns are  
discord,  
And such is no more Love, than Etna's breath is  
summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry enslaving all the soul,  
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dulness of  
matter,  
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet  
how beautiful !  
All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grand-  
eur.  
Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage  
window ;  
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-  
stalked leaves,  
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet  
influences,  
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship !



Such is the soul that loveth ; and so the rose-tree of  
affection

• Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,  
Its every blushing petal basketh in their light,  
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their  
love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not  
again :

If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no  
more :

Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early  
affection ;

And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard  
as a reproachful spirit,

Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,  
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its  
one oasis.

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## Of Marriage.

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**Seek** a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of  
 His providence;  
 Yet ask not in bold confidence that which He hath not  
 promised :  
 Thou knowest not His good will :—be thy prayer then  
 submissive thereunto ;  
 And leave thy petition to His mercy, assured that He  
 will deal well with thee.  
 If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living  
 on the earth ;  
 Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal ; yea,  
 though thou hast not seen her.  
 They that love early become like-minded, and the tempter  
 toucheth them not :  
 They grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the  
 vine.  
 Youth longeth for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for a  
 heart that can commune with his own ;

He meditateth night and day, doting on the image of his fancy.

Take heed that what charmeth thee is real, nor springeth of thine own imagination ;

And suffer not trifles to win thy love ; for a wife is thine unto death.

The harp and the voice may thrill thee,—sound may enchant thine ear,

But consider thou, the hand will wither, and the sweet notes turn to discord :

The eye, so brilliant at even, may be red with sorrow in the morning ;

And the sylph-like form of elegance must writhe in the crampings of pain.

☉ happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,  
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love :

But beware thou seem not to be holy, to win favour in the eyes of a creature,

For the guilt of the hypocrite is deadly, and winneth thee wrath elsewhere.


The idol of thy heart is, as thou, a probationary sojourner on earth ;

Therefore be chary of her soul, for that is the jewel in her casket :

Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house,—

A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train :

Let her be an heir of heaven ; so shall she help thee on thy way :



For those who are one in faith, fight double-handed  
against evil.

Take heed lest she love thee before God; that she be not  
an idolator :

Yet see thou that she love thee well ; for her heart is the  
heart of woman ;

And the triple nature of humanity must be bound by a  
triple chain,

For soul and mind and body—godliness, esteem, and  
affection.

How beautiful is modesty ! it winneth upon all be-  
holders :

But a word or a glance may destroy the pure love that  
should have been for thee.

Affect not to despise beauty : no one is freed from its  
dominion ;

But regard it not a pearl of price:—it is fleeting as the  
bow in the clouds.

If the character within be gentle, it often hath its index  
in the countenance :

The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour  
that fadeth quickly.

When thou choosest a wife, think not only of thyself,

But of those God may give thee of her, that they re-  
proach thee not for their being :

See that He hath given her health, lest thou lose her  
early and weep :

See that she springeth of a wholesome stock, that thy  
little ones perish not before thee :

For many a fair skin hath covered a mining disease,

And many a laughing cheek been bright with the glare  
of madness.

Mark the converse of one thou lovest, that it be simple  
and sincere ;

For an artful or false woman shall set thy pillow with  
thorns.

Observe her deportment with others, when she thinketh  
not that thou art nigh,

For with thee will the blushes of love conceal the true  
colour of her mind.

Hath she learning ? it is good, so that modesty go with  
it :

Hath she wisdom ? it is precious, but beware that thou  
exceed ;

For woman must be subject, and the true mastery is of  
the mind.

Be joined to thine equal in rank, or the foot of pride  
will kick at thee ;

And look not only for riches, lest thou be mated with  
misery :

Marry not without means ; for so shouldst thou tempt  
Providence ;

But wait not for more than enough ; for Marriage is the  
duty of most men :

Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh  
innocence and health,

And a well-assorted marriage hath not many cares.

In the day of thy joy consider the poor : thou shalt  
reap a rich harvest of blessing ;

For these be the pensioners of One who filleth thy cup  
with pleasures :

In the day of thy joy be thankful : He hath well deserved thy praise :

Mean and selfish is the heart that seeketh Him only in sorrow.

For her sake who leaneth on thine arm, court not the notice of the world,

And remember that sober privacy is comelier than public display.

If thou marriest, thou art allied unto strangers ; see they be not such as shame thee :

If thou marriest, thou leavest thine own ; see that it be not done in anger.

Bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,

In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of Heaven :

Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,  
And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed :

Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,

And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on His favoured children.

Marriage is a figure and an earnest of holier things unseen,

And reverence well becometh the symbol of dignity and glory.

Keep thy heart pure, lest thou do dishonour to thy state ;

Selfishness is base and hateful ; but love considereth not itself.

The wicked turneth good into evil, for his mind is warped within him :

But the heart of the righteous is chaste : his conscience casteth off sin.

If thou wilt be loved, render implicit confidence ;

If thou wouldst not suspect, receive full confidence in turn :

For where trust is not reciprocal, the love that trusted withereth.

Hide not your grief nor your gladness; be open one with the other;

Let bitterness be strange unto your tongues, but sympathy a dweller in your hearts :

Imparting halveth the evils, while it doubleth the pleasures of life,

But sorrows breed and thicken in the gloomy bosom of Reserve.

Young wife, be not froward, nor forget that modesty becometh thee ;

If it be discarded now, who will not hold it feigned before ?

But be not as a timid girl,—there is honour due to thine estate ;

A matron's modesty is dignified : she blusheth not, neither is she bold.

Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they have to him :

And gently bear with his infirmities : hast thou no need of his forbearance ?

Be not always in each other's company ; it is often good to be alone ;

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And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow weary of each other :

Ye have each a soul to be nourished, and a mind to be taught in wisdom,

Therefore, as accountable for time, help one another to improve it.

If ye feel love to decline, track out quickly the secret cause :

Let it not rankle for a day, but confess and bewail it together :

Speedily seek to be reconciled, for love is the life of marriage;

And be ye co-partners in triumph, conquering the peevishness of self.

Let no one have thy confidence, O wife, saving thine husband :

Have not a friend more intimate, O husband, than thy wife.

In the joy of a well-ordered home be warned that this is not your rest ;

For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the shadow.

If ye are blessed with children, ye have a fearful pleasure,

A deeper care and a higher joy, and the range of your existence is widened :

If God in wisdom refuse them, thank Him for an unknown mercy :

For how can ye tell if they might be a blessing or a curse?



Yet ye may pray, like Hannah, simply dependent on His will :

Resignation sweeteneth the cup, but impatience dasheth it with vinegar.

Now this is the sum of the matter :—if ye will be happy in marriage,

Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and holy.

## Of Education.

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A ~~habe~~ in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love :

A resting place for innocence on earth ; a link between angels and men :

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest ;

A delight, but redolent of care ; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter.

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,

And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy :

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come ;

Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil,

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions :

Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,

Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.

Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it at the breast :

And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle :

Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling ;

Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will not forget it afterward :

When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety,

And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

Select not to nurse thy darling one that may taint his innocence,

For example is a constant monitor, and good seed will die among the tares.

The arts of a strange servant have spoiled a gentle disposition :

Mother, let him learn of thy lips, and be nourished at thy breast.

Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it :

Let then the playmates of thy little one be not other than thy judgment shall approve :

For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment,

His eye is quick to observe, his memory storeth in secret,

His ear is greedy of knowledge, and his mind is plastic as soft wax.

Beware then that he heareth what is good, that he feedeth not on evil maxims,

For the seeds of first instructions are dropt into the deepest furrows.

That which immemorial use hath sanctioned, seemeth to be right and true ;

Therefore, never let him have to recollect the time when good things were strangers to his thought.

Strive not to centre in thyself, fond mother, all his love ;  
Nay, do not thou so selfishly, but enlarge his heart for others ;

Use him to sympathy betimes, that he learn to be sad with the afflicted ;

And check not a child in his merriment,—should not his morning be sunny ?

Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him in hope ;

Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears, so shall he fear thy firmness.


Above all things graft on him subjection, yea, in the veriest trifle ;

Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee unanswering obedience.

Read thou first, and well approve, the books thou givest to thy child ;

But remember the weakness of his thought, and that wisdom for him must be diluted :

In the honied waters of infant tales, let him taste the  
strong wine of truth :  
Pathetic stories soften the heart; but legends of terror  
breed midnight misery ;  
Fairy fictions cram the mind with folly, and knowledge  
of evil tempteth to like evil :  
Be not loath to curb imagination, nor be fearful that  
truths will depress it ;  
And for evil, he will learn it soon enough ; be not thou  
the devil's envoy.  
Induce not precocity of intellect, for so shouldst thou  
nourish vanity ;  
Neither can a plant, forced in the hot-bed, stand against  
the frozen breath of winter.  
The mind is made wealthy by ideas, but the multitude of  
words is a clogging weight :  
Therefore be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to  
the measure of capacity.  
Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong  
meat ;  
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but happy  
illustration winneth him :  
In vain shalt thou preach of industry and prudence, till  
he learn of the bee and the ant ;  
Dimly will he think of his soul, till the acorn and the  
chrysalis have taught him ;  
He will fear God in thunder, and worship His loveliness  
in flowers ;  
And parables shall charm his heart, while doctrines seem  
dead mystery :  
Faith shall he learn of the husbandman casting good  
corn into the soil ;



And if thou train him to trust thee, he will not withhold  
his reliance from the Lord.

Fearest thou the dark, poor child? I would not have  
thee left to thy terrors;

Darkness is the semblance of evil, and nature regardeth  
it with dread:

Yet know thy father's God is with thee still, to guard  
thee:

It is a simple lesson of dependence; let thy tost mind  
anchor upon Him.

Did a sudden noise affright thee? lo, this or that hath  
caused it:

Things undefined are full of dread, and stagger stouter  
nerves.

The seeds of misery and madness have been sowed in  
the nights of infancy;

Therefore be careful that ghastly fears be not the night  
companions of thy child.

Lo, thou art a landmark on a hill; thy little ones copy  
thee in all things:

Let, then, thy religion be perfect: so shalt thou be  
honoured in thy house.

Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou  
knowest,

Otherwise thy learning is hidden, and thus thou seemest  
unwise.

A sluggard hath no respect: an epicure commandeth  
not reverence;

Meanness is always despicable, and folly provoketh con-  
tempt.

Those parents are best honoured whose characters best  
deserve it ;  
Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look  
for a foolish father :  
Never hath a father done his duty, and lived to be de-  
spised of his son.  
But how can that son reverence an example he dare not  
follow ?  
Should he imitate thee in thine evil ? his scorn is thy  
rebuke.  
Nay, but bring him up aright, in obedience to God and  
to thee ;  
Begin betimes, lest thou fail of his fear ; and with judg-  
ment, that thou lose not his love :  
Herein use good discretion, and govern not all alike,  
Yet, perhaps, the fault will be in thee, if kindness prove  
not all-sufficient :  
By kindness, the wolf and the zebra become docile as  
the spaniel and the horse ;  
The kite feedeth with the starling, under the law of kind-  
ness :  
That law shall tame the fiercest, bring down the battle-  
ments of pride,  
Cherish the weak, control the strong, and win the fear-  
ful spirit.  
Be obeyed when thou commandest ; but command not  
often :  
Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern  
front of tyranny.  
Make not one child a warning to another ; but chide the  
offender apart :

For self-conceit and wounded pride rankle like poisons  
in the soul.  
A mild rebuke in the season of calmness, is better than  
a rod in the heat of passion ;  
Nevertheless, spare not, if thy word hath passed for  
punishment ;  
Let not thy child see thee humbled, nor learn to think  
thee false ;  
Suffer none to reprove thee before him, and reprove not  
thine own purposes by change ;  
Yet speedily turn thou again, and reward him where  
thou canst,  
For kind encouragement in good cutteth at the roots of  
evil.

Drive not a timid infant from his home, in the early  
spring-time of his life,  
Commit not that treasure to an hireling, nor wrench the  
young heart's fibres :  
In his helplessness leave him not alone, a stranger among  
strange children,  
Where affection longeth for thy love, counting the  
dreary hours ;  
Where religion is made a terror, and innocence weepeth  
unheard ;  
Where oppression grindeth without remedy, and cruelty  
delighteth in smiting.  
Wherefore comply with an evil fashion ? Is it not to  
spare thee trouble ?  
Can he gather no knowledge at thy mouth ? Wilt thou  
yield thine honour to another ?



What can he gain in learning, to equal what he loseth  
in innocence?

Alas! for the price above gold, by which such learning  
cometh!

For emulative pride and envy are the specious idols of  
the diligent,

Oaths and foul-mouthed sin burn in the language of the  
idle:

Bolder in that mimic world of boys stareth brazen-fronted  
vice,

Than thereafter in the haunts of men, where society doth  
shame her into corners.

My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thy timid  
infant unto sorrows.

There be many that say, We were happiest in days long  
past,

When our deepest care was an ill-conned hook,

And when we sported in that merry sunshine of our  
life,

Sadness a stranger to the heart, and cheerfulness its gay  
inhabitant.

True, ye are now less pure, and therefore are more  
wretched:

But have ye quite forgotten how sorely ye travailed at  
your tasks,

How childish griefs and disappointments bowed down  
the childish mind?

How sorrow sat upon your pillow, and terror hath waked  
you up betimes,

Dreading the strict hand of justice, that would not wait for  
a reason,

Or the whims of petty tyrants, children like yourselves,  
Or the pestilent extract of evil poured into the ear of  
innocence?  
Behold the coral island, fresh from the floor of the At-  
lantic,  
It is dinted by every ripple, and a soft wave can smooth  
its surface;  
But soon its substance hardeneth in the winds and tro-  
pic sun,  
And weakly the foaming billows break against its ada-  
mantine wall:  
Even thus, though sin and care dash upon the firmness  
of manhood,  
The timid child is wasted most by his petty troubles;  
And seldom, when life is mature, and the strength pro-  
portioned to the burden,  
Will the feeling mind, that can remember, acknowledge  
to deeper anguish,  
Than when, as a stranger and a little one, the heart first  
ached with anxiety,  
And the sprouting buds of sensibility were bruised by  
the harshness of a school.  
My soul, look well around thee, ere thou give thine in-  
fant unto sorrows.  
Yet there be boisterous tempers, stout nerves, and stub-  
born hearts,  
And there is a riper season, when the mind is well dis-  
ciplined in good,  
And a time, when youth may be bettered by the whole-  
some occasions of knowledge,  
Which rarely will he meet with so well, as among the  
congregation of his fellows.

Only for infancy, fond mother, rend not those first affections ;

Only for the sensitive and timorous, consign not thy darling unto misery.

A man looketh on his little one, as a being of better hope ;

In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a resurrection in his son :

That vein is yet untried,—and who can tell if it be not golden ?

While his, well nigh worked out, never yielded aught but lead :

And thus is he hurt more sorely, if his wishes are defeated there,

He has staked his all upon a throw, and lo ! the dice have foiled him.

All ways, and at all times, men follow on in flocks,  
And the rife epidemic of the day shall tincture the stream of education ;

Fashion is a foolish watcher posted at the tree of knowledge,

Who plucketh its unripe fruit to pelt away the birds :

But, for its golden apples,—they dry upon the boughs,  
And few have the courage or the wisdom to eat in spite of fashion.

One while, the fever is to learn, what none will be wiser for knowing,

Exploded errors in extinct tongues, and occasions for their use are small ;

And the bright morning of life, for years of misspent time,

Wasted in following sounds, hath tracked up little  
 sense,  
 Till at noon a man is thrown upon the world, with a  
 mind expert in trifles,  
 Having yet everything to learn that can make him good  
 or useful:  
 The curious spirit of youth is crammed with unwhole-  
 some garbage,  
 While starving for the mother's milk the breasts of  
 nature yield;  
 And high-coloured fables of depravity lure with their  
 classic varnish,  
 While truth is holding out in vain her mirror much de-  
 spised.

Of olden time, the fashion was for arms, to make an ac-  
 complished slayer,  
 And set gregarious man a-tilting with his fellows;  
 Thereafter, occult sciences, and mystic arts, and sym-  
 bols,  
 How to exorcise a wizard, and how to lay a ghost;  
 Anon, all for gallantry and presence, the minuet, the  
 palfrey, and the foil,  
 And the grand aim of education was to produce a cox-  
 comb;  
 Soon came scholastical dispute with hydra-headed argu-  
 ment,  
 And the true philosophy of mind confounded in a laby-  
 rinth of words;  
 Then the Pantheon, and its orgies, initiating docile  
 childhood,  
 While diligent youth strove hard to render his all unto  
 Cæsar;

And now is seen the passion for utility, when all things  
     are accounted by their price,  
 And the wisdom of the wise is busied in hatching golden  
     eggs :

Perchance, not many moons to come, and all will again  
     be for abstrusity,  
 Unravelling the figured veil that hideth Egypt's gods ;  
 Or in those strange Avatars seeking benignant Vishnu,  
 Kali, and Kamala the fair, and much invoked Ganesa.

The mines of knowledge are oft laid bare through the  
     forked hazle wand of chance,  
 And in a mountain of quartz we find a grain of gold.  
 Of a truth, it were well to know all things, and to learn  
     them all at once,  
 And what, though mortal insufficiency attain to small  
     knowledge of any ?  
 Man loveth exclusions, delighting in the sterile trodden  
     path,  
 While the broad green meadow is jewelled with wild  
     flowers :  
 And whether it is better with the many to follow a  
     beaten track,  
 Or by eccentric wanderings to cull unheeded sweets ?

When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy  
     friend ;  
 For a filial friend is a double gain, a diamond set in gold.  
 As an infant, thy mandate was enough, but now let him  
     see thy reasons ;  
 Confide in him, but with discretion : and bend a willing  
     ear to his questions.

More to thee than to all beside, let him owe good counsel and good guidance ;  
 Let him feel his pursuits have an interest, more to thee than to all beside.  
 Watch his native capacities ; nourish that which suiteth him the readiest ;  
 And cultivate early those good inclinations wherein thou fearest he is most lacking :  
 Is he phlegmatic and desponding ? let small successes comfort his hope :  
 Is he obstinate and sanguine ? let petty crosses accustom him to life :  
 Showeth he a sordid spirit ? be quick, and teach him generosity :  
 Inclinet he to liberal excess ? prove to him how hard it is to earn.  
 Gather to thy hearth such friends as are worthy of honour and attention ;  
 For the company a man chooseth is a visible index of his heart :  
 But let not the pastor whom thou hearest be too much a familiar in thy house,  
 For thy children may see his infirmities, and learn to cavil at his teaching.  
 It is well to take hold on occasions, and render indirect instruction ;  
 It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the wisdom of books :  
 The history of nations yieldeth grand outlines : of persons, minute details :  
 Poetry is polish to the mind, and high abstractions cleanse it.

Consider the station of thy son, and breed him to his  
fortune with judgment:

The rich may profit in much which would bring small  
advantage to the poor.

But with all thy care for thy son, with all thy strivings  
for his welfare,

Expect disappointment, and look for pain: for he is of  
an evil stock, and will grieve thee.

### Of Tolerance.

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A wise man in a crowded street winneth his way with  
gentleness,  
Nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in  
his path ;  
He knoweth that blind hurry will but hinder, stirring up  
contention against him,  
Yet holdeth he steadily right on, with his face to the  
scope of his pursuit:  
Even so, in the congress of opinions, the bustling high  
way of intelligence,  
Each man should ask of his neighbour, and yield to  
him again, concession.  
Terms ill-defined, and forms misunderstood, and cus-  
toms, where their reasons are unknown,  
Have stirred up many zealous souls to fight against  
imaginary giants ;  
But wisdom will hear the matter out, and often, by  
keenness of perception,



Will find in strange disguise the precious truth he  
seeketh ;  
So he leaveth unto prejudice or taste the garb and the  
manner of her presence,  
Content to see so nigh the mistress of his love.  
There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to  
a difference.  
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one  
stem ;  
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in  
the forest, hath its counterpart,  
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the  
world unseen :  
And therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike  
with accident,  
None but a bigot partizan will hope for impossible  
unity.  
Wilt thou ensue peace, nor buffet with the waters of  
contention,  
Wilt thou be counted wise and gain the love of men,  
Let unobtruded error escape the frown of censure,  
Nor lift the glass of truth alway before thy fellows :  
I say not, compromise the right, I would not have thee  
countenance the wrong,  
But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest  
judgment ;  
For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art  
most right,  
Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee  
simple to-day :  
Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou  
wast thyself ;

---

Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be  
hereafter.

A man that can render a reason, is a man worthy of an  
answer ;

But he that argueth for victory, deserveth not the ten-  
derness of Truth.

While a man liveth he may mend : count not thy bro-  
ther reprobate ;

When he is dead his chance is gone : remember not his  
faults in bitterness.

A man, till he dieth, is immortal in thy sight ; and then  
he is as nothing ;

Make not the living thy foe, nor take weak vengeance of  
the dead :

For life is as a game of chess, where least causeth  
greatest,

And an ill move bringeth loss, and a pawn may ensure  
victory.

Dost thou suspect? seek out certainty: for now, by  
self-inflicted pain,

Or ill-directed wrath, thou wrongest thyself or thy  
neighbour ;

Suspicion is an early lesson, taught in the school of ex-  
perience,

Neither shalt thou easily unlearn it, though charity ply  
thee with her preaching ;

Yet look thou well for reasons, or ever mistrust hath  
marred thee,

Or fear curdled thy blood, or jealousy goaded thee to  
madness ;

For a look, or a word, or an act, may be taken well or ill

As construed by the latitude of love, or the closeness of cold suspicion.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the right with falsehood :

And a prudent man will not lay siege to the strong hold of ignorant bigotry.

To unsettle a weak mind were an easy inglorious triumph,

And a strong cause taketh little count of the worthless suffrage of a fool :

Lightly he held to the wrong, loosely will he cling to the right ;

Weakness is the essence of his mind, and the reed cannot yield an acorn.

Dogged obstinacy is oftentimes the buttress that propeth an unstable spirit.

But a candid man blusheth not to own, he is wiser to-day than yesterday.

A man of a little wisdom is a sage among fools ;

But himself is chief among the fools, if he look for admiration from them.

A heresy is an evil thing, for its shame is its pride :

Its necessary difference of error is the character it most esteemeth :

Give a man all things short of liberty, thou shalt have no thanks,

And little wilt thou speed with thine opponent, by proving points he will concede.

The tost sand darkeneth the waves ; and clear had been  
the pages of truth,  
Had not the glosses of men obscured the simplicity of  
faith.

In all things consider thine own ignorance, and gladly  
take occasion to be taught ;  
But suffer not excess of liberality to neutralize thy men-  
tal independence.

The faults and follies of most men make their deaths a  
gain :

But thou also art a man, full of faults and follies :  
Therefore sorrow for the dead, or none shall weep for  
thee,

For the measure of charity thou dealest, shall be poured  
into thine own bosom.

That which vexeth thee now, provoking thee to hate thy  
brother,

Bear with it ; the annoyance passeth, and may not re-  
turn for ever :

The same combinations and results which aggravate thy  
soul to-day,

May not meet again for centuries in the kaleidoscope of  
circumstance ;

For men and matters change, new elements mixing in  
continually,

And, as with chemical magic, the sour is transmuted  
into sweetness :

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over as  
a foible,

And lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own  
body,

Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy special notions.

Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at a trifle :

Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal them :

Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,  
God will not love thee less, because men love thee more.

## Of Sorrow.

---

I ~~saw~~, I will seek out Sorrow, and minister the balm  
 of pity,  
 So I sought her in the house of mourning; but peace  
 followed in her train.  
 Then I marked her brooding silently in the gloomy  
 cavern of Regret;  
 But a sunbeam of heavenly hope gleamed on her folded  
 wing.  
 So I turned to the cabin of the poor, where famine dwelt  
 with disease:  
 But the bed of the sick was smoothed, and the plough-  
 man whistled at his labour.  
 So I stopt, and mused within myself, to remember where  
 sorrow dwelt,  
 For I sought to see her alone, uncomforted, uncom-  
 panioned.  
 I went to the prison, but penitence was there, and pro-  
 mise of better times;

I listened at the madman's cell, but it echoed with deluded laughter.  
Then I turned me to the rich and noble ; I noted the sons of fashion :  
A smile was on the languid cheek, that had no commerce with the heart ;  
Unhallowed thoughts, like fires, gleamed from the window of the eye ;  
And sorrow lived with those whose pleasures add unto their sins.

His infancy wanted not guilt ; his life was continued evil :  
He drew in pride with his mother's milk, and a father's lips taught him cursing.  
I marked him as the wayward boy ; I traced the dissolute youth ;  
I saw him betray the innocent, and sacrifice affection to his lust ;  
I saw him the companion of knaves, and a squanderer of ill-got gain :  
I heard him curse his own misery, while he hugged the chains that galled him :  
For well had experience declared the bitterness of guilty pleasure,  
But habit, with its iron net, involved him in its folds.  
Behind him loomed the thunder-storm, which the caldron of his wickedness had brewed ;  
Before him was the smooth steep cliff, whose base is ruin and despair.  
So he rushed madly on, and tried to forget his being :  
The noisy revel and the low debauch, and fierce excitement of play,

With dreary interchange of palling pleasures, filled the  
dull round of existence :

Memory was to him as a foe, so he flew for false solace  
to the wine-cup,

And stunned his enemy at even ; but she rent him as a  
giant in the morning.

I turned aside to weep ; I lost him a little while :

I looked, and years had past ; he was hoar with the  
winter of his age.

And what was now his hope ? where was the balm for  
his sadness ?

The memory of the past was guilt : the feeling of the  
present, remorse.

Then he set his affections on gold, he worshipped the  
shrine of Mammon,

And to lay richer gifts before his idol, he starved his own  
bowels ;

So, the youth spent in profligacy ended in the gripings  
of want :

The miser grudged himself husks to take deeper ven-  
geance of the prodigal.

And I said, this is Sorrow, but pity cannot reach it ;

This is to be wretched indeed, to be guilty without re-  
pentance.



## Of Joy.

---

My soul was sickened within me, so I sought the dwelling place of Joy :  
 And I met it not in laughter ; I found it not in wealth or power ;  
 But I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion smiled upon content,  
 And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favour of its God.  
 Behold the happy man, his face is rayed with pleasure,  
 His thoughts are of calm delight, and none can know his blessedness :  
 I have watched him from his infancy, and seen him in the grasp of death,  
 Yet, never have I noted on his brow the cloud of desponding sorrow.  
 He hath knelt beside his cradle ; his mother's hymn lulled him to sleep :  
 In childhood he hath loved holiness, and drank from that fountain-head of peace.

Wisdom took him for her scholar, guiding his steps in  
 purity :  
 He lived unpolluted by the world ; and his young heart  
 hated sin.  
 But he owned not the spurious religion engendered of  
 faction and moroseness,  
 Neither were the sproutings of his soul seared by the  
 brand of superstition.  
 His love is pure and single, sincere, and knoweth not  
 change ;  
 For his manhood hath been blest with the pleasant choice  
 of his youth :  
 Behold his one beloved, she leaneth on his arm,  
 And he looketh on the years that are past, to review the  
 dawn of her affection.  
 Memory is sweet unto him, as a perfect landscape to the  
 sight ;  
 Each object is lovely in itself, but the whole is the har-  
 mony of nature.  
 Behold his little ones around him, they bask in the  
 warmth of his smile ;  
 And infant innocence and joy lighten their happy faces ;  
 He is holy, and they honour him : he is loving, and they  
 love him :  
 He is consistent, and they esteem him : he is firm, and  
 they fear him.  
 His friends are the excellent among men ; and the bands  
 of their friendship are strong :  
 His house is the palace of peace : for the Prince of Peace  
 is there.  
 As the wearied man to his couch, as the thoughtful man  
 to his musings,

Even so, from the bustle of life, he goeth to his well-ordered home.

And though he often sin, he returneth with weeping eyes :

For he feeleth the mercies of forgiveness, and gloweth with warmer gratitude.

Thus did he walk in happiness, and sorrow was a stranger to his soul ;

The light of affection sunned his heart, the tear of the grateful bedewed his feet,

He put his hand with constancy to good, and angels knew him as a brother,

And the busy satellites of evil trembled as at God's ally :

He used his wealth as a wise steward, making him friends for futurity :

He bent his learning to religion, and religion was with him at the last :

For I saw him after many days, when the time of his release was come,

And I longed for a congregated world, to behold that dying saint.

As the aloe is green and well-liking, till the last best summer of its age,

And then hangeth out its golden bells, to mingle glory with corruption ;

As a meteor travelleth in splendour, but bursteth in dazzling light ;

Such was the end of the righteous : his death was the sun at its setting.

Look on this picture of joy, and remember that portrait  
of sorrow :

Behold the beauty of holiness, behold the deformity of  
sin !

How long, ye sons of men, will ye scorn the words of  
wisdom ?

How long will ye hunt for happiness in the caverns that  
breed despair ?

Will ye comfort yourselves in misery, by denying the  
existence of delight,

And from experience in woe, will ye reason that none  
are happy ?

Joy is not in your path, for it loveth not that bleak  
broad road,

But its flowers are hung upon the hedges that line a  
narrower way ;

And there the faint travellers of earth may wander and  
gather for themselves,

To soothe their wounded hearts with balm from the  
amaranths of heaven.

# Proverbial Philosophy

(SECOND SERIES.)

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## Introductory.

**Come** again and greet me as a friend, fellow  
upon life's highway,  
Leave awhile the hot and dusty road, to loiter  
greenwood of Reflection.  
Come unto my cool dim grotto, that is watered  
rivulet of truth,  
And overwhose time-stained rock climb the fairy  
of content ;  
Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure fling thy  
cares,  
Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour

hold, I would count thee for a brother, and commune  
with thy charitable soul ;  
ough wrapt within the mantle of a prophet, I stand  
mine own weak scholar.  
ed no disciple for a teacher, if knowledge be not  
found upon his tongue ;  
r vanity and folly were the lessons these lips untaught  
could give :  
e precious staple of my merchandise cometh from a  
better country,  
e harvest of my reaping sprang of foreign seed :  
d this poor pensioner of Mercy, should he boast of  
merit ?  
e grafted stock,—should that be proud of apples not  
its own ?  
o the bubbling brook I dip my hermit shell ;  
n receiveth as a cup, but Wisdom is the river.

reover, for this fillagree offancy, this Oriental garnish  
of similitude,  
s, the world is old,—and all things old within it :  
alk a trodden path, I love the good old ways ;  
phets, and priests, and kings have tuned the harp I  
faintly touch.  
th, in a garment of the past, is my choice and simple  
theme ;  
truth is new to-day : and the mantle was another's.

ll, there is an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of  
imagery,  
te-like steaming on my sight, and thronging my re-  
luctant mind ;

The memories of studious culling, and multiplied an-  
 alogies of nature,  
 Fresh feelings unrepressed, welling from the heart spon-  
 taneous.  
 Facts, and comparisons, and meditative atoms, gathered  
 on the heap of combination,  
 Mingle in the fashion of my speech with gossamer  
 dreams of Reverie.  
 I need not beat the underwood for game; my pheasants  
 flock upon the lawn,  
 And gamboling hares disport fearless in my dewy field;  
 I roam no heath-empurpled hills, wearily watching for a  
 covey,  
 But thoughts fly swift to my decoy, eager to be caught;  
 I sit no quiet angler, lingering patiently for sport,  
 But spread my nets for a draught, and take the glittering  
 shoal;  
 I chase no solitary stag, tracking it with breathless toil,  
 But hunt with Aureng-zebe, and spear surrounded thou-  
 sands.

What then,—count ye this a boast?—sweet charity,  
 think it other,  
 For the dog-fish and poisonous ray are captured in the  
 mullet-haul:  
 The crane and the kite are of my thoughts, alike with  
 the partridge and the quail,  
 And unclean meats as of the clean hang upon my Seric  
 shambles.  
 —How saith he? shall a man deceive, dressing up his  
 jackal as a lion?  
 Or colour in staid hues of fact the changing vest of false-  
 hood?—

Brother, unwittingly he may ; doubtless, unwillingly he doth :

For men are full of fault, and how should he be righteous ?

Carefully my garden hath been weeded, yet shall it be foul with thistle ;

My grapery is diligently thinned, and yet many berries will be sour :

From my nets have I flung the bad away, to my small skill and caution ;

Yet may some slimy snake have counted for an eel.

The rudder of Man's best hope cannot always steer himself from error ;

The arrow of Man's straightest aim flieth short of truth.

Thus, the confession of sincerity visit not as if it were presumption :

Nor own me for a leader, where thy reason is not guide.



## Of Cheerfulness.

---

**Take** courage, prisoner of time, for there be many comforts,  
 Cease thy labour in the pit, and bask awhile with truants  
 in the sun ;  
 Be cheerful, man of care, for great is the multitude of  
 chances,  
 Burst thy fetters of anxiety, and walk among the citizens  
 of ease :  
 Wherefore dost thou doubt? if present good is round  
 thee,  
 It may be well to look for change, but to trust in a con-  
 tinuance is better ;  
 Whilst, at the crisis of adversity, to hope for some amends  
 were wisdom,  
 And cheerfully to bear thy cross in patient strength is  
 duty.  
 I speak of common troubles, and the petty plagues of  
 life,

The phantom-spies of Unbelief, that lurk about his out-  
 posts :  
 Sharp suspicion, dull distrust, and sullen stern morose-  
 ness  
 Are captains in that locust swarm to lead the cloudy  
 host.  
 Thou hast need of fortitude and faith, for the adver-  
 saries come on thickly,  
 And he that fled hath added wings to his pursuing foes ;  
 Fight them, and the cravens flee ; thy boldness is their  
 panic ;  
 Fear them, and thy treacherous heart hath lent the ranks  
 a legion :  
 Among their shouts of victory resoundeth the wail of  
 Heraclitus,  
 While Democrite, confident and cheerful, hath plucked  
 up the standard of their camp.

Not few nor light are the burdens of life ; then load it  
 not with heaviness of spirit ;  
 Sickneses, and penury, and travail,—there be real ills  
 enow :  
 We are wandering benighted, with a waning moon ;  
 plunge not rashly into jungles,  
 Where cold and poisonous damps will quench the torch  
 of hope :  
 The tide is strong against us ; good oarsmen, pull or  
 perish,—  
 If your arms be slack for fear, ye shall not stem the  
 torrent.  
 A wise traveller goeth on cheerily, through fair weather  
 or foul ;

He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carrieth  
his sunshine with him.

Calamities come not as a curse,—nor prosperity for  
other than a trial ;

Struggle,—thou art better for the strife, and the very  
energy shall hearten thee.

Good is taught in a Spartan school,—hard lessons and a  
rough discipline ;

But evil cometh idly of itself, in the luxury of Capuan  
holidays :

And Wisdom will go bravely forth to meet the chastening  
scourge,

Enduring with a thankful heart that punishment of Love

There be three chief rivers of despondency ; sin, sorrow,  
fear ;

Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a  
noisy rapid :

But even to the darkest holes in guilt's profoundest  
river

Hope can pierce with quickening ray, and all those  
depths are lightened.

So long as there is mercy in a God, hope is the privilege  
of creatures,

And so soon as there is penitence in creatures, that hope  
is exalted into duty.

Verily, consider this for courage ; that the fearful and  
the unbelieving

Are classed with idolators and liars, because they trusted  
not in God :

For it is none other than selfish sin, a hard and proud  
ingratitude,

Where seeming repentance is herald of despair, instead  
of hope's forerunner.

Moreover, in thy day of grief,—for friends, or fame, or  
fortune,

Well I wot the heart shall ache, and mind be numbed  
in torpor;

Let nature weep; leave her alone; the freshet of her  
sorrow must run off;

And sooner will the lake be clear, relieved of turbid  
floodings.

Yet see that her license hath a limit; with the novelty  
her agony is over;

Hasten in that earliest calm, to tie her in the leash with  
Reason.

For regrets are an enervating folly, and the season for  
energy is come,

Yea rather, that the future may repair with diligence the  
ruins of the past.

Again, for empty fears, the harassings of possible cala-  
mity;

Pray, and thou shalt prosper; trust in God, and tread  
them down.

Yield to the phantasy,—thou sinnest; resist it, He will  
aid thee:

Out of Him there is no help, nor any sober courage.

Feeble is the comfort of the faithless, a man without a  
God;

Who dare counsel such an one to fling away his  
fears?

Fear is the heritage of him, a portion wise and merciful,

To drive the trembler into safety, if haply he may turn  
and flee :

Nevertheless, let him reckon as he will, that all he  
counteth casual

May as well be for him as against him ; dice have many  
sides :

And, even as in ailments of the body, diseases follow  
closely upon dreads,

So, with infirmities of mind, is fear the pallid harbinger  
of failure.

It were wise to walk undaunted even in an accidental  
chaos,

For the brave man is at peace, and free to get the mastery  
of circumstance.

The stoutest armour of defence is that which is worn  
within the bosom,

And the weapon that no enemy can parry, is a bold and  
cheerful spirit ;

Catapults in old war worked like Titans, crushing foes  
with rocks ;

So doth a strong-springed heart throw back every load  
on its assailants.

I went heavily for cares, and fell into the trance of  
sorrow ;

And behold, a vision in my trance, and my ministering  
angel brought it.

There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful  
Rock of Ages ;

The sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep  
ravines at foot.  
And, as I looked, a dense black cloud, suddenly drop-  
ping from the thunder,  
Filled, like a cataract with yeasty foam, a narrow  
smiling valley :  
Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the  
ground,  
And lamentable sounds came up, as of some that were  
smothering beneath.  
Then, as I walked upon the mountain, clear in summer's  
noon,  
For charity I called aloud, Ho ! climb up hither to the  
sunshine.  
And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the  
mist ;  
I saw below two families of men, and knew their names  
of old :  
Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart  
and gladsome,  
Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of Hope had  
made ;  
And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet-eyed helpmate  
with him,  
I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerful-  
ness ;  
And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little  
prattler,  
The child of Cheerfulness and Courage,—could his name  
be other than Success ?  
So, from his happy wife, when they both stood beside  
me on the mountain,

The fond father took that babe, and set him on his  
shoulder in the sunshine.

Again I peered into the valley, or I heard a gasping  
moan,

A desolate weak cry, as muffled in the vapours.

So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine

I sped for charity to seek and save,—and those I sought  
fled from me,

At length, I spied, far distant, a trembling withered  
dwarf

Who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral  
mourner:

Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them  
on in darkness,

Guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled  
cries,

Until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had  
perished,—

And lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epi-  
taph of Failure.

So I saw that despondency was death, and flung my  
burdens from me,

And, lightened by that effort, I was raised above the  
world;

Yea, in the strangeness of my vision, I seemed to soar  
on wings,

And the names they called my wings were Cheerfulness  
and Wisdom.

## Of Yesterday.

---

**Speak**, poor almsman of to-day, whom none can assure  
of a to-morrow,

Tell out, with honest heart, the price thou settest upon  
yesterday.

Is it then a writing in the dust, traced by the finger of  
idleness,

Which Industry, clean housewife, can wipe away for  
ever?

Is it as a furrow on the sand, fashioned by the toying  
waves,

Quickly to be trampled then again by the feet of the  
returning tide?

Is it as the pale blue smoke, rising from a peasant's  
hovel,

That melted into limpid air, before it topped the larches?

Is it but a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise men  
soon forget?



Is it as the stranger of a night,—gone, we heed not  
whither?

Alas! thou foolish heart, whose thoughts are but as  
these,

Alas! deluded soul, that hopeth thus of Yesterday.

For, behold,—those temples of Ellora, the Brahmin's  
rock-built shrine,

Behold—yon granite cliff, which the North Sea buffeteth  
in vain,—

That stout old forest fir,—these waking verities of  
life,

This guest abiding ever, not strange, nor a servant, but  
a son,—

Such, O man, are vanity and dreams, transient as a  
rainbow on the cloud,

Weighed against that solid fact, thine ill-remembered  
Yesterday.

Come, let me show thee an ensample, where Nature  
shall instruct us ;

Luxuriantly the arguments for truth spring native in her  
gardens.

Seek we yonder woodman of the plain ; he is measuring  
his axe to the elm,

And anon the sturdy strokes ring upon the wintry  
air :

Eagerly the village school-boys cluster on the tightened  
rope,

Shouting, and bending to the pull, or lifted from the  
ground elastic ;

The huge tree boweth like Sisera, boweth to its foes with  
faintness,—  
Its sinews crack,—deep groans declare the reeling an-  
guish of Goliath,  
The wedge is driven home,—and the saw is at its heart,  
—and lo, with solemn slowness,  
The shuddering monarch riseth from his throne,—top-  
pled with a crash,—and is fallen !

Now, shall the mangled stump teach proud man a  
lesson :

Now, can we from that elm tree's sap distil the wine of  
Truth.

Heed ye those hundred rings, concentric from the core,  
Eddying in various waves to the red-bark's shore-like  
rim ?

These be the gatherings of yesterdays, present all to-  
day,

This is the tree's judgment, self-history that cannot be  
gainsaid :

Seven years ago there was a drought,—and the seventh  
ring is narrowed ;

The fifth from hence was half a deluge,—the fifth is cel-  
lular and broad.

Thus, Man, thou art a result, the growth of many yes-  
terdays,

That stamp thy secret soul with marks of weal or woe :  
Thou art an almanack of self, the living record of thy  
deeds ;

Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in  
their season :

Here is a knot,—it was a crime ; there is a canker,—  
selfishness ;

Lo, here, the heart-wood rotten, lo, there, perchance,  
the sap-wood sound.

Nature teacheth not in vain ; thy works are in thee, of  
thee ;

Some present evil bent hath grown of older errors :  
And what if thou be walking now uprightly ? Salve not  
thy wounds with poison,

As if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin  
of yesterday :

It is well, thou hast life and light ; and the Hearer  
showeth mercy,

Dressing the root, pruning the branch, and looking for  
thy tardy fruits ;

But, even here as thou standest, cheerful belike and  
careless,

The stains of ancient evil are upon thee, the record of  
thy wrong is in thee :

For, a curse of many yesterdays is thine, many yester-  
days of sin,

That, haply little heeded now, shall blast thy many mor-  
rows.

Shall then a man reck nothing, but hurl mad defiance  
at his Judge,

Knowing that less than an Omnipotent cannot make the  
has been, not been ?

He ought,—so Satan spake ; he must,—so Atheism  
urgeth ;

He may,—it was the libertine's thought ; he doth,—the  
bad world said it.

But thou of humbler heart, thou student wiser for sim-  
plicity,

While Nature warneth thee betimes, heed the loving  
counsel of Religion.

True, this change is good, and penitence most precious ;  
But trust not thou thy change, nor rest upon repent-  
ance ;

For all we are corrupted at the core, smooth as surface  
seemeth ;

What health can bloom in a beautiful skin, when rotten-  
ness hath fed upon the bones ?

And guilt is parcel of us all ; not thou, sweet nursling of  
affection,

Art spotless, though so passing fair,—nor thou, mild  
patriarch of virtue.

Behold then the better Tree of Life, free unto us all for  
grafting,

Cut thee from the hollow tree of self, to be budded on a  
richer Vine.

Be desperate, O man, as of evil, so of good ; tear that  
tunic from thee ;

The past can never be retrieved, be the present what it  
may.

Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and  
vigil :

The fencer's cautious skill to-day, can this erase his  
scars ?

It is Man's to famish as a faquir, it is Man's to die a  
devotee,

Light is the torture and the toil, balanced with the wages  
of Eternity :

But, it is God's to yearn in love, on the humblest, the  
poorest, and the worst,

For He giveth freely, as a king, asking only thanks for mercy.

Look upon this noble-hearted Substitute; seeing thy woes, He pitied thee,

Bowed beneath the mountain of thy sin, and perished—  
but for Godhead;

There stood the Atlas in his power, and Prometheus in his love is there,

Emptying on wretched men the blessings earned from heaven:

Put them not away, hide them in thy heart, poor and penitent receiver,

Be gratitude thy counsellor to good, and wholesome fear unto obedience;

Remember, the pruning-knife is keen, cutting cankers even from the vine;

Remember, twelve were chosen, and one among them liveth—in perdition.

Hear,—for standing unatoned, the soul is a bison on the prairie,

Hunted by those trooping wolves, the many sinful yesterdays:

And it speedeth a terrified Deucalion, flinging back the pebble in his flight,

The pebble that must add one more to those pursuing ghosts.

O man, there is a storm behind should drive thy bark to haven;

The foe, the foe is on thy track, patient, certain, and avenging;

Day by day, solemnly, and silently, followeth the fearful past,—

His step is lame, but sure; for he catcheth the present  
in eternity :  
And how to escape that foe, the present-past in future ?  
How to avert that fate, living consequence of causes  
unexistent ?—  
Boldly we must overleap his birth, and date above his  
memories,  
Grafted on the living Tree, that was before a yesterday :  
No refuge of a younger birth than one that saw creation  
Can hide the child of time from still condemning yesterday :  
There, is the Sanctuary-city, mocking at the wrath of  
thine Avenger,  
Close at hand, with the wicket on the latch : haste for  
thy life, poor hunted one !  
The gladiator, Guilt, fighteth as of old, armed with net  
and dagger ;  
Snaring in the mesh of yesterdays, stabbing with the  
poignard of to-day ;  
Fly, thy sword is broken at the hilt ; fly, thy shield is  
shivered ;  
Leap the barriers, and baffle him : the arena of the past  
is his.  
The bounds of Guilt are the cycles of Time : thou must  
be safe within Eternity ;  
The arms of God alone shall rescue thee from Yesterday.

## Of To-day.

---

**Now**, is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of  
 time,  
 Now, is the watchword of the wise, Now, is on the  
 banner of the prudent.  
 Cherish thy to-day and prize it well, or ever it be  
 gulphed into the past ;  
 Husband it, for who can promise, if it shall have a mor-  
 row ?  
 Behold, thou art,—it is enough ; that present care be  
 thine ;  
 Leave thou the past to thy Redeemer, entrust the future  
 to thy Friend ;  
 But for to-day, child of man, tend thou charily the  
 minutes,  
 The harvest of thy yesterday, the seed-corn of thy mor-  
 row.  
 Last night died its day ; and the deeds thereof were  
 judged :

Thou didst lay thee down as in a shroud, in darkness  
 and death-like slumber :  
 But at the trumpet of this morn, waking the world to  
 resurrection,  
 Thou didst arise, like others, to live a new day's life :  
 Fear, lest folly give thee cause to mourn its passing pre-  
 sence,  
 Fear, that to-morrow's sigh be not, would God it had not  
 dawned !

For, To-day the lists are set, and thou must bear thee  
 bravely,  
 Tilting for honour, duty, life, or death without reproach :  
 To-day, is the trial of thy fortitude, O dauntless Mandan  
 chief ;  
 To-day, is thy watch, O sentinel ; to-day, thy reprieve,  
 O captive :  
 What more ? to-day is the golden chance wherewith to  
 snatch fruition,—  
 Be glad, grateful, temperate : there are asps among the  
 figs.  
 For the potter's clay is in thy hands,—to mould it or to  
 mar it at thy will,  
 Or idly to leave it in the sun, an uncouth lump to  
 harden.

☉ bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee,  
 gracious angel,  
 I will not let thee go, except thou bless me ; bless me,  
 then, To-day :  
 O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious  
 Eden ;



I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day :

O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion :

I find none other place nor time, than where I am To-day :

O living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge :

I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day :

O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna ;

I have none other food nor store, but daily bread To-day !

Behold, thou art pilot of the ship, and owner of that freighted galleon,

Competent, with all thy weakness, to steer into safety or be lost :

Compass and chart are in thy hand : roadstead and rocks thou knowest ;

Thou art warned of reefs and shallows ; thou beholdest the harbour and its lights.


What ? shall thy wantonness or sloth drive the gallant vessel on the breakers ?

What ? shall the helmsman's hand wear upon the black lee shore ?

Vain is that excuse ; thou canst escape : thy mind is responsible for wrong :

Vain that murmur ; thou mayst live : thy soul is debtor for the right.

To day, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time,



Stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole-star,  
and be safe ;

To-day, passing near the sunken rocks, the quicksands  
and whirlpools of probation,

Leave awhile the rudder to swing round, give the wind  
its heading, and be wrecked.

The crisis of man's destiny is Now, a still recurring  
danger ;

Who can tell the trials and temptations coming with the  
coming hour ?

Thou standest a target-like Sebastian, and the arrows  
whistle near thee ;

Who knoweth when he may be hit ? for great is the  
company of archers.

Each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every  
minute hath its mission ;

For spirits, good and bad, cluster on the thickly-peopled  
air :

Sin may blast thee, grace may bless thee, good or ill this  
hour :

Chance, and change, and doubt, and fear, are parasites  
of all.

A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,  
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind  
him :

No going back ; the past is an abyss ; no stopping, for  
the present perisheth ;


But ever hastening on, precarious on the foothold of To-  
day ;

Our cares are all To-day ; our joys are all To-day ;  
And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day ?

## Of To-morrow.

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**There** is a floating island forward, on the stream of time,  
Buoyant with fermenting air, and borne along the rapids;  
And on that island is a siren, singing sweetly as she goeth,  
Her eyes are bright with invitation, and allurements lurketh in her cheeks;  
Many lovers, vainly pursuing, follow her beckoning finger,  
Many lovers seek her still, even to the cataract of death.  
To-morrow is that island, a vain and foolish heritage,  
And, laughing with seductive lips, Delusion hideth there:  
Often, the precious present is wasted in visions of the future,  
And coy To-morrow cometh not with prophecies fulfilled.



There is a fairy skiff, plying on the sea of life,  
And charitably toiling still to save the shipwrecked  
crews ;

Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,  
Piloting, through surf and strait, the fragile barks of  
men :

How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth,  
How nobly leading onward yet, defying even death !  
To-morrow is that skiff, a wise and welcome rescue,  
And, full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is  
Hope :

Often, the painful present is comforted by flattering the  
future,  
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.

To-morrow, whispereth weakness ; and To-morrow  
findeth him the weaker :

To-morrow, promiseth conscience ; and behold, no to-day  
for a fulfilment.

O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of  
terror to the dotard,

Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming  
friend ;

Fraud's loophole,—caution's hint,—and trap to catch the  
honest,—

Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,  
Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy,  
thou ruin,

How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-  
morrow !

The hive of memory increaseth, to every day its cell ;  
There is the labour stored, the honey or corruption ;

Each morn the bees fly forth, to fill the growing comb ,  
 And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers =  
 To-morrow is their care, they toil for rest to-morrow ;  
 But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease to-day.

To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh, which a travel-  
 ler never reacheth ;  
 To-morrow, the rainbow's cup, coveted prize of igno-  
 rance ;  
 To-morrow, the shifting anchorage, dangerous trust of  
 mariners ;  
 To-morrow, the wrecker's beacon, wily snare of the de-  
 stroyer.  
 Reconcile convictions with delay, and To-morrow is a fatal  
 lie ;  
 Frighten resolutions into action, To-morrow is a whole  
 some truth ;  
 I must, for I fear To-morrow,—this is the Cassava's  
 food ;  
 Why should I ? let me trust To-morrow,—this is the  
 Cassava's poison.

Lo, it is the even of To-day,—a day so lately a To-  
 morrow ;  
 Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yester-  
 night ?  
 O faint fond heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-mor-  
 row,  
 And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that  
 easy slope ?  
 Alas ! it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a  
 Sisyphus may not stop it ;

But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its  
 strength To-day :  
 For its race may speedily be run, and this poor hut, thy-  
 self,  
 Be whelmed in death and suffocating guilt, that dreary  
 Alpine snow-wreath.

Pensioner of life, be wise, and heed a brother's counsel ;  
 I also am a beadsman, with scrip and staff as thou :  
 Wouldest thou be bold against the past, and all its evil  
 memories,  
 Wouldest thou be safe amid the present, its dangers and  
 temptations,  
 Wouldest thou be hopeful of the future, vague though it  
 be and endless ?  
 Hasten thee, repent, believe, obey ! thou standest in the  
 courage of a legion.  
 Commend the Past to God, with all its irrevocable  
 harm,  
 Humbly, but in cheerful trust, and banish vain re-  
 grets ;  
 Come to Him, continually come, casting all the Present  
 at His feet,  
 Boldly, but in prayerful love, and fling off selfish cares ;  
 Commit the Future to His will, the viewless fated  
 future ;  
 Zealously go forward with integrity, and God will bless  
 thy faith.  
 For that, feeble as thou art, there is with thee a mighty  
 Conqueror,  
 Thy Friend, the same for ever, yesterday, to-day, and to-  
 morrow ;

That Friend, changeless as eternity, Himself shal  
thee friends  
Of those thy foes transformed, yesterday, to day,  
morrow.

## Of Authorship.

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**Great** is the dignity of Authorship: I magnify mine  
 office;  
 Albeit in much feebleness I hold it thus unworthily.  
 For it is to be one of a noble band, the welfare of the  
 world,  
 Whose haunt is on the lips of men, whose dwelling in  
 their hearts,  
 Who are precious in the retrospect of Memory, and walk  
 among the visions of Hope,  
 Who commune with the good for everlasting, and call  
 the wisest, brother,  
 Whose voice hath burst the Silence, and whose light is  
 flung upon the Darkness,  
 —Flashing jewels on a robe of black, and harmony  
 bounding out of chaos,—  
 Who gladden empires with their wisdom, and bless to  
 the farthest generation,  
 Doers of illimitable good, gainers of inestimable glory!—



We speak but of the Magnates, we heed none humbler  
than the highest,

We take no count of sorry scribes, nor waste one thought  
upon the groundlings ;

Our eyes are lifted from the multitude, groping in the  
dark with candles,

To gaze upon that firmament of praise, the constellated  
lamps of learning.

Ever-during witnesses of Mind, undisputed evidence of  
Power,

Goodly volumes, living stones, build up their author's  
temple :

Though of low estate, his rank is above princes,—though  
needy, he hath worship of the rich,

When Genius unfurleth on the winds his banner as a  
mighty leader.

Just in purpose, and self-possessed in soul, lord of many  
talents,

The mental Cræsus goeth forth, rejoicing in his wealth ;  
Keen and clear perception gloweth on his forehead like  
a sunbeam,

He readeth men at a glance, and mists roll away before  
him ;

The wise have set him as their captain, the foolish are  
rebuked at his presence,

The excellent bless him with their prayers, and the  
wicked praise him by their curses ;

His voice, mighty in operation, stirreth up the world as  
a trumpet,

And kings account it honour to be numbered of his  
friends.

None is the worthiness of Authorship: I justify mine office;

Albeit fancies weak as mine credit not the calling  
For it addeth immortality to dying facts, that are ready  
to vanish away,

Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour;  
Shedding upon stocks and stones the tender light of interest,

And illumining dark places of the earth, with radiance  
of classic lustre.

It hath power to make past things present, and availleth  
for the present in the future,

Delivering thoughts, and words, and deeds, from the  
outer darkness of oblivion.

Where are the sages and the heroes, giants of old  
time?—

Where are the mighty kings, that reigned before Agamemnon?—

Alas they lie unwept, unhonoured, hidden in the midnight;

Alas, for they died unchronicled: their memorial perished  
with them.

Where are the nobles of Nineveh, and mitred rulers of  
Babylon?


Where are the lords of Edom, and the royal pontiffs of  
Thebais?

The golden Satrap, and the Tetrarch,—the Hun, and the  
Druid, and the Celt?

The merchant princes of Phœnicia, and the minds that  
fashioned Elephanta?

Alas, for the poet hath forgotten them; and lo! they are  
outcasts of Memory;

Alas, that they are withered leaves, sapless and fallen  
from the chaplet of fame.  
Speak, Etruria, whose bones be these, entombed with  
costly care,—  
Tell out, Herculaneum, the titles that have sounded in  
those thy palaces,—  
Lycian Xanthus, thy citadels are mute, and the honour  
of their architects hath died;  
Copan and Palenque, dreamy ruins in the West, the forest  
hath swallowed up your sculptures;  
Syracuse,—how silent of the past!—Carthage, thou art  
blotted from remembrance!  
Egypt, wondrous shores, ye are buried in the sand-hills  
of forgetfulness!  
Alas,—for in your glorious youth Time himself was  
young,  
And none durst wrestle with that Angel, iron-sinewed  
bridegroom of Space;  
So he flew by, strong upon the wing, nor dropped one  
failing feather,  
Wherewith some hoary scribe might register your honour  
and renown.  
Beyond the broad Atlantic, in the regions of the setting  
sun,  
Ask of the plume-crowned Incas, that ruled in old  
Peru,—  
Ask of grand Caziques, and priests of the pyramids in  
Mexico,—  
Ask of a thousand painted tribes, high nobility of  
Nature,  
Who, once, could roam their own Elysian plains, free,  
generous, and happy,



Who, now, degraded and in exile, having sold their  
 fatherland for nought,  
 Sink and are extinguished in the western seas, even as  
 the sun they follow,—  
 Where is the record of their deeds, their prowess worthy  
 of Achilles,  
 Nestor's wisdom, the chivalry of Manlius, the native elo-  
 quence of Cicero,  
 The skill of Xenophon, the spirit of Alcibiades, the  
 firmness of a Maccabæan mother,  
 Brotherly love that Antigone might envy, the honour and  
 the fortitude of Regulus?  
 Alas, their glory and their praise have vanished like a  
 summer cloud;  
 Alas! that they are dead indeed; they are not written  
 down in the Book of the living.

High is the privilege of Authorship: I purify mine  
 office;  
 Albeit earthly stains pollute it in my hands.  
 For it is to the world a teacher and a guide, Mentor of  
 that gay Telemachus;  
 Warning, comforting, and helping,—a lover and friend  
 of Man.  
 Heaven's almoner, Earth's health, patient minister of  
 goodness,  
 With kind and zealous pen, the wise religious bless-  
 eth:  
 Nature's worshipper, and neophyte of grace, rich in  
 tender sympathies,  
 With kindled soul and flashing eye, the poet poureth out  
 his heartfelt:

Priest of truth, champion of innocence, warder of the  
gates of praise,  
Carefully with sifting search laboureth the pale his-  
torian :  
Error's enemy, and acolyte of science, firm in sober argu-  
ment,  
The calm philosopher marshalleth his facts, noting on  
his page their principles.  
These pour mercies upon men ; and others, little less in  
honour,  
By cheerful wit and graphic tale refreshing the harassed  
spirit.  
But, there be other some beside, buyers and sellers in  
the temple,  
Who shame their high vocation, greedy of inglorious  
gain ;  
There be, who fabricating books, heed of them meanly  
as of merchandise ;  
And seek nor use, nor truth, nor fame, but sell their  
minds for lucre :  
O false brethren ! ye wot indeed the labour, but are wit-  
less of the love ;  
O lying prophets, chilled in soul, unquickened by the  
life of inspiration !—  
And there be, who, frivolous and vain, seek to make  
others foolish,  
Snaring Youth by loose sweet Song, and Age by selfish  
maxim :  
Cleverly heartless, and wittily profane, they swell the  
river of corruption :  
Brilliant satellites of sin,—my soul, be not found among  
their company.

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And there be, who, haters of religion, toil to prove it  
priestcraft,

Owning none other aim nor hope, but to confound the  
good:

Woe unto them! for their works shall live; yea, to their  
utter condemnation:

Woe! for their own handwriting shall testify against  
them for ever.

Pure is the happiness of Authorship: I glorify mine  
office;

Albeit lightly having sipped the cup of its lower plea-  
sures.

For it is to feel with a father's heart, when he yearneth  
on the child of his affections;

To rejoice in a man's own miniature world, gladdened  
by its rare arrangement.

The poem, is it not a fabric of mind? we love what we  
create:

That choice and musical order,—how pleasant is the toil  
of composition!

Yea, when the volume of the universe was blazoned out  
in beauty by its Author,

God was glad, and blessed His work; for it was very  
good.

And shall not the image of his Maker be happy in his  
own mind's doing,

Looking on the structure he hath reared, gratefully with  
sweet complacency?

Shall not the Minerva of his brain, panoplied and perfect  
in proportions,

Gladden the soul and give light unto the eyes, of him  
the travailing parent?

Go to the sculptor, and ask him of his dreams,—wherefore are his nights so moonlit?

Angel faces, and beautiful shapes, fascinate the pale Pygmalion:

Go to the painter, and trace his reveries,—wherefore are his days so sunny?

Choice design and skilful colouring charm the flitting hours of Parrhasius:

Even so, walking in his buoyancy, intoxicate with fairy fancies,

The young enthusiast of authorship goeth on his way rejoicing:

Behold,—he is gallantly attended; legions of thrilling thoughts

Throng about the standard of his mind, and call his Will their captain;

Behold,—his court is as a monarch's; ideas, and grand imaginations

Swell, with gorgeous cavalcade, the splendour of his Spiritual State;

Behold,—he is delicately served: for oftentimes, in solitary calmness,

Some mental fair Egeria smileth on her Numa's worship;

Behold,—he is happy; there is gladness in his eye, and his heart is a sealed fountain,

Bounding secretly with joys unseen, and keeping down its ecstasy of pleasure!

Dea: how dignified, and worthy, full of privilege and happiness,

Standeth in majestic independence the self-ennobled Author!

For God hath blessed him with a mind, and cherished it  
in tenderness and purity,  
Hath taught it in the whisperings of wisdom, and added  
all the riches of content :  
Therefore, leaning on his God, a pensioner for soul and  
body,  
His spirit is the subject of none other, calling no man  
Master.  
His hopes are mighty and eternal, scorning small ambi-  
tions :  
He hideth from the pettiness of praise, and pitieth the  
feebleness of envy.  
If he meet honours, well ; it may be his humility to take  
them :  
If he be rebuked, better ; his veriest enemy shall teach  
him.  
For the master-mind hath a birthright of eminence ; his  
cradle is an eagle's eyrie :  
Need but to wait till his wings are grown, and Genius  
soareth to the sun :  
To creeping things upon the mountain leaveth he the  
gradual ascent,  
Resting his swiftness on the summit only for a higher  
flight.  
Glad in clear good-conscience, lightly doth he look for  
commendation ;  
What, if the prophet lacketh honour ? for he can spare  
that praise :  
The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by  
pigmyes ;  
Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humouredly :  
blame him,—thou tiltest at a pyramid :



Yet, just censure of the good never can he hear without  
 contrition ;  
 Neither would he miss one wise man's praise, for scarce  
 is that jewel and costly :  
 Only for the herd of common minds, and the vulgar  
 trumpeting of fame,  
 If aught he heedeth in the matter, his honour is sought  
 in their neglect.  
 Slender is the marvel, and little is the glory, when round  
 his luscious fruits  
 The worm and the wasp and the multitude of flies are  
 gathered as to banquet ;  
 Fashion's freak, and the critical sting, and the flood of  
 flatteries he scorneth ;  
 Cheerfully asking of the crowd the favour to forget  
 him :  
 The while his blooming fruits ripen in richer fragrance,  
 A feast for the few,—and the many yet unborn,—who  
 still shall love their savour.

So then, humbly with his God, and proudly indepen-  
 dent of his fellows,  
 Walketh, in pleasures multitudinous, the man ennobled  
 by his pen :  
 He hath built up, glorious architect, a monument more  
 durable than brass ;  
 His children's children shall talk of him in love, and  
 teach their sons his honour :  
 His dignity hath set him among princes, the universe is  
 debtor to his worth,  
 His privilege is blessing for ever, his happiness shineth  
 now,

For he standeth of that grand Election, each man one  
among a thousand,  
Whose sound is gone out into all lands, and their words  
to the end of the world !

## Of Mystery.

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All things being are in mystery ; we expound mysteries  
 by mysteries ;  
 And yet the secret of them all is one in simple grandeur :  
 All intricate, yet each path plain, to those who know the  
 way ;  
 All unapproachable, yet easy of access, to them that hold  
 the key :  
 We walk among labyrinths of wonder, but thread the  
 mazes with a clue ;  
 We sail in chartless seas, but behold ! the pole-star is  
 above us.  
 For counting down from God's good will, thou meltest  
 every riddle into Him,  
 The axiom of reason is an undiscovered God, and all  
 things live in His ubiquity :  
 There is only one great secret ; but that one hideth  
 everywhere ;

How should the infinite be understood in Time, when it stretcheth on ungrasped for ever?

Can a halting Œdipus of earth guess that enigma of the universe?

Not one: the sword of faith must cut the Gordian knot of nature.

God, pervading all, is in all things the mystery of each; The wherefore of its character and essence, the fountain of its virtues and its beauties.

The child asketh of its mother,—Wherefore is the violet so sweet?

The mother answereth her babe,—Darling, God hath willed it.

And sages, diving into science, have but a profundity of words,

They track for some few links the circling chain of consequence,

And then, after doubts and disputations, are left where they began,

At the bald conclusion of a clown, things are because they are.

Wherefore are the meadows green, is it not to gratify the eye?

But why should greenness charm the eye? such is God's good will.

Wherefore is the ear attuned to a pleasure in musical sounds,

And who set a number to those sounds, and fixed the laws of harmony?

Who taught the bird to build its nest, or lent the shrub its life,

Or poised in the balances of order the power to attract  
and to repel?  
Who continueth the worlds, and the sea, and the heart,  
in motion?  
Who commanded gravitation to tie down all upon its  
sphere?—  
For even as a limestone cliff is an aggregate of countless  
shells,  
One riddle concrete of many, a mystery compact of  
mysteries,  
So God, cloudcapped in immensity, standeth the cohe-  
sion of all things,  
And secrets, sublimely indistinct, permeate that Uni-  
verse, Himself:  
As is the whole, so are the parts, whether they be  
mighty or minute,  
The sun is not more unexplained than the tissue of an  
emmet's wing.

Thus then, omnipresent Deity worketh His unbiassed  
mind,  
A mind, one in moral, but infinitely multiplied in  
means:  
And the uniform prudence of His will cometh to be  
counted law,  
Till mutable man fancieth volition stirring in the potter's  
clay:  
God, a wise father, showeth not His reasons to His  
babes;  
But willeth in secrecy and goodness: for causes generate  
dispute:  
Then we, His darkling children, watch that invariable  
purpose,

And invest the passive creature with its Maker's energy  
and skill.

Therefore, they of old time stopped short of God in  
idols,

Therefore, in these latter days, we heed not the Jehovah  
in His works.

Mystery is God's great name; He is the mystery of  
goodness :

Some other, from the hierarchs of heaven, usurped the  
mystery of sin.

God is the King, yea, even of Himself ; He crowned Him-  
self with holiness ;

The burning circlet of iniquity another found and wore.

God is separate, even from His attributes ; but He willed  
eternally the good ;

Therefore freely, though unchangeably, is wise, righte-  
ous, and loving :

But ambition, open unto angels, saw the evil, flung aside  
from the beginning,

It was Lucifer that saw, and nothing loathed those black  
unclaimed regalia,

So he coveted and stole, to be counted for a king, an-  
tagonist of God,

But when he touched the leprous robes, behold, a  
cheated traitor.

For self-existence, charactered with love, with power,  
wisdom, and ubiquity,

Could not dwell alone, but willed and worked creation.

Thus, in continual exhalation, darkening the void with  
matter,

Sprang from prolific Deity the creatures of His skill.

And beings living on His breath, were needfully less  
 perfect than Himself,  
 Therefore less capable of bliss, whereat His benevolence  
 was bounded ;  
 So to make the capability expand, intensely progressive  
 to eternity,  
 He suffered darkness to illustrate the light, and pain to  
 heighten pleasure :  
 To heap up happiness on souls He loved, allowed He sin  
 and sorrow,  
 And then to guilt and grief and shame, He brought un-  
 bidden amnesty :  
 Sinless, none had been redeemed, nor wrapt again in  
 God :  
 Sorrowless, no conflict had been known, and Heaven  
 had been mulcted of its comfort :  
 Yea, with evil unexhibited, probationary toils unfelt,  
 Men had not appreciated good, nor angels valued their  
 security.  
 Herein, to reason's eye, is revealed the mystery of good-  
 ness  
 Blessing, through permitted woe, and teaching by the  
 mystery of sin.

☉ Christian, whose chastened curiosity loveth things  
 mysterious,  
 Accounting them shadows and eclipses of Him the one  
 great light,  
 Look now, satisfied with faith, on minds that judge by  
 sense,  
 And, dull from contemplating matter, take small heed of  
 spirit.

Toiling feebly upward, their argument tracketh from  
below,  
They catch the latest consequent, and prove the nearest  
cause :  
What is this ? that a seed produced a seed, and so for a  
thousand seasons ;  
Ascend a thousand steps, thy ladder leaveth thee in  
air :  
Thou canst not climb to God, and short of Him is  
nothing ;  
There is no cause for ought we see, but in His present  
will.  
Begin from the Maker, thou carriest down His attributes  
to reptiles,  
The sharded beetle and the lizard live and move in  
Him :  
Begin from the creature, corruption and infirmity mar  
thy foolish toil,  
Heap Ossa on Olympus, how much art thou nearer to  
the stars ?  
It is easy running from a mountain's top down to the  
valleys at its foot,  
But difficult and steep the laborious ascent, and feebly  
shalt thou reach it ;  
Yet man, beginning from himself, that first deluding  
mystery,  
Hopeth from the pit of lies to struggle up to truth ;  
So, taxing knowledge to its strength, he pusheth one  
step further,  
And fancieth complacently that much is done by reach-  
ing a remote effect :



Then he maketh answer to himself, as a self-  
little one,  
Evading, in a mist of words, hard things  
to solve;  
Till, like an ostrich in the desert, he buries  
his atoms,  
Thinking that, if he is blind, no sun  
in heaven.

Therefore cometh it to pass, that an atheist  
most credulous,  
Snatching at any foolish cause, that men  
doubt;  
And, even as it were for ridicule, a spectacle  
to angels,  
The captious and cautious unbeliever is  
the weakest to believe:  
Cut from the anchorage of God, his bark is  
at the mercy of the billows;  
The compass of his principle is broken, and  
his faith unshipped:  
Chance and Fate, in a stultified antagonism  
for him;  
Truth sprang from the conflict of falsities, and  
a multitude of accidents hath bred design:  
Where is the imposture so gross, that shall  
satisfy his curiosity?  
What superstition is so abject, that it doth  
not blush on his cheek?  
Whereof can he be sure, with whom Chaos is  
at strife for Order?

How should his silly structure stand, a pyramid built  
upon its apex?—

Yea, I have seen grey-headed men, the bastard slips of  
science,

Go for light to glow-worms, while they scorn the sun at  
noon:

Men, who fear no God, trembling at a gipsy's curse,

Men, who jest at revelation, clinging to a madman's  
prophecy!

There is a pleasing dread in the fashion of all mysteries,  
For hope is mixed therein and fear; who shall divine  
their issues?

Even the orphan, wandering by night, lost on dreary  
moors,

Is sensible of some vague bliss amidst his shapeless  
terrors;

The buoyancy of instant expectation, spurring on the  
mind to venture,

Overbeareth, in its energy, the cramp and the chill of  
apprehension.

There is a solitary pride, when the heart, in new import-  
ance,

Writeth gladly on its archives, the secrets none other  
men have seen:

And there is a caged terror, evermore wrestling with the  
mind,

When crime hath whispered his confession, and the se-  
crets are written there in blood:

The village maiden is elated at the tenderly confided tale:

The bandit's wife with sickening fear guessed the preme-  
ditated murder:

The sage, with triumph on his brow, hideth up his deep  
discovery ;  
The idlest clown shall delve all day, to find a hidden  
treasure.

For mystery is man's life ; we wake to the whisperings  
of novelty :  
And what, though we lie down disappointed ? we sleep,  
to wake in hope.  
The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes,  
matters that may happen,  
Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of  
mystery.  
For we walk blindfold,—and a minute may be much,—  
a step may reach the precipice ;  
What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this  
day produce ?  
Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and  
ravines,  
How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty  
and sublimity :  
And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and  
fears,  
How flat the prospect of existence ; mapped by intuitive  
foreknowledge.  
Praise God, creatures of earth, for the mercies linked  
with secresy,  
That spices of uncertainty enrich the cup of life ;  
Praise God, his hosts on high, for the mysteries that  
make all joy ;  
What were intelligence, with nothing more to learn, or  
heaven, in eternity of sameness ?

To number every mystery were to sum the sum of all things:

None can exhaust a theme, whereof God is example and similitude.

Nevertheless, take a garland from the garden, a handful from the harvest,

Some scattered drops of spray from the ceaseless mighty cataract.

Whence are we,—whither do we tend,—how do we feel, and reason?

How strange a thing is man, a spirit saturating clay!

When doth soul make embryos immortal,—how do they rank hereafter,—

And will the unconscious idiot be quenched in death as nothing?

In essence immaterial, are these minds, as it were, thinking machines?

For, to understand may but rightly be to use a mechanism all possess,

So that in reading or hearing of another, a man shall seem unto himself

To be recollecting images or arguments, native and congenial to his mind:

And yet, what shall we say,—who can arede the riddle?

The brain may be clockwork, and mind its spring, mechanism quickened by a spirit.

Who so shrewd as rightly to divide life, instinct, reason;

Trees, zoophytes, creatures of the plain, and savage men among them?

Hath the mimosa instinct,—or the scallop more ~~than~~  
life,—

Or the dog less than reason,—or the brute-man more  
than instinct?

What is the cause of health,—and the gendering of  
disease?

Why should arsenic kill, and whence is the potency of  
antidotes?

Behold, a morsel,—eat and die; the term of thy proba-  
tion is expired:

Behold, a potion,—drink and be alive; the limits of thy  
trial is enlarged.

Who can expound beauty? or explain the character of  
nations?

Who will furnish a cause for the epidemic force of  
fashion?

Is there a moral magnetism living in the light of ex-  
ample?

Is practice electricity?—Yet all these are but names.

Doth normal Art imprison, in its works, spirit translated  
into substance,

So that the statue, the picture, or the poem, are crystals  
of the mind?

And doth Philosophy with sublimating skill shred away  
the matter,

Till rarefied intelligence exudeth even out of stocks and  
stones?

⊕ mysteries, ye all are one, the mind of an inexplicable  
Architect

Dwelleth alike in each, quickening and moving in them  
all.

Fields, and forests, and cities of men, their woes and  
wealth and works,  
And customs, and contrivances of life, with all we see  
and know,  
For a little way, a little while, ye hang dependent on  
each other,  
But all are held in one right-hand, and by His will ye  
are.  
Here is an answer unto mystery, an unintelligible God,  
This is the end and the beginning, it is reason that He  
be not understood.  
Therefore it were probable and just, even to a man's  
weak thinking,  
To have one for God who always may be learnt, yet  
never fully known :  
That He, from whom all mysteries spring, in whom they  
all converge,  
Throned in His sublimity beyond the grovellings of lower  
intellect,  
Should claim to be truer than man's truest, the boasted  
certainty of numbers,  
Should baffle his arithmetic, confound his demonstrations,  
and paralyse the might of his necessity,  
Standing supreme as the mystery of mysteries, every-  
where, yet impersonate,  
Essential One in three, essential Three in one !

## Of Gifts.

---

**I** had a seeming friend ;—I gave him gifts, and he was gone :

I had an open enemy ;—I gave him gifts, and won him :  
Common friendship standeth on equalities, and cannot  
bear a debt ;

But the very heart of hate melteth at a good man's  
love :

Go to, then, thou that sayest,—I will give and rivet the  
links :

For pride shall kick at obligation, and push the giver  
from him.

The covetous spirit may rejoice, revelling in thy  
largess,

But chilling selfishness will mutter,—I must give  
again :

The vain heart may be glad, in this new proof of man's  
esteem,

But the same idolatry of self abhorreth thoughts of  
thanking.

Nevertheless, give ; for it shall be a discriminating test  
Separating honesty from falsehood, weeding insincerity  
from friendship.

Give, it is like God ; thou weariest the bad with  
benefits :

Give, it is like God ; thou gladdenest the good by grati-  
tude.

Give to thy near of kin, for providence hath stationed  
thee his helper :

Yet see that he claim not as his right, thy freewill offer-  
ing of duty.

Give to the young, they love it ; neither hath the poison  
of suspicion

Spoilt the flavour of their thanks, to look for latent  
motives.

Give to merit, largely give ; his conscious heart will  
bless thee :

It is not flattery, but love,—the sympathy of men his  
brethren.

Give, for encouragement in good ; the weak desponding  
mind

Hath many foes, and much to do, and leaneth on its  
friends.

Yet heed thou wisely these ; give seldom to thy  
better ;

For such obtrusive boon shall savour of presumption ;

Or, if his courteous bearing greet thy proffered kind-  
ness,

Shall not thine independent honesty be vexed at the  
semblance of a bribe ?

Moreover heed thou this ; give to thine equal charily,

The occasion fair and fitting, the gift well chosen and  
desired :



Hath he been prosperous and blest? a flower may show  
thy gladness ;

Is he in need? with liberal love, tender him the well  
filled purse :

Disease shall welcome friendly care in grapes and pre-  
cious unguents ;

And where a darling child hath died, give praise, and  
hope, and sympathy.

Yet once more, heed thou this ; give to the poor dis-  
creetly,

Nor suffer idle sloth to lean upon thy charitable arm :

To diligence give, as to an equal, on just and fit occa-  
sion ;

Or he bartereth his hard-earned self-reliance for the  
casual lottery of gifts.

The timely loan hath added nerve, where easy liberality  
would palsy ;

Work and wages make a light heart ; but the mendicant  
asked with a heavy spirit.

A man's own self-respect is worth unto him more than  
money,

And evil is the charity that humbleth, and maketh man  
less happy.

There are who sow liberalities, to reap the like again ;

But men accept his boon, scorning the shallow usurer :

I have known many such a fisherman lose his golden  
baits ;

And oftentimes the tame decoy escapeth with the flock.

Yea, there are who give unto the poor, to gain large in-  
terest of God,—

Feel—to think His wealth is money, and not mind :

And haply after thine alms, thy calculated givings,  
The hurricane shall blast thy crops, and sink the home-  
ward ship ;  
Then shall thy worldly soul murmur that the balances  
were false,  
Thy trader's mind shall think of God,—He stood not to  
His bargain !

Give, saith the preacher, be large in liberality, yield to  
the holy impulse,  
Tarry not for cold consideration, but cheerfully and  
freely scatter.  
So, for complacency of conscience, in a gush of counter-  
feited charity,  
He that hath not wherewith to be just, selfishly pre-  
sumeth to be generous :  
The debtor, and the rich by wrong, are known among  
the band of the benevolent ;  
And men extol the noble hearts, who rob that they may  
give.  
Receivers are but little prone to challenge rights of  
giving,  
Nor stop to test, for conscience' sake, the righteousness  
of mammon :  
And the zealot in a cause is a receiver, at the hand which  
bettereth his cause ;  
And thus an unsuspected bribe shall blind the good  
man's judgment :  
It is easy to excuse greatness, and the rich are readily  
forgiven :  
What, if his gains were evil, sanctified by using them  
aright ?

O shallow flatterer, self-interest is thy thought,  
Hopeless of partaking in the like, thou too wouldst  
scorn the giver.

Money hath its value; and the scatterer thereof his  
thanks :

Few men, drinking at a rivulet, stop to consider its  
source.

The hand that closeth on an alm, be it for necessities or  
zeal,

Hath small scruple whence it came : Vespasian rejoiceth  
in his tribute.

Therefore have colleges and hospitals risen upon  
orphans' wrongs,

Chapels and cathedrals have thriven on the welcome  
wages of iniquity,

And fraud, in evil compensation, hath salved his guilty  
conscience,

Not by restoring to the cheated, but by ostentatious  
giving to the grateful.

So, those who reap rejoice; and reaping, bless the  
sower :

No one is eager to discover, where discovery tendeth  
unto loss :

Yet, if knowledge of a theft make gainers thereby  
guilty,

Can he be altogether innocent, who never asked the  
honesty of gain ?

Therefore, O preacher, zealous for charity, temper thy  
warm appeal,—

Warning the debtor and unjustly rich, they may not dare  
to give :

To do good is a privilege and guerdon : how shouldest  
thou rejoice

If ill-got gifts of presumptuous fraud be offered on the  
altar ?

The question is not of degrees ; unhallowed alms are  
evil ;

Discourage and reject alike the obolus, or talent of  
iniquity.

Yet more, be careful that, unworthily, thou gain not an  
advantage over weakness,

Unstable souls, fervent and profuse, fluttered by the  
feeling of the moment ;

For eloquence swayeth to its will the feeble and the  
conscious of defect :

Rashly give they, and afterward are sad,—a gift that  
doubly erred.

It was the worldliness of priestcraft that accounted alms-  
giving for charity ;

And many a father's penitence hath steeped his son in  
penury ;

Yet, considered he lightly the guilt of a death-bed selfish-  
ness

That strove to take with him, for gain, the gold no  
longer his ;

So he died in a false peace, and dying robbed his kin-  
dred ;

The cunning friar at his side having cheated both the  
living and the dead.

Charity sitteth on a fair hill-top, blessing far and near,  
But her garments drop ambrosia, chiefly, on the violets  
around her :  
She gladdeneth indeed the maplike scene, stretching to  
the verge of the horizon,  
For her angel face is lustrous and beloved, even as the  
moon in heaven :  
But the light of that beatific vision gloweth in serener  
concentration  
The nearer to her heart, and nearer to her home,—that  
hill-top where she sitteth :  
Therefore is she kind unto her kin, yearning in affection  
on her neighbours,  
Giving gifts to those around, who know and love her  
well.  
But the counterfeit of charity, an hypocrite of earth, not  
a grace of heaven,  
Seeketh not to bless at home, for her nearer aspect is  
ill-favoured :  
Therefore hideth she for shame, counting that pride  
humility,  
And none of those around her hearth are gladdened by  
her gifts :  
Rather, with an overreaching zeal, flingeth she her  
bounty to the stranger,  
And scattered prodigalities abroad compensate for mean-  
ness in her home :  
For benefits showered on the distant shine in unmixed  
beauty,  
So that even she may reap their undiscerning praise :  
Therefore native want hath pined, where foreign need was  
fattened ;

Woman been crushed by the tyrannous hand that upheld  
the flag of liberality ;  
Poverty been prisoned up and starved, by hearts that  
are maudlin upon crime ;  
And freeborn babes been manacled by men, who liberate  
the sturdy slave.

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in season,  
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the in-  
fluence of gifts.  
The lover, unsmiled upon before, is welcome for his  
jewelled bauble ;  
The righteous cause without a fee, must yield to boun-  
teous guilt :  
How fair is a man in thine esteem, whose just discrimi-  
nation seeketh thee,  
And so, discerning merit, honoureth it with gifts !  
Yea, let the cause appear sufficient, and the motive  
clear and unsuspecting,  
As given unto one who cannot help, or proving honest  
thanks,  
There liveth not one among a million, who is proof  
against the charm of liberality,  
And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with the  
wisest.

Man is of three natures, craving all for charity ;  
It is not enough to give him meats, withholding other  
comfort ;  
For the mind starveth, and the soul is scorned, and so  
the human animal

Eateth his unsatisfying pittance, a thankless, heartless  
pauper :

Yet would he bless thee and be grateful, didst thou feed  
his spirit,

And teach him that thine almsgivings are charities, are  
loves :

—I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied  
him ;

Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt  
happier :

Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and  
gaiety ;

They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the  
gallants flung him gold ;

He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their giv-  
ings with a curse,

And went—to share it with his brother, the beggar who  
had pitied him

## Of Beauty.

---

Thou mightier than Manoa's son, whence is thy great  
strength,

And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charm-  
ing wisely?—

For thou art strong in weakness, and in artlessness well-  
skilled,

Constant in the multitude of change, and simple amidst  
intricate complexity.

Folly's shallow lip can ask the deepest question,  
And many wise in many words should answer, what is  
beauty?—

Who shall separate the hues that flicker on a dying  
dolphin,

Or analyse the jewelled lights that deck the peacock's  
train,

Or shrewdly mix upon a pallette the tints of an irides-  
cent spar,

Or set in rank the wandering shades about a watered  
silk?



For beauty is intangible, vague, ill to be defined ;  
She hath the coat of a chameleon, changing while we  
watch it.

Strangely woven is the web, disorderly yet harmonious,  
A glistening robe of mingled mesh, that may not be un-  
ravelled.

It is shot with heaven's blue, the soul of summer skies,  
And twisted strings of light, the mind of noonday suns,  
And ruddy gleams of life, that roll along the veins,  
A coat of many colours, running curiously together.  
There is threefold beauty for man ; twofold beauty for  
the animal ;

And the beauty of inanimates is single : body, temper,  
spirit.

Multiplied in endless combination, issue the changeable  
results ;

Each class verging on the other twain, with impercept-  
ible gradation ;

And every individual in each having his propriety of  
difference,

So that the meanest of creation bringeth in a tribute of  
the beautiful.

Yea, from the worst in favour shineth out a fitness of  
design,

The patent mark of beauty, its Maker's name im-  
prest.

For the great Creator's seal is set to all His works ;  
Its quarterings are Attributes of praise, and all the shield  
is Beauty :

So, that heraldic blazon is Creation's common signet ;  
And the universal family of life goeth in the colours of  
its Lord :

But each one, as a several son, shall bear those arms  
with a difference :

Beauty, various in phase, and similar in seeming oppo-  
sitions.

The coins of old Rome were struck with a diversity for  
each,

Barely two be found alike, in every Cæsar's image :

So, note thou the seals, ranged around the charters of  
the Universe,

The finger of God is the stamp upon them all, but each  
hath its separate variety.

Beauty, theme of innocence, how may guilt discourse  
thee?

Let holy angels sing thy praise, for man hath marred thy  
visage.

Still the maimed torso of a Theseus can gladden taste  
with its proportions ;

Though sin hath shattered every limb, how comely are  
the fragments !

And music leaveth on the ear a memory of sweet  
sounds ;

And broken arches charm the sight with hints of fair  
completeness.

So, while humbled at the ruin, be thou grateful for the  
relics :

Go forth, and look on all around with kind uncaptious  
eye :

Freely let us wander through these unfrequented ways,  
And talk of glorious beauty filling all the world.

For beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may  
seek her,

And having found the gem of price, may set it in God's  
crown.

Beauty nestleth in the rosebud, or walketh the firmament  
with planets,

She is heard in the beetle's evening hymn, and shouteth  
in the matins of the sun ;

The cheek of the peach is glowing with her smile, her  
splendour blazeth in the lightning,

She is the dryad of the woods, the naiad of the streams ;  
Her golden hair hath tapestried the silkworm's silent  
chamber,

And to her measured harmonies the wild waves beat in  
time ;

With tinkling feet at eventide she danceth in the mea-  
dow,

Or, like a Titan, lieth stretched athwart the ridgy  
Alps ;

She is rising, in her veil of mist, a Venus from the  
waters,—

Men gaze upon the loveliness,—and lo, it is beautiful  
exceedingly ;

She, with the might of a Briareus, is dragging down the  
clouds upon the mountain,—

Men look upon the grandeur,—and lo, it is excellent in  
glory.

For I judge that beauty and sublimity be but the lesser  
and the great,

Sublime, as magnified to giants, and beautiful, diminished  
into fairies.

It were a false fancy to solve all beauty by desire,

It were a lowering thought to expound sublimity by  
dread.


Cowardly men with trembling hearts have feared the  
furious storm,  
Nor felt its thrilling beauty; but is it then not beautiful?  
And careless men, at summer's eve, have loved the dimpled waves;  
O that smile upon the seas,—hath it no sublimity?  
Dost thou nothing know of this,—to be awed at woman's beauty?  
Nor, with exhilarated heart, to hail the crashing thunder?  
Thou hast much to learn, that never found a fearfulness  
in flowers;  
'Thou hast missed of joy, that never basked in beauties  
of the terrible.

Show me an enthusiast in aught; he hath noted one  
thing narrowly,  
And lo, his keenness hath detected the one dear hiding-place of beauty:  
Then he boasteth, simple soul, flattered by discovery,  
Fancying that no science else can show so fair and precious:  
He hath found a ray of light, and cherisheth the treasure  
in his closet,  
Mocking at those larger minds, that bathe in floods of  
noon;  
Lo, what a jewel hath he gotten,—this is the monopolist  
of beauty,—  
And lightly heeding all beside, he poured his yearnings  
thitherward:  
Be it for love, or for learning, habit, art, or nature,

Exclusive thought is all the cause of this particular zeal.  
But the like intensity of fitness, kind and skilful beauty,  
So pleasant to his mind in one thing, filleth all beside :  
From the waking minute of a chrysalis, to the perfect  
    cycle of chronology,  
From the centipede's jointed armour, to the mammoth's  
    fossil ribs,  
From the kingfisher's shrill note, to the cataract's thun-  
    dering bass,  
From the greensward's grateful hues, to the fascinating  
    eye of woman,  
Beauty, various in all things, setteth up her home in  
    each,  
Shedding graciously around an omnipresent smile.

There is beauty in the rolling clouds, and placid shingle  
    beach,  
In feathery snows, and whistling winds, and dun electric  
    skies ;  
There is beauty in the rounded woods, dank with heavy  
    foliage,  
In laughing fields, and dinted hills, the valley and its  
    lake ;  
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliffs,  
    beauty in sun and shade,  
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains,—the earth is  
    drowned in beauty.

Beauty coileth with the watersnake, and is cradled in the  
    shrewmouse's nest,  
She fitteth out with evening bats, and the soft mole hid  
    her in his tunnel ;



The limpet is encamped upon the shore, and beauty not  
a stranger to his tent ;

The silvery dace and golden carp thread the rushes with  
her :

She saileth into clouds with an eagle, she fluttereth into  
tulips with a humming bird ;

The pasturing kine are of her company, and she prowleth  
with the leopard in his jungle.

Moreover, for the reasonable world, its words, and acts,  
and speculations,

For frail and fallen manhood, in his every work and  
way,

Beauty, wrecked and stricken, lingereth still among us,  
And morsels of that shattered sun are dropt upon the  
darkness.

Yea, with savages and boors, the mean, the cruel, and  
besotted,

Ever in extenuating grace hide some relics of the beau-  
tiful.

Gleams of kindness, deeds of courage, patience, justice,  
generosity,

Truth welcomed, knowledge prized, rebukes taken with  
contrition,

All, in various measure, have been blest with some of  
these,

And never yet hath lived the man utterly beggared of  
the beautiful.

Beauty is as crystal in the torchlight, sparkling on the  
poet's page ;

Virgin honey of Hymettus, distilled from the lips of the orator ;

A savour of sweet spikenard, anointing the hands of liberality ;

A feast of angels' food set upon the tables of religion.

She is seen in the tear of sorrow, and heard in the exuberance of mirth ;

She goeth out early with the huntsman, and watcheth at the pillow of disease.

Science in his secret laws hath found out latent beauty, Sphere and square, and cone and curve, are fashioned by her rules :

Mechanism met her in his forces, fancy caught her in its flittings,

Day is lightened by her eyes, and her eyelids close upon the night.

Beauty is dependence in the babe, a toothless tender nurseling ;

Beauty is boldness in the boy, a curly rosy truant ;

Beauty is modesty and grace in fair retiring girlhood,

Beauty is openness and strength in pure high-minded youth ;

Man, the noble and intelligent, gladdeneth earth in beauty,

And woman's beauty sunneth him, as with a smile from heaven.

There is none enchantment against beauty, Magician for all time,

Whose potent spells of sympathy have charmed the passive world :

Verily, she reigneth a Semiramis; there is no might  
against her;  
The lords of every land are harnessed to her triumph.  
Beauty is conqueror of all, nor ever yet was found among  
the nations  
That iron-moulded mind, full proof against her power.  
Beauty, like a summer's day, subdueth by sweet influ-  
ences;  
Who can wrestle against Sleep?—yet is that giant, very  
gentleness.

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him  
single-handed;  
Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia:  
Light were the labour, and often-told the tale, to count  
the victories of beauty,—  
Helen, and Judith, and Omphale, and Thais, many a  
trophyed name.  
At a glance the misanthrope was softened, and repented  
of his vows,  
When beauty asked, he gave, and banned her—with a  
blessing;  
The cold ascetic loved the smile that lit his dismal cell,  
And kindly stayed her step, and wept when she de-  
parted:  
The bigot abbess felt her heart gush with a mother's  
feeling,  
When looking on some lovely face beneath the cloister's  
shade;  
Usury freed her without ransom; the buccaneer was  
gentle in her presence;  
Madness kissed her on the cheek, and Idiocy brightened  
at her coming:



Yea, the very cattle in the field, and hungry prowlers of  
the forest

With fawning homage greeted her, as Beauty glided by.  
A welcome guest unbidden, she is dear to every hearth ;  
A glad spontaneous growth of friends is springing round  
her rest :

Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboureth to  
please her,

Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dullness  
gloweth ;

Prudence is rash in her defence ; Frugality filleth her  
with riches ;

Despair came to her for counsel ; and Bereavement was  
glad when she consoled ;

Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating  
beauty,

And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's  
sin.

**F**or beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying  
every absence,

The rich delirious cup to make all else forgotten :

She also is the zest unto all things, enhancing every pre-  
sence,

The rare and precious ambergris, to quicken each per-  
fume.

O beauty, thou art eloquent ; yea, though slow of  
tongue,

Thy breast, fair Phryne, pleaded well before the dazzled  
judge :

O beauty, thou art wise ; yea, though teaching falsely,  
Sages listen, sweet Corinna, to commend thy lips ;

O beauty, thou art ruler ; yea, though lowly as a slave,  
Myrrha, that imperial brow is monarch of thy lord ;  
O beauty, thou art winner ; yea, though halting in the  
    race,  
Hippodame, Camilla, Atalanta,—in gracefulness, ye fascinate  
    your umpires ;  
O beauty, thou art rich ; yea, though clad in russet,  
Attalus cannot boast his gold against the wealth of  
    beauty ;  
O beauty, thou art noble ; yea, though Esther be an  
    exile,  
Set her up on high, ye kings, and bow before the majesty  
    of beauty !

Friend and scholar, who, in charity, hast walked with me  
    thus far,  
We have wandered in a wilderness of sweets, tracking  
    beauty's footsteps :  
And ever as we rambled on among the tangled thicket,  
Many a startled thought hath tempted further roaming :  
Passion, sympathetic influence, might of imaginary  
    haloes,—  
Many the like would lure aside, to hunt their wayward  
    themes.  
And, look you,—from his ferny bed in yonder hazel  
    coppice,  
A dappled hart hath flung aside the boughs and broke  
    away ;  
He is fleet and capricious as the zephyr, and with exulting  
    bounds  
Hieth down a turfy lane between the sounding woods ;  
His neck is garlanded with flowers, his antlers hung  
    with chaplets,

And rainbow-coloured ribbons stream adown his mottled  
flanks :

Should we follow?—foolish hunters, thus to chase  
afoot,—

Who can track the airy speed and doubling wiles of  
Taste?

For the estimates of human beauty, dependent upon  
time and clime,

Manifold and changeable, are multiplied the more by  
strange gregarious fashion :

And notable ensamples in the great turn to epidemics  
in the lower,

So that a nation's taste shall vary with its rulers.

Stern Egypt, humbled to the Greek, fancied softer idols,  
Greece, the Roman province, nigh forgot her classic  
sculpture ;

Rome, crushed beneath the Goth, loved his barbarian  
habits,

And Alaric, with his ruffian horde, is tamed by silken  
Rome.

Columbia's flattened head, and China's crumpled feet,—  
The civilized tapering waist,—and the pendulous ears of  
the savage,—

The swollen throat among the mountains, and an ebon  
skin beneath the tropics,—

These shall all be reckoned beauty: and for weighty  
cause.

First, for the latter: Providence in mercy tempereth  
taste by circumstance,

So that Nature's must shall hit her creature's liking ;

Second, for the middle: though the foolishness of vanity  
seek to mar proportion,

Still, defects in those we love shall soon be counted  
praise ;

Third, for the first : a chief, and a princess, maimed or  
distorted from the cradle,

Shall coax the flattery of slaves to imitate the great in  
their deformity :

Hence groweth habit : and habits make a taste,  
And so shall servile zeal deface the types of beauty.

Whiles Alexander conquered, crookedness was comely :  
And followers learn to praise the scars upon their leader's  
brow.

Youth hath sought to flatter age by mimicking grey  
hairs ;

Age plastereth her wrinkles, and is painted in the ruddi-  
ness of Youth.

Fashion, the parasite of Rank, apeth faults and failings,  
Until the general Taste depraved hath warped its sense  
of beauty.

Each man hath a measure for himself, yet all shall coin-  
cide in much ;

A perfect form of human grace would captivate the  
world :

Be it manhood's lustre, or the loveliness of woman, all  
would own its beauty,

The Caffre and Circassian, Russians and Hindoos, the  
Briton, the Turk, and Japanese.

Not all alike, nor all at once, but each in proportion to  
intelligence,

His purer state in morals, and a lesser grade in guilt :  
For the high standard of the beautiful is fixed in Rea-  
son's forum,

And sins, and customs, and caprice, have failed to break  
it down :

And reason's standard for the creature pointeth three  
perfections,

Frame, knowledge, and the feeling heart, well and kindly  
mingled :

A fair dwelling, furnished wisely, with a gentle tenant  
in it,

This is the glory of humanity: thou hast seen it seldom.

There is a beauty for the body ; the superficial polish of  
a statue,

The symmetry of form and feature delicately carved and  
painted.

How bright in early bloom the Georgian sitteth at her  
lattice,

How softened off in graceful curves her young and gentle  
shape :

Those dark eyes, lit by curiosity, flash beneath the  
lashes,

And still her velvet cheek is dimpled with a smile.

Dost thou count her beautiful?—even as a mere fair  
figure,

A plastic image, little more,—the outer garb of woman :

Yea,—and thus far it is well ; but Reason's hopes are  
higher,—

Can he sate his soul on a scantling third of beauty?

Yet is this the pleasing trickery, that cheateth half the  
world,

Nature's wise deceit to make up waste in life ;

And few be they that rest uncaught, for many a twig is  
limed ;

Where is the wise among a million, that took not form  
for beauty ?

But watch it well : for vanity and sin, malice, hate, sus-  
picion,

Louring as clouds upon the countenance, will disen-  
chant its charms.

The needful complexity of beauty claimeth mind and  
soul,

Though many coins of foul alloy pass current for the  
true :

And albeit fairness in the creature shall often co-exist  
with excellence,

Yet hath many an angel shape been tenanted by fiends.

A man, spiritually keen, shall detect in surface beauty

Those marring specks of evil which the sensual cannot  
see ;

Therefore is he proof against a face, unlovely to his  
likings,

And common minds shall scorn the taste, that shrunk  
from sin's distortion.

There is a beauty for the reason ; grandly independent  
of externals,

It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in  
the man triumphant.

I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen  
dwarf

Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of  
mind :

Who then imagined him deformed ? intelligence is blaz-  
ing on his forehead,

There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and  
 his brown cheek glittereth with beauty :  
 And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnish'd  
 paragon of chamberers,  
 Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the master-piece  
 of Phidias,—  
 Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching  
 to the dwarf,  
 Whilst his lovers scorn the fool, whose beauty hath de-  
 parted !

And there is a beauty for the spirit ; mind in its perfect  
 flowering,  
 Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of love and blessed.  
 Go to some squalid couch, some famishing death-bed  
 of the poor ;  
 He is shrunken, cadaverous, diseased ;—there is here no  
 beauty of the body :  
 Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the  
 streams of science,  
 He is of the common herd, illiterate ;—there is here no  
 beauty of the reason :  
 But lo ! his filming eye is bright with love from heaven,  
 In every look it beameth praise, as worshipping with  
 seraphs ;  
 What honeycomb is hived upon his lips eloquent of  
 gratitude and prayer,—  
 What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow,  
 What glory flickering transparent under those thin  
 cheeks,—  
 What beauty in his face !—Is it not the face of an  
 angel ?

Now, of these three, infinitely mingled and combined,  
Consisteth human beauty, in all the marvels of its might-  
ness :

And forth from human beauty springeth the intensity of  
Love ;

Feeling, thought, desire, the three deep fountains of  
affection.

Son of Adam, or daughter of Eve, art thou trapped by  
nature,

And is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of  
beauty ?

This is but a lower love ; still it hath its honour ;

What God hath made and meant to charm, let not man  
despise.

Nevertheless, as reason's child, look thou wisely farther,  
For age, disease, and care, and sin, shall tarnish all the  
surface :

Reach a loftier love : be lured by the comeliuiness of  
mind,—

Gentle, kind, and calm, or lustrous in the livery of know-  
ledge :

And more, there is a higher grade ; force the mind to its  
perfection,—

Win those golden trophies of consummate love :

Add unto riches of the reason, and a beauty moulded to  
thy liking,

The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a  
soul ;

Thus, be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and  
heaven,

Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.



So then, draw we to an end ; with feeble step and faltering,  
 I follow Beauty through the universe, and find her home  
 Ubiquity ;  
 In all that God hath made, in all that man hath marred,  
 Lingereth beauty, or its wreck, a broken mould and castings.  
 And now, having wandered long time, freely and with desultory feet,  
 To gather in the garden of the world a few fair sample flowers,  
 With patient scrutinizing care let us cull the conclusion  
 of their essence,  
 And answer to the riddle of Zorobabel, Whence the  
 might of beauty ?

Ugliness is native unto nothing, but an attribute of concrete evil ;  
 In everything created, at its worst, lurk the dregs of loveliness :  
 We be fallen into utter depths, yet once we stood sublime,  
 For man was made in perfect praise, his Maker's comely image :  
 And so his new-born ill is spiced with older good,  
 He carrieth with him, yea to crime, the withered limbs of beauty.  
 Passions may be crooked generousities ; the robber steal-eth for his children ;  
 Murder was avenger of the innocent, or wiped out shame with blood.  
 Many virtues, weighted by excess, sink among the vices ;

Many vices, amicably buoyed, float among the virtues.  
For, albeit sin is hate, a foul and bitter turpitude,  
As hurling back against the Giver all His gifts with insult,  
Still when concrete in the sinner, it will seem to partake  
of his attractions,  
And in seductive masquerade shall cloak its leprous skin ;  
His broken lights of beauty shall illumine its utter black,  
And those refracted rays glitter on the hunch of its deformity.

Verily the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,  
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating licence,) That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,  
When, guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,  
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,  
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god, to satisfy its longing ;  
As if the sucking babe, tenderly mindful of his mother, Should pull a dragon's dugs, and drain the teats of poison.  
Our primal source was beauty, and we pant for it ever and again ;  
But sin hath stopped the way with thorns ; we turn aside, wander, and are lost.

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,  
And every child of reason drew his essence from that  
stem.

Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for  
home,

A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit  
flowed,

That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these  
darkened souls

In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal  
beauty,

And, even like as exiles of idolatry, should quaff from  
the cisterns of creation

Stagnant draughts, for those fresh springs that rise in  
the Creator.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite  
is warped,

And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pol-  
lutions :

Impulse is left, but indiscriminate ; his hunger feasteth  
upon carrion :

His natural love of beauty doateth over beauty in decay.  
He still thirsteth for the beautiful ; but his delicate ideal  
hath grown gross,

And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from  
affection into passion.

He remembereth the blessedness of light, but it is with  
an old man's memory,

A blind old man from infancy, that once hath seen the  
sun,

Whom long experience of night hath darkened in his  
cradle recollections,

Until his brightest thought of noon is but a shade of  
black.

This then is thy charm, O beauty all pervading ;  
And this thy wondrous strength, O beauty, conqueror of  
all :

The outline of our shadowy best, the pure and comely  
creature,

That winneth on the conscience with a saddening ad-  
miration :

And some untutored thirst for God, the root of every  
pleasure,

Native to creatures, yea in ruin, and dating from the  
birthday of the soul.

For God sealeth up the sum, confirmed exemplar of pro-  
portions,

Rich in love, full of wisdom, and perfect in the plenitude  
of Beauty.

## Of Fame.

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Blow the trumpet, spread the wing, fling thy scroll upon  
 the sky,  
 Rouse the slumbering world, O Fame, and fill the sphere  
 with echo !  
 —Beneath thy blast they wake, and murmurs come  
 hoarsely on the wind,  
 And flashing eyes and bristling hands proclaim they  
 hear thy message :  
 Rolling and surging as a sea, that upturned flood of  
 faces  
 Hasteneth with its million tongues to spread the won-  
 drous tale;  
 The hum of added voices groweth to the roaring of a  
 cataract,  
 And rapidly from wave to wave is tossed that exaggerated  
 story,  
 Until those stunning clamours, gradually diluted in the  
 distance,

**S**ink ashamed, and shrink afraid of noise, and die away.  
**T**hen brooding Silence, forth from his hollow caverns,  
**C**loaked and cowed, and gliding along, a cold and  
stealthy shadow,  
**O**nce more is mingled with the multitude, whispering as  
he walketh,  
**A**nd hushing all their eager ears, to hear some newer  
Fame.

**S**o all is still again ; but nothing of the past hath been  
forgotten ;  
A stirring recollection of the trumpet ringeth in the  
hearts of men :  
And each one, either envious or admiring, hath wished  
the chance were his  
To fill as thus the startled world with fame, or fear, or  
wonder.  
This lit thy torch of sacrilege, Ephesian Eratostra-  
tus ;  
This dug thy living grave, Pythagoras, the traveller from  
Hadës ;  
For this, dived Empedocles into Etna's fiery whirlpool ;  
For this conquerors, regicides, and rebels, have dared  
their perilous crimes.  
In all men, from the monarch to the menial, lurketh lust  
of fame ;  
The savage and the sage alike regard their labours  
proudly :  
Yea, in death, the glazing eye is illumined by the hope  
of reputation,  
And the stricken warrior is glad, that his wounds are  
salved with glory.

For fame is a sweet self-homage, an offering grateful to  
the idol,  
A spiritual nectar for the spiritual thirst, a mental food  
for mind,  
A pregnant evidence to all of an after immaterial existence,  
A proof that soul is scathless, when its dwelling is dissolved.  
And the manifold pleasures of fame are sought by the  
guilty and the good :  
Pleasures, various in kind, and spiced to every palate :  
The thoughtful loveth fame as an earnest of better immortality,  
The industrious and deserving, as a symbol of just appreciation,  
The selfish, as a promise of advancement, at least to a  
man's own kin,  
And common minds, as a flattering fact that men have  
been told of their existence.

There is a blameless love of fame, springing from desire  
of justice,  
When a man hath featly won and fairly claimed his  
honours :  
And then fame cometh as encouragement to the inward  
consciousness of merit,  
Gladdening by the kindliness and thanks, wherewithal  
his labours are rewarded.  
But there is a sordid imitation, a feverish thirst for  
notoriety,  
Waiting upon vanity and sloth, and utterly regardless of  
deserving :

---

And then fame cometh as a curse; the fire-damp is gathered in the mine :

The soul is-swelled with poisonous air, and a spark of temptation shall explode it.

Idle causes, noised awhile, shall yield most active consequents,

And therefore it were ill upon occasion to scorn the voice of rumour.

Ye have seen the chemist in his art mingle invisible gases,

And lo, the product is a substance, a heavy dark precipitate :

Even so fame, hurtling on the quiet with many meeting tongues,

Can out of nothing bring forth fruits, and blossom on a nourishment of air.

For many have earned honour, and thereby rank and riches,

From false and fleeting tales, some casual mere mistake ;

And many have been wrecked upon disgrace, and have struggled with poverty and scorn,

From envious hints and ill reports, the slanders cast on innocence.

Whom may not scandal hit ? those shafts are shot at a venture :

Who standeth not in danger of suspicion ? that net hath caught the noblest.

Cæsar's wife was spotless, but a martyr to false fame ;

And Rumour, in temporary things, is gigantic as a ruin or a remedy :



Many poor and many rich have testified its popular  
omnipotence,  
And many a panic-stricken army hath perished with the  
host of the Assyrians.

Nevertheless, if opportunity be nought, let a man bide  
his time ;

So the matter be not merchandize nor conquest, fear  
thou less for character.

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer ;  
Yea, rather give him licence for awhile ; it shall help  
thine honour afterward :

Never yet was calumny engendered, but good men  
speedily discerned it,

And innocence hath burst from its injustice, as the green  
world rolling out of Chaos.

What, though still the wicked scoff,—this also turneth  
to his praise ;

Did ye never hear that censure of the bad is buttress to  
a good man's glory ?

What, if the ignorant still hold out, obstinate in unkind  
judgment,—

Ignorance and calumny are paired ; we affirm by two  
negations :

Let them stand round about, pushing at the column in  
a circle,

For all their toil and wasted strength, the foolish do but  
prop it.

And note thou this ; in the secret of their hearts, they  
feel the taunt is false,

And cannot help but reverence the courage, that walketh  
amid calumnies unanswering :

**H**e standeth as a gallant chief, unheeding shot or shell;  
**H**e trusted in God his Judge: neither arrows nor the  
pestilence shall harm him.

**A** high heart is a sacrifice to Heaven; should it stoop  
among the creepers in the dust,

**T**o tell them that what God approved, is worthy of  
their praise?

**N**ever shall it heed the thought; but flaming on in  
triumph to the skies,

**A**nd quite forgetting fame, shall find it added as a  
trophy.

**A** great mind is an altar on a hill: should the priest  
descend from his altitude,

**T**o canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the  
plain?

**R**ather, with majestic perseverance will he minister in  
solitary grandeur,

**C**onfident the time will come, when pilgrims shall be  
flocking to the shrine.

**F**or fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not  
how long it be delayed;

**T**he heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he know-  
eth that his tenure is eternal.

**T**he careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his  
fame,

**O**r the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he  
the suffrage of his equals?

**M**æonides took no thought, committing all his honours  
to the future,

**A**nd Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the  
praise of ages.

Smoking flax will breed a flame, and the flame may  
illuminate a world ;

Where is he who scorned that smoke as foul and murky  
vapour ?

The village stream swelled to a river, and the river was a  
kingdom's wealth,

Where is he who boasted he could step across that  
stream ?

Such are the beginnings of the famous : little in the  
judgment of their peers,

The juster verdict of posterity shall fix them in the orbits  
of the Great.

Therefore dull Zoilus, clamouring ascendant of the  
hour,

Will soon be fain to hide his hate, and bury up his bit-  
terness for shame :

Therefore mocking Momus, offended at the steps of  
Beauty,

Shall win the prize of his presumption, and be hooted  
from his throne among the stars.

For, as the shadow of a mountain lengtheneth before the  
setting sun,

Until that screening Alp have darkened all the canton,—

So, Fame groweth to its great ones ; their images loom  
longer in departing ;

But the shadow of mind is light, and earth is filled with  
its glory.

And thou, student of the truth, commended to the praise  
of God,

Wouldst thou find applause with men ?—seek it not, nor  
shun it.

**A**ncient fame is roofed in cedar, and her walls are marble;

**M**odern fame lodgeth in a hut, a slight and temporary dwelling :

**L**ay not up the treasures of thy soul within so damp a chamber,

**F**or the moth of detraction shall fret thy robe, and drop its eggs upon thy motive ;

**O**r the rust of disheartening reserve shall spoil the lustre of thy gold,

Until its burnished beauty shall be dim as tarnished brass ;

**O**r thieves, breaking through to steal, shall claim thy jewelled thoughts,

**A**nd turn to charge the theft on thee, a pilferer from them !

**T**here is a magnanimity in recklessness of fame, so fame be well deserving,

**T**hat rusheth on in fearless might, the conscious sense of merit :

**A**nd there is a littleness in jealousy of fame, looking as aware of weakness,

**T**hat creepeth cautiously along, afraid that its title will be challenged.

**T**he wild boar, full of beechmast, flingeth him down among the brambles :

**S**ecure in bristly strength, without a watch, he sleepeth :

**B**ut the hare, afraid to feed, croucheth in its own soft form ;

**W**akefully with timid eyes, and quivering ears, he listeneth.

Even so, a giant's might is bound up in the soul of  
Genius,  
His neck is strong with confidence, and he goeth tasked  
with power :  
Sturdily he roameth in the forest, or sunneth him in fen  
and field,  
And scareth from his marshy lair a host of fearful  
foes.  
But there is a mimic Talent, whose safety lieth in its  
quickness,  
A timorous thing of doubling guile, that scarce can face  
a friend :  
This one is captious of reproof, provident to snatch oc-  
casion,  
Greedy of applause, and vexed to lose one tittle of the  
glory.  
He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever on the  
watch to keep it spotless ;  
Such care argueth debility, a garrison relying on its  
sentinel.  
Passive strength shall scorn excuses, patiently waiting  
a reaction,  
He wotteth well that truth is great, and must prevail at  
last ;  
But fretful weakness hasteth to explain, anxiously  
dreading prejudice,  
And ignorant that perishable falsehood dieth as a branch  
cut off.

Purity of motive and nobility of mind shall rarely con-  
descend  
To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, or evidence its  
worth to others.

And it shall be small care to the high and happy conscience  
What jealous friends, or envious foes, or common fools  
may judge.  
Should the lion turn and rend every snarling jackal,  
Or an eagle be stopt in his career to punish the petulance  
of sparrows?  
Should the palm tree bend his crown to chide the briar  
at his feet,  
Nor kindly help its climbing, if it hope, and be ambitious?  
Should the nightingale account it worth her pains to  
vindicate her music,  
Before some sorry finches, that affect to judge of song?  
No: many an injustice, many a sneer, and slur,  
Is passed aside with noble scorn by lovers of true fame:  
For well they wot that glory shall be tintured good or  
evil,  
By the character of those who give it, as wine is flavoured  
by the wine-skin:  
So that worthy fame floweth only from a worthy fountain,  
But from an ill-conditioned troop the best report is  
worthless.  
And if the sensibility of genius count his injuries in  
secret,  
Wisely will he hide the pains a hardened herd would  
mock:  
For the great mind well may be said to note such littleness  
in brethren,  
The while he is comforted and happy in the firmest assurance  
of desert.

Cease awhile, gentle scholar ;—seek other thoughts and themes ;

Or dazzling Fame with wildfire light shall lure us on for ever.

For look, all subjects of the mind may range beneath its banner,

And time would fail and patience droop, to count that numerous host.

The mine is deep, and branching wide,—and who can work it out ?

Years of thought would leave untold the boundless topic, Fame.

Every matter in the universe is linked in suchwise unto others,

That a deep full treatise upon one thing might reach to the history of all things :

And before some single thesis had been followed out in all its branches,

The wandering thinker would be lost in the pathless forest of existence.

What were the matter or the spirit, that hath no part in Fame ?

Where were the fact irrelevant, or the fancy out of place ?

For the handling of that mighty theme should stretch from past to future,

Catching up the present on its way, as a traveller burdened with time ;

All manner of men, their deeds, hopes, fortunes, and ambitions,

All manner of events and things, climate, circumstance, and custom,

Wealth and war, fear and hope, contentment, jealousy,  
devotion,  
Skill and learning, truth, falsehood, knowledge of things  
gone and things to come,  
Pride and praise, honour and dishonour, warnings, en-  
samples, emulations,  
The excellent in virtues, and the reprobate in vice, with  
the cloud of indifferent spectators,—  
Wave on wave with flooding force throng the shoals of  
thought,  
Filling that immeasurable theme, the height and depth  
of Fame.  
With soul unsatisfied and mind dismayed, my feet have  
touched the threshold,  
Fain to pour these flowers and fruits an offering on that  
altar:  
Lo, how vast the temple,—there are clouds within the  
dome!  
Yet might the huge expanse be filled, with volumes writ  
on Fame.



## Of flattery.

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**M**usic is commended of the deaf:—but is that praise despised?

I trow not: with flattered soul the musician heard him gladly.

Beauty is commended of the blind:—but is that compliment misliking?

I trow not: though false and insincere, woman listened greedily.

Vacant Folly talketh high of Learning's deepest reason:

Is she hated for her hollowness?—learning held her wiser for the nonce

The worldly and the sensual, to gain some end, did homage to religion:

And the good man gave thanks as for a convert, where others saw the hypocrite.

**B**ut none of these were cheated at the heart, nor steadily believed those flatteries;

They feared the core was rotten, while they hoped the skin was sound :

But the fruits have so sweet fragrance, and are verily so pleasant to the eyes,

It were an ungracious disenchantment to find them apples of Sodom.

So they laboured to think all honest, winking hard with both their eyes ;

And hushed up every whisper that could prove that praise absurd :

They willingly regard not the infirmities that make such worship vain,

And palliate to their own fond hearts the faults they will not see.

For the idol rejoiceth in his incense, and loveth not to shame his suppliants,

Should he seek to find them false, his honours die with theirs :

An offering is welcome for its own sake, set aside the giver,

And praise is precious to a man, though uttered by the parrot or the mocking-bird.

The world is full of fools ; and sycophancy liveth on the foolish :

So he groweth great and rich, that fawning supple parasite.

Sometimes he boweth like a reed, cringing to the pompousness of pride,

Sometimes he strutteth as a gallant, pampering the fickleness of vanity :

I have known him listen with the humble, enacting  
    silent marveller,  
To hear some purse-proud dunce expose his poverty of  
    mind ;  
I have heard him wrangle with the obstinate, vowing  
    that he will not be convinced,  
When some weak youth hath wisely feared the chance of  
    ill success :  
Now, he will barely be a winner,—to magnify thy  
    triumphs afterward ;  
Now, he will hardly be a loser,—but cannot cease to  
    wonder at thy skill :  
He laudeth his own worth, that the leader may have  
    glory in his follower ;  
He meekly confesseth his unworthiness, that the leader  
    may have glory in himself.  
Many wiles hath he, and many modes of catching,  
But every trap is selfishness, and every bait is praise.

Come, I would forewarn thee and forearm thee ; for  
    keen are the weapons of his warfare ;  
And, while my soul hath scorned him, I have watched  
    his skill from far.  
His thoughts are full of guile, deceitfully combining  
    contrarieties,  
And when he doeth battle in a man, he is leagued with  
    traitorous Self-love.  
Strange things have I noted, and opposite to common  
    fancy ;  
We leave the open surface, and would plumb the secret  
    depths.

For he will magnify a lover, even to disparaging his  
mistress ;  
So much wisdom, goodness, grace,—and all to be en-  
slaved ?  
Till the Narcissus, self-enamoured, whelmed in floods of  
flattery,  
Is cheated from the constancy and fervency of love by  
friendship's subtle praise.  
Moreover, he will glorify a parent, even to the censure  
of his child,—  
O degenerate scion, of a stock so excellent and  
noble !  
Scant will he be in well earned praise of a son before his  
father ;  
And rarely commendeth to a mother her daughter's  
budding beauty :  
Yet shall he extol the daughter to her father, and be  
warm about the son before his mother ;  
Knowing that self-love entereth not, to resist applause  
with jealousies.  
Wisely is he sparing of hyperbole where vehemence of  
praise would humble,  
For many a father liketh ill to be counted second to his  
son :  
And shrewdly the flatterer hath reckoned on a self still  
lurking in the mother,  
When his tongue was slow to speak of graces in the  
daughter.  
But if he descend a generation, to the grandsire his talk  
is of the grandson,  
Because in such high praise he hideth the honours of  
the son ;

And the daughter of a daughter may well exceed, in  
beauty, love, and learning,  
For unconsciously old age perceived—she cannot be my  
rival.

These are of the deep things of flattery: and many a  
shallow sycophant  
Hath marvelled ill that praise of children seldom won  
their parents.

This therefore note, unto detection: flattery can sneer as  
well as smile;

And a master in the craft wotteth well, that his oblique  
thrust is surest.

Flattery sticketh like a burr, holding to the soil with  
anchors,

A vital, natural, subtle seed, everywhere hardy and in-  
digenous.

Go to the storehouse of thy memory, and take what is  
readiest to thy hand,—

The noble deed, the clever phrase, for which thy pride  
was flattered:

Oh, it hath been dwelt upon in solitude, and comforted  
thy heart in crowds,


It hath made thee walk as in a dream, and lifted up the  
head above thy fellows;

It hath compensated months of gloom, that minute of  
sweet sunshine,

Drying up the pools of apathy, and kindling the fire of  
ambition:

Yea, the flavour of that spice, mingled in the cup of  
life,

Shall linger even to the dregs, and still be tasted with a  
welcome



The dame shall tell her grandchild of her coy and  
courted youth,  
And the greybeard prateth of a stranger, who praised his  
task at school.

Ofttimes to the sluggard and the dull, flattery hath done  
good service,

Quickening the mind to emulation, and encouraging the  
heart that failed.

Even so, a stimulating poison, wisely tendered by the  
leech,

Shall speed the pulse, and rally life, and cheat astonished  
death.

For, as a timid swimmer ventureth afloat with blad-  
ders,

Until self-confidence and growth of skill have made him  
spurn their aid,

Thus commendation may be prudent, where a child hath  
ill deserved it;

But praise unmerited is flattery, and the cure will bring  
its cares:

For thy son may find thee out, and thou shalt rue the  
remedy:

Yea, rather, where thou canst not praise, be honest in  
rebuke.

I have seen the objects of a flatterer mirrored clearly on  
the surface,

Where self-love scattereth praise, to gather praise  
again.

This is a commodity of merchandize, words put out at  
interest:

A scheme for canvassing opinions, and tinging them all  
with partiality.  
He is but a harmless fool ; humour him with pitiful  
good-nature :  
If a poetaster quote thy song, be thou tender to his  
poem :  
Did the painter praise thy sketch ? be kind, commend  
his picture ;  
He looketh for a like return ; then thank him with thy  
praise.  
In these small things with these small minds count thou  
the sycophant a courtier,  
And pay back, as blindly as ye may, the too transparent  
honour.

Also, where the flattery is delicate, coming unobtrusive  
and in season,  
Though thou be suspicious of its truth, be generous at  
least to its gentility.  
The skilful thief of Lacedæmon had praise before his  
judges,  
And many caitiffs win applause for genius in their  
callings.  
Moreover, his meaning may be kind,—and thou art a  
debtor to his tongue ;  
Hasten well to pay the debt, with charity and shrewd-  
ness :  
He must not think thee caught, nor feel himself dis-  
covered,  
Nor find thine answering compliment as hollow as his  
own.  
Though he be a smiling enemy, let him heed thee as the  
fearless and the friendly ;

A searching look, a poignant word, may prove thou art  
aware :

Still, with compassion to the frail, though keen to see  
his soul,

Let him not fear for thy discretion, see thou keep his  
secret, and thine own.

However, where the flattery is gross, a falsehood clear  
and fulsome,

Crush the venomous toad, and spare not for a jewel in  
his head.

Tell the presumptuous in flattery, that or ever he be-  
spatter thee with praise,

It might be well to stop and ask how little it were  
worth :

Thou hast not solicited his suffrage,—let him not force  
thee to refuse it ;

Look to it, man, thy fence is foiled,—and thus we spoil  
the plot.

Self-knowledge goeth armed, girt with many weapons,

And carrieth whips for flattery, to lash it like a slave :

But the dunce in that great science goeth as a greedy  
tunny,

To gorge both bait and hook, unheeding all but ap-  
petite :

He smelleth praise and swalloweth,—yea, though it be  
palpable and plain,

Say unto him, Folly thou art Wisdom,—he will bless  
thee for thy lie.

Flatterer, thou shalt rue thy trade, though it have many  
present gains ;



Those varnished wares may sell apace, yet shall they  
spoil thy credit.

Thine is the intoxicating cup, which whoso drinketh it  
shall nauseate :

Thine is trickery and cheating ; but deception never  
pleased for long.

And though while fresh thy fragrance seemed even as  
the dews of charity,

Yet afterwards it fouled thy censer, as with savour of  
stale smoke.

For the great mind detected thee at once, answering  
thine emptiness with pity,

He saw thy self-interested zeal, and was not cozened by  
vain-glory :

And the little mind is bloated with the praise, scorning  
him who gave it,

A fool shall turn to be thy tyrant, an thou hast dubbed  
him great :

And the medium mind of common men, loving first thy  
music,

After, when the harmonies are done, shall feel small  
comfort in their echoes ;

For either he shall know thee false, conscious of con-  
trary deservings,

And, hating thee for falsehood, soon will scorn himself  
for truth,

Or, if in aught to toilsome merit honest praise be  
due,

Though for a season, belike, his weakness hath been  
raptured at thy witching,

Shall he not speedily perceive, to the vexing of his dis-  
appointed spirit,

That thine exaggerated tongue hath robbed him of fair  
fame?

Thou hast paid in forger's coins, and he had earned true  
money :

For the substance of just praise, thou hast put him off  
with shadows of the sycophant :

Thou art all things to all men, for ends false and  
selfish,

Therefore shalt be nothing unto any one, when those  
thine ends are seen.

Turn aside, young scholar, turn from the song of  
Flattery !

She hath the Siren's musical voice, to ravish and be-  
tray.

Her tongue droppeth honey, but it is the honey of  
Anticyra ;

Her face is a mask of fascination, but there hideth de-  
formity behind ;

Her coming is the presence of a queen, heralded by  
courtesy and beauty,

But, going away, her train is held by the hideous dwarf,  
Disgust.

Know thyself, thine evil as thy good, and flattery shall  
not harm thee :

Yea, her speech shall be a warning, a humbling and a  
guide.

For wherein thou lackest most, there chiefly will the  
sycophant commend thee,

And then most warmly will congratulate, when a man  
hath least deserved.

Behold, she is doubly a traitor ; and will underrate her  
victim's best,  
That, to the comforting of conscience, she may plead  
his worse for better.

Therefore, is she dangerous—as every lie is dangerous :  
Believe her tales, and perish : if thou act upon such  
counsel.

Her aims are thine not thee, thy wealth and not thy  
welfare,

Thy suffrage not thy safety, thine aid and not thine  
honour.

Moreover, with those aims insured, ceaseth all her gloz-  
ing ;

She hath used thee as a handle,—but her hand was wise  
to turn it :

Thus will she glorify her skill, that it deftly caught thy  
kindness,

Thus will she scorn thy kindness, so pliable and easy to  
her skill.

And then, the flatterer will turn to be thy foe, the  
bitterest and hottest,

Because he oweth thee much hate to pay off many  
humblings.

Thinkest thou now that he is high, he loveth the re-  
membrance of his lowliness,

The servile manner, the dependent smile, the conscience  
self-abased ?

No, this hour is his own, and the flatterer will be found  
a busy mocker ;

He that hath salved thee with his tongue, shall now  
gnash upon thee with his teeth,

Yea, he will be leader in the laugh,—silly one, to listen  
to thy loss,

We scarce had hoped to lime and take another of the  
fools of flattery.

At the last; have charity, young scholar,—yea, to the  
sycophant convicted;

Be not a Brutus to thyself, nor stern in thine own  
cause.

Pardon exaggerated praise; for there is a natural im-  
pulse,

Spurring on the nobler mind, to colour facts by feel-  
ings:

Take an indulgent view of each man's interest in  
self,

Be large and liberal in excuses; is not that infirmity  
thine own?

Search thy soul and be humble; and mercy abideth with  
humility;

So that, yea, the insincere may find thee pitiful, and love  
thee.

Mildly put aside, without rudeness of repulse, the pam-  
pering hand of flattery,

For courtesy and kindness have gone beneath its guise,  
and ill shouldst thou rebuke them.

Thou art incapable of theft: but flowers in the garden  
of a friend

Are thine to pluck with confidence, and it were unfriend-  
liness to hesitate:

Thou abhorrest flattery: but a generous excess in  
praise

Is thine to yield with honest heart, and false were the  
charity to doubt it :

The difference lieth in thine aim ; kindness and good  
are of charity,

But selfish, harmful, vile, and bad, is Flattery's evil  
end.



## Of Neglect.



nervous and righteous is thy grief, slighted child of  
 sensibility;  
 : kindness enkindleth love, but the waters of indif-  
 ference quench it :  
 y soul is athirst for sympathy, and hungereth to find  
 affection,  
 e tender scions of thy heart yearn for the sunshine of  
 good feeling ;  
 d it is an evil thing and bitter, when the cheerful face  
 of Charity,  
 ing forth gaily in the morning to woo the world with  
 smiles,  
 net by those wayfaring men with coldness, suspicion,  
 and repulse,  
 d turneth into hard dead stone at the Gorgon visage  
 of Neglect.  
 brother, warm and young, covetous of others' fa-  
 vour,

I see thee checked and chilled, sorrowing for censure or  
 forgetfulness :  
 Let coarse and common minds despise—that wounding  
 of thy vanity,  
 Alas, I note a sorer cause, the blighting of thy love ;  
 Let the callous sensual deride thee,—disappointed of thy  
 praise,  
 Alas, thou hast a juster grief, defrauded of their kind-  
 ness :  
 It is a theme for tears to feel the soft heart harden-  
 ing,  
 The frozen breath of apathy sealing up the fountain of  
 affection ;  
 It is a pang, keen only to the best, to be injured well-  
 deserving,  
 And slumbering Neglect is injury,—Could ye not watch  
 one hour ?  
 When God Himself complained, it was that none re-  
 garded,  
 And indifference bowed to the rebuke, Thou gavest Me  
 no kiss when I came in.

Moreover, praise is good ; honour is a treasure to be  
 hoarded ;  
 A good man's praise foreshadoweth God's, and in His  
 smile is heaven :  
 But men walk on in hardihood, steeling their sinfulness  
 to censure,  
 And when rebuke is ridiculed, the love of praise were  
 an infirmity ;  
 The judge thou heedest not in fear, cannot have deep  
 homage of thy hope,

And who then is the wise of this world, that will own he  
trembleth at his fellows ?

Calm, careless, and insensible, he mocketh blame or  
calumny,

Neither should his dignity be humbled to some pittance  
of their praise :

The rather, let false pride affect to trample on the trea-  
sure

Which evermore in secret strength unconquered Nature  
prizeth ;

Rather, shall he stifle now the rising bliss of triumph,  
Lest after, in the world's Neglect, he must acknowledge  
bitterness.

For lo, that world is wide, a huge and crowded conti-  
nent,

Its brazen sun is mammon, and its iron soil is care :

A world full of men, where each man clingeth to his  
idol ;

A world full of men, where each man cherisheth his  
sorrow ;

A world full of men, multitude shoaling upon multi-  
tude ;

A surging sea, where every wave is burdened with an  
argosy of self ;

A boundless beach, where every stone is a separate mi-  
croscopic world :

A forest of innumerable trees, where every root is inde-  
pendent.

What then is the marvel or the shame, if units be lost  
among the million ?



Canst thou reasonably murmur, if a leaf drop off unnoticed?

Wondrous in architecture, intricate and beautiful, delicately tinged and scented,

Exquisite of feeling and mysterious in life, none cared for its growth, or its decay.

None? yea,—no one of its fellows,—nor cedar, palm, nor bramble,—

None? its twinborn brother scarcely missed it from the spray:

None?—if none indeed, then man's neglect were bitterness;

And Life a land without a sun, a globe without a God!

Yea, flowers in the desert, there be that love your beauty;

Yea, jewels in the sea, there be that prize your brightness;

Children of unmerited oblivion, there be that watch and woo you,

And many tend your sweets, with gentle ministering care:

Thronging spirits of the happy, and the everpresent Good One

Yearning seek those precious things, man hath not heart to love,

Gems of the humblest or the highest, pure and patient in their kind,

The souls unhardened by ill usage, and uncorrupt by luxury.

And ye, poor desolates unsunned, toilers in the dark damp mine,

Wearied daughters of oppression, crushed beneath the car of avarice,

There be that count your tears,—He hath numbered the  
hairs of thy head,—  
There be that can forgive your ill, with kind considerate  
pity :  
Count ye this for comfort, Justice hath her balances,  
And yet another world can compensate for all :  
The daily martyrdom of patience shall not be wanting of  
reward ;  
Duty is a prickly shrub, but its flower will be happiness  
and glory.

Ye too, the friendless, yet dependent, that find nor home  
nor lover,  
Sad imprisoned hearts, captive to the net of circum-  
stance,—  
And ye, too harshly judged, noble unappreciated intel-  
lects,  
Who, capable of highest, lowlier fix your just ambition  
in content,—  
And chiefest, ye, famished infants of the poor, toiling  
for your parents' bread,  
Tired, and sore, and uncomforted the while, for want of  
love and learning,  
Who struggle with the pitiless machine in dull continu-  
ous conflict,  
Tasked by iron men, who care for nothing but your  
labour,—  
Be ye long-suffering and courageous : abide the will of  
Heaven ;  
God is on your side ; all things are tenderly remem-  
bered :  
His servants here shall help you ; and where those fail  
you through Neglect,

His kingdom still hath time and space for ample discrimi-  
native Justice :

Yea, though utterly on this bad earth ye lose both right  
and mercy,

The tears that we forgot to note, our God shall wipe  
away.

Nevertheless, kind spirit, susceptible and guileless,  
Meek uncherished dove, in a carrion flock of fowls,  
Sensitive mimosa, shrinking from the winds that help to  
root the fir,

Fragile nautilus, shipwrecked in the gale whereat the  
conch is glad,

Thy sharp peculiar grief is uncomforted by hope of com-  
pensation,

For it is a delicate and spiritual wound, which the probe  
of pity bruiseeth :

Yet hear how many thoughts extenuate its pain ;

Even while a kindred heart can sorrow for its presence.

For the sting of neglect is in this,—that such as we are  
all, forget us,

That men and women, kith and kin, so lightly heed of  
other :

Sympathy is lacking from the guilty such as we, even  
where angels minister,

And souls of fine accord must prize a fellow-sinner's  
love ;

For the worst love those who love them, and the best  
claim heart for heart,

And it is a holy thirst to long for love's requital :

Hard it will be, hard and sad, to love and be unloved ;

And many a thorn is thrust into the side of him that is  
forgotten.

The oppressive silence of reserve, the frost of failing  
friendship,  
Affection blighted by repulse, or chilled by shallow  
courtesy,  
The unaided struggle, the unconsidered grief, the un-  
teemed self-sacrifice,  
The gift, dear evidence of kindness, long due, but never  
offered,  
The glance estranged, the letter flung aside, the greeting  
ill received,  
The services of unobtrusive care unthanked, perchance  
unheeded,  
These things, which hard men mock at, rend the feelings  
of the tender,  
For the delicate tissue of a spiritual mind is torn by  
those sharp barbs ;  
The coldness of a trusted friend, a plenitude ending in  
vacuity,  
Is as if the stable world had burst a hollow hubble.

But consider, child of sensibility; the lot of men is  
labour,  
Labour for the mouth, or labour in the spirit, labour  
stern and individual,  
Worldly cares and worldly hopes exact the thoughts of  
all,  
And there is a necessary selfishness, rooted in each  
mortal breast.  
The plans of prudence, or the whisperings of pride, or  
all-absorbing reveries of love,  
Ambition, grief, or fear, or joy, set each man for him-  
self ;

Therefore, the centre of a cycle, whereunto all the universe convergeth,  
Is seen in fallen solitude, the naked selfish heart:  
Stripped of conventional deceptions, untrammelled from  
the harness of society,  
We all may read one little word engraved on all we  
do;  
Other men, what are they unto us? the age, the mass,  
the million,—  
We segregate, distinct from generalities, that isolated  
particle, a self:  
It is the very law of our life, a law for soul and body,  
An earthly law for earthly men, toiling in responsible  
probation.  
For each is the all unto himself, disguise it as we may,  
Each infinite, each most precious; yet even as a nothing  
to his neighbour.  
O consider, we be crowding up an avenue, trapped in  
the decoy of time,  
Behind us the irrevocable past, before us the illimitable  
future:  
What wonder is there, if the traveller, wayworn, hopeful,  
fearful,  
Burdened himself, so lightly heed the burden of his  
brother?  
How shouldst thou marvel and be sad, that the pilgrims  
trouble not to learn thee,  
When each hath to master for himself the lessons of life  
and immortality?

Moreover, what art thou,—so vainly impatient of  
Neglect,

Where then is thy worthiness, that so thou claimest  
honour?

Let the true judgment of humility reckon up thine ill  
deserts,

How little is there to be loved, how much to stir up  
scorn!

The double heart, the bitter tongue, the rash and erring  
spirit,

Be these, ye purest among men, your passports unto  
favour?

It is mercy in the Merciful, and justice in the Just, to  
be jealous of His creature's love,

But how should evil or duplicity arrogate affection to  
itself?

Where love is happiness and duty, to be jealous of that  
love is godlike,

But who can reverence the guilty? who findeth pleasure  
in the mean?

Check the presumption of thy hopes: thankfully take  
refuge in obscurity,

Or, if thou claimest merit, thy sin shall be proclaimed  
upon the housetops.

Yet again: consider them of old, the good, the great,  
the learned,

Who have blessed the world by wisdom, and glorified  
their God by purity.

Did those speed in favour? were they the loved and the  
admired?

Was every prophet had in honour? and every deserving  
one remembered to his praise?

What shall I say of yonder band, a glorious cloud of  
witnesses,

The scorned, defamed, insulted,—but the excellent of earth?

It were weariness to count up noble names, neglected in their lives,

Whom none esteemed, nor cared to love, till death had sealed them his.

For good men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth,

Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.

Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the poison of an asthma struck him?

Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till spasm or paralysis have stopped them?

Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and wisdom,

When no more here, had worship of a world, whose penitence atoned for its neglect.

And living genius is seen among infirmities, wherefrom the commoner are free;

And other rival men of mind crowd this arena of contention;

And there be many cares; and a man knoweth little of his brother;

Feebly we appreciate a motive, and slowly keep pace with a feeling:

And social difference is much; and experience teacheth sadly,

How great the treachery of friends, how dangerous the courtesy of enemies.

So, the sum of all these things operateth largely upon all men,

Hedging us about with thorns, to cramp our yearning sympathies,

And we grow materialized in mind, forgetting what we  
see not,  
But, immersed in perceptions of the present, keep things  
absent out of thought :  
Thus, where ingratitude, and guilt, and labour, and self-  
fishness would harden,  
Humbly will the good man bow, unmurmuring, to  
Neglect.

Yet once more, griever at Neglect, hear me to thy com-  
fort, or rebuke :  
For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of  
love.  
O heart of childhood, tender, trusting, and affectionate,  
O youth, warm youth, full of generous attentions,  
O woman, self-forgetting woman, poetry of human life,  
And not less thou, O man, so often the disinterested  
brother,  
Many a smile of love, many a tear of pity,  
Many a word of comfort, many a deed of magnani-  
mity,  
Many a stream of milk and honey pour ye freely on the  
earth,  
And many a rosebud of love rejoiceth in the dew of your  
affection.  
Neglect? O liberal world, for thine are many prizes :  
Neglect? O charitable world, where thousands feed on  
bounty ;  
Neglect? O just world, for thy judgments err not  
often ;  
Neglect? O libel on a world where half that world is  
woman !



Where is the afflicted, whose voice, once heard, stirreth  
not a host of comforters ?  
Where is the sick untended, or in prison, and they  
visited him not ?  
The hungry is fed, and the thirsty satisfied, till ability  
set limits to the will,  
And those who did it unto them, have done it unto God !  
For human benevolence is large, though many matters  
dwarf it,  
Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of  
circumstance and time.  
And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are  
generous ;  
Their estimate, who know us best, is seldom seen to  
err ;  
Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or  
vanity,  
If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming  
merit :  
No man yet deserved, who found not some to love him ;  
And he, that never kept a friend, need only blame him-  
self :  
Many for unworthiness will droop and die, but all are  
not unworthy ;  
It must indeed be cold clay soil, that killeth every seed.  
Therefore, examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of  
Neglect,  
It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof  
furlong ;  
But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that  
men thy fellows,  
For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neg-  
lect thee,—

---

Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high  
deservings;  
Let it suffice thee to be worthy; faint not thou for  
praise;  
For that thou art, be grateful; go humbly even in thy  
confidence;  
And set thy foot upon the neck of an enemy so harmless  
as Neglect.

## Of Contentment.

---

**Godliness** with Contentment,—these be the pillars of felicity,

Jachin, wherewithal it is established, and Boaz, in the which is strength :

And upon their capitals is lily-work, the lotus fruit and flower,

Those fair and fragrant types of holiness, innocence, and beauty ;

Great gain pertaineth to the pillars, nets and chains of wreathen gold,

And they stand up straight in the temple porch, the house where Glory dwelleth.

**The** body craveth meats, and the spirit is athirst for peacefulness,

He that hath these, hath enough ; for all beyond is vanity.

Surfeit vaulteth over pleasure, to light upon the hither  
side of pain :

And great store is great care, the rather if it mightily  
increaseth.

Albeit too little is a trouble, yet too much shall swell  
into an evil,

If wisdom stand not nigh to moderate the wishes :

For covetousness never had enough, but moaneth at its  
wants for ever,

And rich men have commonly more need to be taught  
contentment than the poor.

That hungry chasm in their market-place gapeth still  
unsatisfied,

Yea, fling in all the wealth of Rome,—it asketh higher  
victims ;

So, when the miser's gold cannot fill the measure of his  
lust,

Curtius must leap into the pit, and avarice shall close  
upon his life.

Behold Independence in his rags, all too easily con-  
tented,

Careful for nothing, thankful for much, and uncomplain-  
ing in his poverty :

Such an one have I sometime seen earn his crust with  
gladness ;

He is a gatherer of simples, culling wild herbs upon the  
hills ;

And now, as he sitteth on the beach, with his motherless  
child beside him,

To rest them in the cheerful sun, and sort their mints  
and horehound,—

Tell me, can ye find upon his forehead the cloud of  
covetous anxiety,  
Or note the dull unkindled eyes of sated sons of  
pleasure?—

For there is more joy of life with that poor picker of the  
ditches,  
Than among the multitude of wealthy who wed their  
gains to discontent.

I have seen many rich, burdened with the fear of  
poverty,  
I have seen many poor, buoyed with all the carelessness  
of wealth :

For the rich had the spirit of a pauper, and the money-  
less a liberal heart ;

The first enjoyeth not for having, and the latter hath no-  
thing but enjoyment.

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the  
weak, and unbelieving ;

None is wealthy but the affluent in soul, who is satisfied  
and floweth over.

The poor-rich is attenuate for fears, the rich-poor is  
fattened upon hopes ;

Cheerfulness is one man's welcome, and the other  
warneth from him by his gloom.

Many poor have the pleasures of the rich, even in their  
own possessions ;

And many rich miss the poor man's comforts, and yet  
feel all his cares.

Liberty is affluence, and the Helots of anxiety never can  
be counted wealthy ;

But he that is disenthralled from fear, goeth for the time  
a king ;

He is royal, great, and opulent, living free of fortune,  
And looking on the world as owner of its good, the  
Maker's child and heir :

Whereas, the covetous is slavish, a very Midas in his  
avarice,  
Full of dismal dreams, and starved amongst his treasures :

The ceaseless spur of discontent goaded him with instant  
apprehension,  
And his thirst for gold could never be quenched, for he  
drank with the throat of Crassus.

Vanity, and dreary disappointment, care, and weariness,  
and envy ;

Vanity is graven upon all things ; wisely spake the  
preacher.

For ambition is a burning mountain, thrown up amid  
the turbid sea,

A Stromboli in sullen pride above the hissing waves ;  
And the statesman climbing there, forgetful of his patriot  
intentions,

Shall hate the strife of each rough step, or ever he hath  
toiled midway :

And every truant from his home, the happy home of  
duty,

Shall live to loathe his eminence of cares, that seething  
smoke and lava.

Contentment is the temperate repast, flowing with milk  
and honey :

Ambition is the drunken orgy, fed by liquid flames :

A black and bitter frown is stamped upon the forehead  
of Ambition.

But fair Contentment's angel-face is rayed with winning smiles.

There was in Tyre a merchant, the favourite child of fortune,  
An opulent man with many ships, to trade in many climes ;  
And he rose up early to his merchandize, after feverish dreaming,  
And lay down late to his hot unrest, overwhelmed with calculated cares.  
So, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, he gained ;  
And grew grey, and waxed great ; for money brought him all things.  
All things ?—verily, not all ; the kernel of the nut is lacking.—  
His mind was a stranger to content, and as for Peace. he knew her not :  
Luxuries palled upon his palate, and his eyes were satiate with purple ;  
He could coin much gold, but buy no happiness with it.  
And on a day, a day of dread, in the heat of inordinate ambition,  
When he threw with a gambler's hand, to lose or to double his possessions,  
The chance hit him,—he had speculated ill,—and men began to whisper ;—  
Those he trusted, failed ; and their usuries had bribed him deeply ;  
One ship foundered out at sea,—and another met the pirate,—

And so, with broken fortunes, men discreetly shunned him.

He was a stricken stag, and went to hide away in solitude,

And there in humility, he thought,—he resolved, and promptly acted :

From the wreck of all his splendours, from the dregs of the goblet of affluence,

He saved with management a morsel and a drop, for his daily cup and platter :

And lo, that little was enough, and in enough was competence ;

His cares were gone,—he slept by night, and lived at peace by day ;

Cured of his guilty selfishness,—money's love, envy, competition,—

He lived to be thankful in a cottage that he had lost a palace :

For he found in his abasement, what he vainly had sought in high estate,

Both mind and body well at ease, though robed in the russet of the lowly.

Once more, a certain priest, happy in his high vocation,

With faith, and hope, and charity, well served his village altar ;

As men count riches he was poor ; but great were his treasures in heaven,

And great his joys on earth, for God's sake doing good :

He had few cares and many consolations, one of the welcome everywhere ;



The labourer accounted him his friend, and magnates  
did him honour at their table :

With a large heart and little means he still made many  
grateful,

And felt as the centre of a circle, of comfort, calmness,  
and content.

But, on a weaker sabbath,—for he preached both well  
and wisely,—

Some casual hearer loudly praised his great neglected  
talents :

Why should he be buried in obscurity, and throw these  
pearls to swine ?

Could he not still be doing good,—the whilst he pushed  
his fortunes ?

Then came temptation, even on the spark of discontent ;  
The neighbouring town had a pulpit to be filled ; hotly  
did he canvass, and won it :

Now was he popular and courted, and listened to the  
spell of admiration,

And toiled to please the taste, rather than to pierce the  
conscience.

Greedily he sought, and seeking found, the patronizing  
notice of the great ;

He thirsted for emoluments and honours, and counted  
rich men happy :

So he flattered, so he preached ; and gold and fame  
flowed in ;

They flowed in,—he was reaping his reward, and felt  
himself a fool.

Alas, what a shadow was he following,—how precious  
was the substance he had left !

Man for God, gold for good, this was his miserable  
bargain.

The village church, its humble flock, and humbler  
parish priest,  
Zeal, devotion, and approving Heaven,—his books, and  
simple life,  
His little farm and flower-beds,—his recreative rambles  
with a friend,  
And haply, at eventide, the leaping trouts, to help their  
humble fare,  
All these wretchedly exchanged for what the world  
called fortune,  
With the harrowing conscience of a state relapsed to  
vain ambitions.  
Then,—for God was gracious to his soul,—his better  
thoughts returned,  
And better aims with better thoughts, his holy walk of  
old.  
Sickened of style, and ostentation, and the dissipative  
fashions of society,  
He deserted from the ranks of Mammon, and renewed  
his allegiance to God :  
For he found that the praises of men, and all that gold  
can give,  
Are not worthy to be named, against godliness and calm  
contentment.

## Of Life.

---

A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,  
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy  
fancies;  
His kite was floating in the sunshine,—but he tied the  
string to a twig  
And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly:  
His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant  
hid it,  
Buried up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-  
thyme;  
He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, then  
wayward turned aside,  
To twine some fragrant jessamines about the dripping  
marble:  
So, in various pastime shadowing the schemes of man-  
hood,  
That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:

And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little  
child,  
As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clapping his  
hands for joyfulness :  
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and  
hope,  
Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure  
the condition of thy gift.

A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not  
alone,  
For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm :  
Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of  
love was in their eyes,  
Their twin young hearts had not a thought un vowed to  
love and beauty :  
The stars and the sleeping world, and the guardian eye  
of God,  
The murmur of the distant waterfall, and nightingales  
warbling in the thicket,  
Sweet speech of years to come, and promises of fondest  
hope,  
And more, a present gladness in each other's trust,  
All these fed their souls with the hidden manna of affec-  
tion,  
While their faces shone beatified in the radiance of re-  
flected Eden :  
I gazed on that fond youth, and coveted his heart,  
Attuned to holiest symphonies, with music in its strings :  
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is love and  
beauty,

Thy joys are full, thy looks most fair, thy feelings pure  
and sensitive.

A man sat beside his merchandize, a careworn altered  
man,

His waking hope, his nightly fear, were money, and its  
losses:

Rarely was the laugh upon his cheek, except in bitter  
scorn

For his foolishness of heart, and the lie of its romance,  
counting Love a treasure.

His talk is of stern Reality, chilling unimaginative  
facts,

The dull material accidents of this sensual body ;

Lucreless honour were contemptible, impoverished affec-  
tion but a pauper's riches,

Duty, struggling unrewarded, the bargain of a cheated  
fool:

The market value of a fancy must be measured by the  
gain it bringeth,

No man is fed or clothed by fame, or love, or duty:—

So toiled he day by day, that cold and joyless man,

I gazed upon his haggard face, and sorrowed for the  
change:

For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is care and wear-  
iness,

Thy soil is parched, thy winds are fierce, and the suns  
above thee hardening.

A withered elder lay upon his bed, a desolate man and  
feeble:

His thoughts were of the past, the early past, the bygone days of youth :

Bitterly repented he the years stolen by the god of this world :

Remembering the maiden of his love, and the heart-stricken wife of his selfishness.

For the sunshiny morning of his life came again to him a vivid truth,

But the years of toil as a long dim dream, a cloudy blighted noon :

He saw the nutting schoolboy, but forgot the speculative merchant ;

The callous calculating husband was shamed by the generous lover :

He knew that the weeds of worldliness, and the smoky breath of Mammon

Had choked and killed those tender shoots, his yearnings after honour and affection ;

So was he sick at heart, and my pity strove to cheer him, But a deep and dismal gulph lay between comfort and his soul.

Then I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is vanity and sorrow,

Thy storms at noon are many, and thine eventide is clouded by remorse.

Now, when I thought upon these things, my heart was grieved within me :

I wept, with bitterness of speech, and these were the words of my complaining :

" Wherefore then must happiness and love wither into care and vanity,—

Wherefore is the bud so beautiful, but flower and fruit  
so blighted?

Hard is the lot of man; to be lured by the meteor of  
romance,

Only to be snared, and to sink, in the turbid mudpool  
of reality."

Suddenly, a light,—and a rushing presence,—and a  
consciousness of Something near me,—

I trembled, and listened, and prayed: then I knew the  
Angel of Life:

Vague, and dimly visible, mine eye could not behold  
Him,

As, calmly unimpassioned, He looked upon an erring  
creature;

Unseen, my spirit apprehended Him; though He spake  
not, yet I heard:

For a sympathetic communing with Him flashed upon  
my mind electric.

Pensioner of God, be grateful; the gift of Life is good:  
The life of heart, and life of soul, mingled with life for  
the body.

Gladness and beauty are its just inheritance,—the beauty  
thou hast counted for romance.

And guardian spirits weep that selfishness and sorrow  
should destroy it.

Thou hast seen the natural blessing marred into a curse  
by man;

Come then, in favour will I show thee the proper ex-  
cellence of life.

Keep thou purity, and watch against suspicion,—love  
shall never perish;

Guard thine innocency spotless, and the buoyancy of  
childhood shall remain.

Sweet ideals feed the soul, thoughts of loveliness delight  
it,

The chivalrous affection of uncalculating youth lacketh  
not honourable wisdom.

Charge not folly on invisibles, that render thee happier  
and purer,

The fair frail visions of Romance have a use beyond the  
maxims of the Real.

Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of  
religion ;

His heart is fresh, quick to feel, a bursting fount of  
generosity :

He, playful in his wisdom, is gladdened in his children's  
gladness,

He, pure in his experience, loveth in his son's first  
love :

Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes are his  
delight ;

His abhorrence is to strip from Life its charitable gar-  
ment of Idea.

The cold and callous sneerer, who heedeth of the merely  
practical,

And mocketh at good uses in imaginary things, that man  
is his scorn :

The hard unsympathizing modern, filled with facts and  
figures,

Cautious, and coarse, and materialized in mind, that man  
is his pity.

Passionate thirst for gain never hath burnt within his  
bosom,



The leaden chains of that dull lust have not bound him  
prisoner :

The shrewd world laughed at him for honesty, the vain  
world mouthed at him for honour,

The false world hated him for truth, the cold world de-  
spised him for affection :

Still, he kept his treasure, the warm and noble heart,  
And in that happy wise old man survive the child and  
lover.

For human Life is as Chian wine, flavoured unto him  
who drinketh it,

Delicate fragrance comforting the soul, as needful sub-  
stance for the body :

Therefore, see thou art pure and guileless ; so shall thy  
Realities of Life

Be sweetened, and tempered, and gladdened by the  
wholesome spirit of Romance.

Dost thou live, man, dost thou live,—or only breathe  
and labour ?

Art thou free, or enslaved to a routine, the daily machi-  
nery of habit ?

For one man is quickened into Life, where thousands  
exist as in a torpor,

Feeding, toiling, sleeping, an insensate weary round :

The plough, or the ledger, or the trade, with animal cares  
and indolence,

Make the mass of vital years a heavy lump unleavened.

Drowsily lie down in thy dullness, fettered with the irons  
of circumstance,

Thou wilt not wake to think and feel a minute in a  
month.

The epitome of common life is seen in the common  
 epitaph,  
 Born on such a day, and dead on such another, with an  
 interval of threescore years.  
 For time hath been wasted on the senses, to the hourly  
 diminishing of spirit :  
 Lean is the soul and pineth, in the midst of abundance  
 for the body :  
 He forgot the worlds to which he tended, and a creature's  
 true nobility,  
 Nor wished that hope and wholesome fear should stir  
 him from his hardened satisfaction.  
 And this is death in life ; to be sunk beneath the waters  
 of the Actual,  
 Without one feebly-struggling sense of an airier spiritual  
 realm :  
 Affection, fancy, feeling—dead ; imagination, conscience,  
 faith,  
 All wilfully expunged, till they leave the man mere  
 carcase.  
 See thou livest, whiles thou art : for heart must live, and  
 soul,  
 But care and sloth and sin and self, combine to kill that  
 life.  
 A man will grow to an automaton, an appendage to the  
 counter or the desk,  
 If mind and spirit be not roused, to raise the plodding  
 groveller.  
 Then praise God for sabbaths, for hooks, and dreams,  
 and pains,  
 For the recreative face of nature, and the kindling  
 charities of home ;

And remember, thou that labourest,—thy leisure is not  
loss,  
If it help to expose and undermine that solid falsehood,  
the Material.

Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers;  
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end  
in a distant massy portal.  
It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and  
primrose,  
A little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet:  
Soon, spring thistles in the way, those early griefs of  
school,  
And fruit-trees ranged on either hand show holiday de-  
lights:  
Anon, the rose and the mimosa hint at sensitive affec-  
tion,  
And vipers hide among the grass, and briars are woven  
in the hedges:  
Shortly, staked along in order, stand the tender sap-  
lings,  
While hollow hemlock and tall ferns fill the frequent  
interval:  
So advancing, quaintly mixed, majestic line the way  
Sturdy oaks, and vigorous elms, the beech and forest-  
pine:  
And here the road is rough with rocks, wide, and scant  
of herbage,  
The sun is hot in heaven, and the ground is cleft and  
parched:  
And many-times a hollow trunk, decayed, or lightning-  
scathed,

Or in its deadly solitude, the melancholy upas ;  
But soon, with closer ranks, are set the sentinel trees,  
And darker shadows hover amongst Autumn's mellow  
tints ;  
Ever and anon, a holly,—junipers, and cypresses, and  
yews ;  
The soil is damp ; the air is chill ; night cometh on  
apace :  
Speed to the portal, traveller,—lo, there is a moon,  
With smiling light to guide thee safely through the  
dreadful shade :  
Hark,—that hollow knock,—behold, the warder openeth,  
The gate is gaping, and for thee ;—those are the jaws of  
Death !

## Of Death.

---

~~Keep~~ silence, daughter of frivolity,—for Death is in that chamber !

Startle not with echoing sound the strangely solemn peace.

Death is here in spirit, watcher of a marble corpse,—  
That eye is fixed, that heart is still,—how dreadful in its stillness !

Death, new tenant of the house, pervadeth all the fabric,  
He waiteth at the head, and he standeth at the feet, and hideth in the caverns of the breast :

Death, subtle leech, hath anatomized soul from body,  
Dissecting well in every nerve its spirit from its substance :

Death, rigid lord, hath claimed the heriot clay,  
While joyously the youthful soul hath gone to take his heritage :

Death, cold usurer, hath seized his bonded debtor ;

Death, savage despot, hath caught his forfeit serf ;

Death, blind foe, wreaketh petty vengeance on the  
flesh ;  
Death, fell cannibal, gloateth on his victim,  
And carrieth it with him to the grave, that dismal banquet-hall,  
Where in foul state the Royal Goul holdeth secret  
orgies.

Hide it up, hide it up, draw the decent curtain :  
Hence ! curious fool, and pry not on corruption :  
For the fearful mysteries of change are being there  
enacted,  
And many actors play their part on that small stage, the  
tomb.  
Leave the clay, that leprous thing, touch not the fleshly  
garment :  
Dust to dust, it mingleth well among the sacred soil :  
It is scattered by the winds, it is wafted by the waves, it  
mixeth with herbs and cattle,  
But God hath watched those morsels, and hath guided  
them in care ;  
Each waiting soul must claim his own, when the arch-  
angel soundeth,  
And all the fields, and all the hills, shall move a mass of  
life ;  
Bodies numberless crowding on the land, and covering  
the trampled sea,  
Darkening the air precipitate, and gathered scatheless  
from the fire ;  
The Himalayan peaks shall yield their charge, and the  
desolate steppes of Siberia,

The Maelström disengulph its spoil, and the iceberg  
manumit its captive :

All shall teem with life, the converging fragments of  
humanity,

Till every conscious essence greet his individual frame;  
For in some dignified similitude, alike, yet different in  
glory,

This body shall be shaped anew, fit dwelling for the  
soul :

The hovel hath grown to a palace, the bulb hath burst  
into the flower,

Matter hath put on incorruption, and is at peace with  
spirit.

Amen,—and so it shall be:—but now, the scene is  
drear,—

Yea, though promises and hope strive to cheat its sad-  
ness ;

Full of grief, though faith herself is strong to speed the  
soul,

For the partner of its toil is left behind to endure an  
ordeal of change.

Dear partner, dear and frail, my loved though humble  
home,—

Should I cast thee off without a pang, as a garment  
flung aside?

Many years, for joy and sorrow, have I dwelt in thee,  
How shall I be reckless of thy weal, nor hope for thy  
perfection ?—

This also, He that lent thee for my uses in mortality,  
Shall well fulfil with boundless praise on that returning  
day :

Behold, thou shalt be glorified : thou, mine abject  
friend,  
And should I meanly scorn thy state, until it rise to  
greatness ?  
Far be it, O my soul, from thine expectant essence,  
To be heedless, if indignity or folly desecrate those thine  
ashes :  
Keep them safe with careful love ; and let the mound be  
holy ;  
And, thou that passest by, revere the waiting dead.

Paples sitteth by the sea, keystone of an arch of azure,  
Crowned by consenting nations peerless queen of  
gaiety :  
She laugheth at the wrath of Ocean, she mocketh the  
fury of Vesuvius,  
She spurneth disease and misery and famine, that crowd  
her sunny streets :  
The giddy dance, the merry song, the festal glad pro-  
cession,  
The noonday slumber and the midnight serenade,—all  
these make up her Life :  
Her Life ?—and what her Death ?—look we to the end  
of life,—  
Solon, and Tellus the Athenian, wisely have ye pointed  
to the grave.  
For behold yon dreary precinct,—those hundreds of  
stone wells,  
A pit for a day, a pit for a day,—a pit to be sealed for a  
year :  
And in the gloom of night, they raise the year-closed  
lid,—



Look in,—for gnawing lime hath half consumed the  
carcasses ;  
Thus they hurl the daily dead into that horrible pit,  
The dead that only died this day,—as unconsidered  
offal !  
There, a stark white heap, unwept, unloved, uncared  
for,  
Old men and maidens, young men and infants, mingle  
in hideous corruption ;  
Fling in the gnawing lime,—seal up the charnel for a  
year ;  
For lo, a morrow's dawn hath tinged the mountain sum-  
mit.  
O fair false city, thou gay and gilded harlot,  
Woe, for thy wanton heart, woe, for thy wicked hard-  
ness :  
Woe unto thee, that the lightsomeness of Life, beneath  
Italian suns,  
Should meet the solemnity of Death, in a sepulchre so  
foul and fearful.

For that, even to the best, the wise and pure and pious,  
Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible :  
Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kin-  
dred,  
With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear  
old country church,  
Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful,  
The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse  
thy coming.  
Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath  
added fears ;

The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential vault,  
With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans and flaky footfalls,  
And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.  
We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,  
Nor of solaces, and merciful pardon : we heed but the inevitable grave ;  
The grave, that wage of guilt, that due return to dust,  
The grave, that goal of earth, and starting-post for Heaven.

Plant it with laurels, sprinkle it with lilies, set it upon yonder dewy hill  
Midst holy prayers, and generous griefs, and consecrating blessings :  
Let Sophocles sleep among his ivy, green perennial garlands,  
Let olives shade their Virgil, and roses bloom above Corinne ;  
To his foster-mother, Ocean, entrust the mariner in hope ;  
The warrior's spirit, let it rise on high from the flaming fragrant pyre.  
But heap not coffins and corruption to infect the mass of living,  
Nor steal from odious realities the charitable poetry of Death :  
It is wise to gild uncomeliness, it is wise to mask necessity,

It is wise from cheerful sights and sounds to draw their gentle uses :

Hide the facts, the bitter facts, the foul, and fearful facts,

Tend the body well in hope, this were praise and wisdom :

But to plunge in gloom the parting soul, that hath loved its clay tenement so long,

This were vanity and folly, the counsel of moroseness and despair.

Not thus, the Scythian of old time welcomed Death with songs ;

Not thus, the shrewd Egyptian decorated Death with braveries ;

Not thus, on his funeral tower sleepeth the sun-worshipping Parsee ;

Not thus, the Moslem saint lieth in his arabesque mausoleum ;

Not thus, the wild red Indian, hunter of the far Missouri,

In flowering trees hath nested up his forest-loving ancestry ;

Not thus, the Switzer mountaineer scattereth ribboned garlands

About the rustic cross that halloweth the bed of his beloved ;

Not thus, the village maiden wisheth she may die in spring,

With store of violets and cowslips to be sprinkled on her snow-white shroud ;

Not thus, the dying poet asketh a cheerful grave,—

Lay him in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath departed !

Sea ; it is the poetry of Death, an Orpheus gladdening  
Hadës,

To care with mindful love for all so dear—and dead ;  
To think of them in hope, to look for them in joy, and—  
but for its simple vanity,—

To pray with all the earnestness of nature for souls who  
cannot change.

For the tree is felled, and boughed, and bare, and the  
Measurer standeth with His line ;

The chance is gone for ever, and is past the reach of  
prayer :

For men and angels, good and ill, have rendered all  
their witness ;

The trial is over, the jury are gone in, and none can now  
be heard ;

Well are they agreed upon the verdict, just, and fixt,  
and final,

And the sentence showeth clear, before the Judge hath  
spoken :

Now,—while resting matter is at peace within the  
tomb,

The conscious spirit watcheth in unspeakable suspense  
Racked with a fearful looking-forward, or blissfully  
feeding on the foretaste,

Waiting souls in eager expectation pass the solemn in-  
terval :

They slumber not at death, but awaken, quickened to  
the terrors of the judgment ;

They lie not insensate among darkness, but exult, look-  
ing forward to the light :

Idiotcy, brightening on the instant, when that veil is  
torn,

Is grateful that his torpor here hath left him as an innocent :

The young child, stricken as he played, and guileless babes unborn,

Freed from fetters of the flesh, burst into mind immediate :

Madness judgeth wisely, and the visions of the lunatic are gone,

And each hasteneth to praise the mercy that made him irresponsible.

For the soul is one, though manifold in act, working the machinery of brain,

Reason, fancy, conscience, passion, are but varying phases ;

If, in God's wise purpose, the machine were shattered or confused,

Still is soul the same, though it exhibit with a difference :

Therefore, dissipate the brain, and set its inmate free,

Behold, the maniacs and embryos stand in their place intelligent.

That solvent eateth away all dross, leaving the gold intact :

Matter lingereth in the retort, spirit hath flown to the receiver :

And lo, that recipient of the spirits, it is some aerial world,

An oasis midway on the desert space, separating earth from heaven,

A prison-house for essences incorporate, a limbus vague and wide,

Tartarus for evil, and Paradise for good, that intermediate Hadës.

☉ Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,  
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life  
become established :

O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,  
Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial-  
scene of Time :

O Death, what art thou? an Husbandman, that reapeth  
always,

Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his  
hand :

O Death, what art thou? the shadow unto every sub-  
stance,

In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day :

O Death, what art thou? Nurse of dreamless slumbers

Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal :

O Death, what art thou? strange and solemn Alchy-  
mist,

Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles :

O Death, what art thou? Antitype of Nature's mar-  
vels,

The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy  
and glory.

Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of  
men,—

Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed de-  
sert,—

Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his  
children,—

How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable  
Death :

Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One hath  
saved ;

The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality!

—Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,

The terrors are but shadows now, that haunt the vale of Death.

## Of Immortality.

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**U**rd up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of earth ;

Tenant of a hovel for a day,—thou art heir of the universe for ever !

For, neither congealing of the grave, nor gulphing waters of the firmament,

Nor expansive airs of heaven, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna,

Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,

Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee !

**T**hou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay-tree of Existence ;

A word from Wisdom's mouth, that cannot be unspoken ;

A ray of Love's own light ; a drop in Mercy's sea ;



A creature, marvellous and fearful, begotten by the fiat  
of Omnipotence.

I, that speak in weakness, and ye, that hear in charity,  
Shall not cease to live and feel, though flesh must see  
corruption ;

For the prison-gates of matter shall be broken, and the  
shackled soul go free,

Free, for good or ill, to satisfy its appetite for ever :

For ever,—dreadful doom, to be hurried on eternally to  
evil,—

For ever,—happy fate, to ripen into perfectness—for  
ever !

And is there a thought within thy heart, O slave of sin  
'and fear,

A black and harmful hope, that erring spirit dieth ?

That primal disobedience hath ensured the death of  
soul,

And separate evil sealed it thine—thy curse, Annihila-  
tion ?

Heed thou this ; there is a Sacrifice ; the Maker is Re-  
deemer of His creature ;

Freely unto each, universally to all, is restored the privi-  
lege of essence :

Whether unto grace or guilt, all must live through Him,  
Live in vital joy, or live in dying woe :

Death in Adam, Life in Christ : the curse hung upon  
the cross :

Who art thou that heedest of redemption, as narrower  
than the fall ?

All were dead,—He died for all ; that living, they might  
love ;

If living souls withhold their love,—still, He hath died  
for them.

Eve stole the knowledge ; Christ gave the life :

Knowledge and life are the perquisites of soul, the privilege of Man :

Mercy stepped between and stayed the double theft ;

God gave ; and giving, bought ; and buying, asketh  
love :

And in such asking rendereth bliss, to all that hear and  
answer,

For love with life is heaven ; and life unloving, hell.

Creature of God, His will is for thy weal, eternally progressing ;

Fear not to trust a Maker's love, nor a Saviour's ransom :

He drank for all,—for thee, and me,—the poison of our  
deeds ;

We shall not die, but live,—and, of His grace, we love.

For, in the mysteries of Mercy, the One fore-knowing  
Spirit

Outstrippeth reason's halting choice, and winneth men  
to Him :

Who shall sound the depths ? who shall reach the  
heights ?

Freedom, in the gyves of fate ; and sovereignty, reconciled  
with justice.

If then, as annihilate by sin, the soul was ever forfeit,  
Godhead paid the mighty price, the pledge hath been  
redeemed :

He from the waters of Oblivion raised the drowning  
race,

Lifting them even to Himself, the baseless Rock of  
Ages.

None can escape from Adam's guilt, or second Adam's  
guerdon :

Sin and death are thine ; thine also is interminable  
being :

Let it be even as thou wilt, still are we ransomed from  
nonentity,

The worlds of bliss and woe are peopled with immor-  
tals :

And ruin is thy blame ; for thou, the worst, art free  
To take from Heaven the grace of love, as the gift of  
life :

Yet is not remedy thy praise ; for thou, the best, art  
bound

In self, and sin, and darkling sloth, until He break the  
chain :

None can tell, without a struggle, if that chain be  
broken ;

Strive to-day,—one effort more may prove that thou art  
free !

Here is faith and prayer, here is the Grace and the  
Atonement,

Here is the creature feeling for its God, and the prodigal  
returning to his Father.

But, behold, His reasonable children, standing in just  
probation,

With ears to hear, neglect ; with eyes to see, refuse :

They will not have the blessing with the life, the bless-  
ing that enricheth immortality ;

And look for pleasures out of God, for heaven in life  
alone ;

So, they snatch that awful prize, existence void of love,  
And in their darkening exile make a needful hell of self.

Therefore fear, thou sinner, lest the huge blessing, Im-  
mortality,

Be blighted in thine evil to a curse,—it were better he  
had not been born :

Therefore hope, thou saint, for the gift of Immortality is  
free ;

Take and live, and live in love ; fear not, thou art re-  
deemed !

The happy life, that height of hope, the knowledge of all  
good,

This is the blessing on obedience, obedience the child of  
faith ;

The miserable life, that depth of all despair, the know-  
ledge of all evil,

This is the curse upon impenitence, impenitence that  
sprung of unbelief.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love in all He doeth,  
Love, a brilliant fire, to gladden or consume :

The wicked work their woe by looking upon love, and  
hating it :

The righteous find their joys in yearning on its loveliness  
for ever.

Who shall imagine Immortality, or picture its illimit-  
able prospect ?


How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea !

For consider the primæval woods that bristle over broad  
Australia,

And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by  
millions ;

Thence look up to a moonless sky from a sleeping isle of  
the Ægean,  
And add to these leaves yon starry host, sparkling on  
the midnight numberless ;  
Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of eddying  
sand,  
Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the  
leaves and to the stars ;  
Afterward gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an  
Atlantic,  
Take drop by drop, and add their sum, to the grains,  
and leaves, and stars ;  
The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves, and  
stars innumerable,  
(Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit  
were an age,)  
All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of  
Time,  
Compared with this intolerable blaze, the measureless  
enduring of Eternity !

⊕ grandest gift of the Creator,—O largesse worthy of a  
God,—  
Who shall grasp that thrilling thought, life and joy for  
ever?  
For the sun in heaven's heaven is Love that cannot  
change,  
And the shining of that sun is life, to all beneath its  
beams:  
Who shall arrest it in the firmament,—or drag it from  
its sphere ?  
Or bid its beauty smile no more, but be extinct for ever ?



, where God hath given, none shall take away,  
 build up limits to His love, nor bid His bounty  
 cease;  
 le, as space is peopled, endless as the empire of  
 heaven,  
 river of the water of life floweth on in majesty for  
 ever!

ry should it seem a thing impossible to thee, O man  
 of many doubts,  
 t God shall wake the dead, and give this mortal im-  
 mortality?  
 ; that such riches are unsearchable, the bounty too  
 profuse?  
 l yet, what gift, to cease or change, is worthy of the  
 King Almighty?  
 remember the moment thou art not, thou mightest  
 as well not have been;  
 illennium and an hour are equal in the gulph of  
 that desolate abyss, annihilation:  
 Adam had existed till to-day, and to-day had perished  
 utterly,  
 at were his gain in length of a life, that hath passed  
 away for ever?  
 tribute of thanks can exhale from the empty censer  
 of nonentity:  
 Giver, with His gift reclaimed, is mulcted of all  
 praise.

l me, ye that strive in vain to cramp and dwarf the  
 soul,

Wherefore should it cease to be, and when shall essence  
die ?

It is,—and therefore shall be,—till just obstacle op-  
poseth :

Show no cause for change, and reason leaneth to con-  
tinuance.

The body verily shall change ; this curious house we  
live in

Never had continuing stay, but changeth every instant :  
But the spiritual tenant of the house abideth in unalter-  
able consciousness,

He may fly to many lands, but cannot flee himself.

The soil wherein ye drop the seed, by suns or rains may  
vary ;

But the seed is the same ; and soul is the seed ; and flesh  
but its anchorage to earth.

The machine may be broken, and rust corrode the  
springs : but can rust feed on motion ?

Worms may batten on the brain : but can worms gnaw  
the mind ?

Dynamics are, and dwell apart, though matter be not  
made ;

Spirit is, and can be separate, though a body were not :  
Power is one, be it lever, screw, or wedge ; but it  
needeth these for illustration :

Mind is one, be it causal or ideal ; but it is shown in  
these.

The creature is constructed individual, for trial of his  
reasonable will,

Clay and soul, commingled wisely, mingled not con-  
fused :

As power is not in the spring, till somewhat give it  
action,  
So, until spirit be infused, the organism lieth inergetic.

Or shalt thou say that mind is the delicate offspring of  
matter,  
The bright consummate flower that must perish with its  
leaf?  
Go to: doth weight breed lightness? is freedom the  
atmosphere of prisons?  
When did the body elevate, expand, and bud the mind?  
Lo, a red-hot cinder flung from the furnaces of Ætna,  
There is fire in that ash; but did the pumice make it?  
Nay, cold clod, never canst thou generate a flame,  
Nay, most exquisite machinery, never-more elaborate a  
mind;  
Rather do ye battle and contend, opposite the one to the  
other;  
Till God shall stop the strife, and call the body col-  
league.

Garment of flesh, and art thou then a vest, so tinged  
with subtle poison,  
(Maddening tunic of the centaur,) as to kill the soul?  
Not so: fruit of disobedience, rot in dissolution, as thou  
must,—  
The seed is in the core, its germ is safe, and life is in  
that germ:  
Moreover, Marah shall be sweetened: and a Good Phy-  
sician  
Yet shall heal those gangrene wounds, the spotted plague  
of sin:



He, through worldly trials, and the separative cleansing  
of the grave,  
Shall change its corruptible to glory, and wash that garment white.

Still, is the whisper in thy heart, that oftenest the bed of  
death

Seemeth but a sluggish ebb, of sinking soul and body?  
Mind dwelling, long-time, sensual in the chambers of the  
flesh,

May slumber on in conscious sloth, and wilfully be  
dulled:

But is it therefore nigh to dissolution, even as the body  
of this death?

Ask the stricken conscience, gasping out its terrors;

Ask the dying miser, loth to leave his gold;

Ask the widowed poor, confiding her fatherless to strangers;

Ask the martyr-maid, a broken reed so strong,

That weak and tortured frame, with triumph on its  
brow!—

O thou gainsayer, the finger of disease may seem to reach  
the soul,

But it is a spiritual touch, sympathy with that which  
aileth:

Pain or fear may dislocate and shatter this delicate machinery of nerves;

But madness proveth mind: the fault is in the engine,  
not the impetus:

Dissipate the mists of matter, lo, the soul is clear:

Timour's cage bowed it in the dust; but now it goeth  
forth a freedman.

Yet more, there is reason in moralities, that the soul  
     must live;  
 If God be king in heaven, or have care for earth.  
 Can wickedness have triumphed with impunity, or virtue  
     toiled unseen?  
 Shall cruelty torture unavenged, and the innocent com-  
     plain unheard?  
 Is there no recompense for woe,—must there be no other  
     world for justice,—  
 No hope in setting suns of good, nor terror for the evil  
     at its zenith?  
 How shall ye make answer unto this; a just God pros-  
     pering iniquity,  
 Wisdom encouraging the foolish, and Goodness abetting  
     the depraved!

Yet again; mine erring brother, pardon this abundance  
     of my speech,  
 Yield me thy candour and thy charity, listening with a  
     welcome:  
 For, even now, a thousand thoughts are trooping to my  
     theme;  
 O mighty theme, O feeble thoughts! Alas! who is suffi-  
     cient?  
 Judge not so high a cause by these poor words alone,  
 For lo, the advocate hath little skill: pardon, and pass  
     on:  
 Certify thyself with surer proofs; fledge thine own mind  
     for flight;  
 Think, and pray; those better proofs shall follow on  
     with holy aspiration.  
 Yet in my humbler grade to help thy weal and comfort,

Thy weal for this and higher worlds, and comfort in thy  
sickness,  
Suffer the multitude of fancies, walking with me still in  
love ;  
But tread in fear, it is holy ground,—remember, Immor-  
tality !

~~Will~~ wilt thou argue from infirmities, thine abject evil  
state,  
As how should stricken wretched man indeed exist for  
ever :  
The brutal and besotted, the savage and the slave, the  
sucking infant and the idiot,  
The mass of mean and common minds, and all to be im-  
mortal ?—  
Consider every beginning, how small it is and feeble :  
Ganges, and the rolling Mississippi sprung of brooks  
among the mountains ;  
The Yew-tree of a thousand years was once a little  
seed ;  
And Nero's marble Rome, a shepherd's mudbuilt  
hovel :  
A speck is on the tropic sky, and it groweth to the ter-  
rible tornado ;  
An apple, all too fair to see, destroyed a world of souls :  
A tender babe is born,—it is Attila, scourge of the  
nations !  
A seeming malefactor dieth,—it is Jesus, the Saviour of  
men !

And hie not in thy thoughts the vain and wordy  
notion

That nothing which was born in Time can tire out the  
footsteps of Infinity :

Reckon up a sum in numbers ; where shall progression  
stop ?

The starting-post is definite and fixed, but what is the  
goal of numeration ?

So, begin upon a moment, and when shall being end ?  
Souls emanate from God, to travel with Him equally for  
ever.

Moreover, thou that objectest the unenterable circle of  
eternity,

That none but He from everlasting can endure, as to a  
future everlasting,

Consider, may it be impossible that creatures were  
counted in their Maker,

And so, that the confines of Eternity are filled by God  
alone ?

Trust not thy soul upon a fancy : who would freight a  
bubble with a diamond, .

And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of  
a cataract ?

If then we perish not at death, but walk in spirit through  
the darkness,

Waiting for a mansion incorruptible, whereof this body  
is the seed,

Tell me, when shall be the period ? time and its ordeals  
are done :

The storms are passed, the night is at end, behold the  
Sabbath morning.

Is death to be conqueror again, and claim once more the  
victory,—

Can the enemy's corpse awaken into life, and bruise the  
Champion's head?  
Evil, terrible ensample, that foil to the attributes of  
Good,  
Is banished to its own black world, weeded out of earth  
and heaven :  
Shall that great gulf be passed, and sin be sown again?  
We know but this, the book of truth proclaimeth  
gladly, Never !

There remaineth the will of our God : when He re-  
penteth of His creature,  
Made by self-suggested mercy, ransomed by self-sacri-  
ficing justice,—  
When Truth, that swore unto his neighbour, disap-  
pointeth him, and cleaveth to a lie,—  
When the counsels of Wisdom are confounded, and  
Love warreth with itself,—  
When the Unchangeable is changed, and the arm of  
Omnipotence is broken,—  
Then,—thy quenchless soul shall have reached the goal  
of its existence.

But it seemeth to thy notions of the merciful and just,  
a false and fearful thing,  
To lay such a burden upon time, that eternity be built  
on its foundation :  
if so casual good or ill should colour all the future,  
And the vanity of accident, or sternness of necessity,  
save or wreck a soul.  
Were it casual, vain, or stern, this might pass for  
truth :

But all things are marshalled by Design, and carefully  
tended by Benevolence.

O man, thy Judge is righteous,—noting, remembering,  
and weighing;—

Want, ignorance, diversities of state, are cast into the  
balance of advantage :

The poisonous example of a parent asketh for allowance  
in the child ;

Care, diseases, toils, and frailties,—all things are consi-  
dered.

And again, a mysterious Omniscience knoweth the  
spirits that are His,

While the delicate tissues of Event are woven by the  
fingers of Ubiquity.

Should Providence be taken by surprise from the pos-  
sible impinging of an accident,

One fortuitous grain might dislocate the banded  
universe :

The merest seeming trifle is ordered as the morning  
light ;

And He, that rideth on the hurricane, is pilot of the  
bubble on the breaker.

Once more, consider Matter, how small a thing is father  
to the greatest ;

Thou that lightly hast regarded the results of so-called  
accident.

A blade of grass took fire in the sun,—and the prairies  
are burnt to the horizon :

A grain of sand may blind the eye, and madden the  
brain to murder :

A careful fly deposited its egg in the swelling bud of an  
 acorn,—  
 The sapling grew,—cankrous and gnarled,—it is yonder  
 hollow oak :  
 A child touched a spring, and the spring closed a valve,  
 and the labouring engine burst,—  
 A thousand lives were in that ship,—wrecked by an in-  
 fant's finger !  
 Shall nature preach in vain ? thy casualty, guided in its  
 orbit,  
 Though less than a mote upon the sunbeam, saileth in a  
 fleet of worlds ;  
 That trivial cause, watered and observed of the Husband-  
 man day by day,  
 In calm undeviating strength doth work its large effect.  
 Thus, in the pettiness of life note thou seeds of gran-  
 deur,  
 And watch the hour-glass of Time with the eyes of an  
 heir of Immortality.

There still be clouds of witnesses,—if thou art not weary  
 of my speech,—  
 Flocks of thoughts adding lustre to the light, and point-  
 ing on to Life.  
 For reflect how Truth and Goodness, well and wisely put,  
 Commend themselves to every mind with wondrous in-  
 tuition :  
 What is this ? the recognition of a standard, unwritten,  
 natural, uniform ;  
 Telling of one common source, the root of Good and  
 True.  
 And if thus present soul can trace descent from Deity,

Being, as it standeth, individual, a separate reasonable  
 thing,  
 What should hinder that its hope may not trace gladly  
 forward,  
 And, in astounding parallel, like Enoch walk with God?  
 Yea, the genealogy of soul, that vivifying breath of a  
 Creator,  
 Breath, no transient air, but essence, energy, and rea-  
 son,  
 Is looming on the past, and shadowing the future, sub-  
 limely as Melchisedek of old,  
 Having not beginning, nor end of days, but present in  
 the majesty of Peace!

❶ false scholar, credulous in vanities, and only sceptical  
 of truth,  
 Wherefore toil to cheat thy soul of its birthright, Im-  
 mortality?  
 Is it for thy guilt? He pardoneth: Is it for thy frailty?  
 He will help:  
 Though thou fearest, He is love; and Mercy shall be  
 deeper than Despair:  
 Even for thy full-blown pride, is it much to be receiver  
 of a God?  
 And lo, thy rights, He made thee; thy claims, He hath  
 redeemed.  
 Hath the fair aspect of affection no beauty that thou  
 shouldst desire it?  
 And are those sorrows nothing, to thee that passest by?  
 For it is Fact, immutable, that God hath dwelt in  
 Man:  
 With gentle generous love ennobling while He bought us.



What, though thou art false, ignorant, weak and daring,—

Can the sun be quenched in heaven—or only Belisarius be blind?

But, even stooping to thy folly, grant all these hopes are vain ;

Stultify reason, wrestle against conscience, and wither up the heart :

Where is thy vast advantage?—I have all that thou hast,

The buoyancy of life as strong, and term of days no shorter ;

My cup is full with gladness, my griefs are not more galling ;

And thus, we walk together, even to the gates of death :

There, (if not also on my journey, blessing every step, Gladdening with light, and quickening with love, and killing all my cares,)

There,—while thou art quailing, or sullenly expecting to be nothing,—

There,—is found my gain ; I triumph where thou tremblest.

Grant all my solace is a lie, yet it is a fountain of delight, A spice in every pleasure, and a balm for every pain :

O precious wise delusion, scattering both misery and sin,—

O vile and silly truth, depraving while it curseth !

Barkling child of knowledge, commune with Socrates and Cicero,

They had no prejudice of birth, no dull parental warpings ;

See, those lustrous minds anticipate the dawning day,—  
Whilst thou, poor mole, art burrowing back to darkness  
from the light.

I will not urge a revelation, mercies, miracles, and  
martyrs,

But, after twice a thousand years, go, learn thou of the  
pagan :

It were happier and wiser even among fools, to cling to  
the shadow of a hope,

Than, in the company of sages, to win the substance of  
despair ;

But here, the sages hope ; despair is with the fools,  
The base bad hearts, the stolid heads, the sensual and  
the selfish.

And wilt thou, sorry scorner, mock the phrase, despair ?  
Despair for those who die and live,—for me, I live and  
die :

What have I to do with dread?—my taper must go  
out ;—

I nurse no silly hopes, and therefore feel no fears ;  
I am hastening to an End.—O false and feeble answer :  
For hope is in thee still, and fear, a racking deep  
anxiety.

Erring brother, listen : and take thine answer from  
the ancients :

Consider every end, that it is but the end of a begin-  
ning.

All things work in circles ; weariness induceth unto  
rest,

Rest invigorateth labour, and labour causeth weariness:  
 War produceth peace, and peace is wanton unto war:  
 Light dieth into darkness, and night dawneth into  
 day:

The rotting jungle reeds scatter fertility around;  
 The buffalo's dead carcass hath quickened life in mil-  
 lions:

The end of toil is gain, the end of gain is pleasure,  
 Pleasure tendeth unto waste, and waste commandeth  
 toil.

So, is death an end,—but it breedeth an infinite begin-  
 ning;

Limits are for time, and death killed time; Eternity's  
 beginning is for ever.

Ambition, hath it any goal indeed? is not all fruition,  
 disappointment?

A step upon the ladder, and another, and another,—we  
 start from every end?

Look to the eras of mortality, babe, student, man,  
 The husband, the father, the death-bed of a saint,—and  
 is it then an end?

That common climax, Death, shall it lead to nothing?  
 How strong a root of causes flowering a consequence of  
 vapour:

That solid chain of facts, is it to be snapped for ever?  
 How stout a show of figures, weakly summing to non-  
 entity.

Or haply, Death, in the doublings of thy thought, shall  
 seem continuous ending;

A dull eternal slumber, not an end abrupt.

O most futile chrysalis, wherefore dost thou sleep?  
 Dreamless, unconscious, never to awake,—what object  
 in such slumber?

If thou art still to live, it may as well be wakefully as  
 sleeping:

How grovelling must that spirit be, to need eternal  
 sleep!

Or was indeed the toil of life so heavy and so long,  
 That nevermore can rest refresh thine overburdened  
 soul?—

Sleep is a recreance to body, but when was mind  
 asleep?

Even in a swoon it dreameth, though all be forgotten  
 afterward:

The muscles seek relaxing, and the irritable nerves ask  
 peace;

But life is a constant force, spirit an unquietable im-  
 petus;

The eye may wear out as a telescope, and the brain work  
 slow as a machine,

But soul, unwearied, and for ever, is capable of effort  
 unimpaired.

I live, move, am conscious: what shall bar my being?  
 Where is the rude hand, to rend this tissue of existence?  
 Not thine, shadowy Death, what art thou but a phan-  
 tom?

Not thine, foul Corruption, what art thou but a fear?  
 For death is merely absent life, as darkness absent  
 light;

Not even a suspension, for the life hath sailed away,  
 steering gladly somewhere.

And corruption closely noted, is but a dissolving of the  
parts,

The parts remain, and nothing lost, to build a better  
whole.

Moreover, mind is unity, however versatile and rapid ;  
Thou canst not entertain two coincident ideas, although  
they quickly follow :

And Unity hath no parts, so that there is nothing to  
dissolve :

And element is still unchanged in every searching  
solvent.

Who then shall bid me be annulled ?—He that gave me  
being ?

Amen, if God so will : I know that will is love ;  
But love hath promised life, and therefore I shall live ;  
So long as He is God, I shall be His Creature !

And here, shrewd reasoner, so eager to prove that thou  
must perish,

I note a sneer upon thy lip, and ridicule is haply on thy  
tongue :

How, said he,—creature of a God, and are not all his  
creatures,—

The lion, and the gnat,—yea, the mushroom, and the  
crystal,—have all these a soul ?

Thy fancies tend to prove too much, and overshoot the  
mark :

If I die not with brutes, then brutes must live with  
me ?—

I dare not tell thee that they will, for the word is not in  
my commission ;

But of the twain it is the likelier ; continuance is the  
chance :

Men, dying in their sins, are likened unto beasts that  
perish ;  
They are dark, animal, insensate, but have they not  
a lurking soul ?  
The spirit of a man goeth upward, reasonable, apprehending God ;  
The spirit of a beast goeth downward, sensual, doting on  
the creature :  
Who told thee they die at dissolution ?—boldly think it  
out,—  
The multitude of flies, and the multitude of herbs, the  
world with all its beings :  
Is Infinity too narrow, Omnipotence too weak, and Love  
so anxious to destroy,  
Doth Wisdom change its plan, and a Maker cancel His  
created ?  
God's will may compass all things, to fashion and to  
nullify at pleasure :  
Yet are there many thoughts of hope, that all which are  
shall live.  
True, there is no conscience in the brute, beyond some  
educated habit,  
They lay them down without a fear, and wake without a  
hope :  
Hunger and pain is of the animal : but when did they  
reckon or compare ?  
They live, idealess, in instinct ; and while they breathe  
they gain :  
The master is an idol to his dog, who cannot rise beyond  
him ;  
And void of capability for God, there would seem small  
cause for an infinity.

Therefore, caviller, my poor thoughts dare not grant they  
live :

But is it not a great thing to assume their annihilation—  
and thine own ?

Would it be much if a speck on space, this globe with  
all its millions,

Verily, after its pollution, were suffered to exist in  
purity ?

Or much, if guiltless creatures, that were cruelly en-  
treated upon earth,

Found some commensurate reward in lower joys here-  
after ?

Or much, if a Creator, prodigal of life, and filled with  
the profundity of love,

Rejoice in all creatures of His skill, and lead them to  
perfection in their kind ?

O man, there are many marvels ; yet life is more a  
mystery than death :

For death may be some stagnant life,—but life is present  
God !

Many are the lurking holes of evil ; who shall search  
them out ?

Who so skilled to cut away the cancer with its fibres ?

For wily minds with sinuous ease escape from lie to  
lie ;

And cowards driven from the trench steal back to hide  
again.

Vain were the battle, if a warrior, having slain his  
foes,

Shall turn and find them vital still, unharmed, yea, un-  
ashamed :

r Error, dark magician, daily cast out killed,  
ickeneth animate anew beneath the midnight moon :  
ce and again, once and again, hath reason answered  
wisely ;  
it not the less with brazen front doth folly urge her  
questions.  
were but unprofitable toil, a stand-up fight with un-  
belief :  
men was there candour in a caviller, and who can  
satisfy the faithless ?  
o long, O truant from the fold, have I tracked thy  
devious paths ;  
o long, treacherous deserter, fought thee as a noble  
foeman :  
ply, my small art, and an arm too weakly for its  
weapon,  
th failed to pierce thine iron coat, and reach thy  
stricken soul :  
ply, the fervour of my speech, and too patient sifting  
of thy fancies,  
all tend to make thee prize them more, as worthier  
and wiser :  
to : be mine the gain : we measure swords no more ;  
d,—and a word go with thee,—Man, thou ART Im-  
mortal !

ild of light, and student in the truth, too long have I  
forgotten thee :  
, after parley with an alien, let me hold sweet converse  
with a brother.  
rious hopes, and ineffable imaginings, crowd our  
holy theme,



Fear hath been slaughtered on the portal, and Doubt  
driven back to darkness :

For Christ hath died, and we in Him ; by faith His All  
is ours ;

Cross and crown, and love, and life ; and we shall reign  
in Him !

Yea, there is a fitness and a beauty in ascribing immor-  
tality to mind,

That its energies and lofty aspirations may have scope  
for indefinite expansion :

To learn all things is privilege of reason, and that with  
a growing capability,

But in this age of toil and time we scarce attain to al-  
phabets :

How hardly in the midst of our hurry, and jostled by  
the cares of life,

Shall a man turn and stop to consider mighty secrets ;

With barely hours, and barely powers, to fill up daily  
duties,

How small the glimpse of knowledge, his wondering eye  
can catch !

And knowledge is a noting of the order wherein God's  
attributes evolve,

Therefore worthy of the creature, worthy of an angel's  
seeking :

Yea, and human knowledge, meagre though the har-  
vest,

Hath its roots, both deep and strong ; but the plants are  
exotic to the climate :

All we seem to know demand a longer learning,

History and science, and prophecy and art, are workings  
all of God :

And there are galaxies of globes, millions of unimagined  
 beings,  
 Other senses, wondrous sounds, and thoughts of thrilling  
 fire,  
 Powers of strange might, quickening unknown elements,  
 And attributes and energies of God which man may  
 never guess.

Not in vain, O brother, hath soul the spurs of enterprise,  
 Nor aimlessly panteth for adventure, waiting at the cave  
 of mystery :  
 Not in vain the cup of curiosity, sweet and richly  
 spiced,  
 Is ruby to the sight, and ambrosia to the taste, and redolent  
 with all fragrance :  
 Thou shalt drink, and deeply, filling the mind with  
 marvels ;  
 Thou shalt watch no more, lingering, disappointed of  
 thy hope ;  
 Thou shalt roam where road is none, a traveller untrammelled,  
 Speeding at a wish, emancipate, to where the stars are  
 suns !

Count, count your hopes, heirs of immortality and  
 love ;  
 And hear my kindred faith, and turn again to bless me.  
 For lo, my trust is strong to dwell in many worlds,  
 And cull of many brethren there, sweet knowledge ever  
 new :

I yearn for realms where fancy shall be filled, and the  
ecstasies of freedom shall be felt,  
And the soul reign gloriously, risen to its royal des-  
tinies :

I look to recognize again, through the beautiful mask of  
their perfection,

The dear familiar faces I have somehow loved on  
earth :

I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils  
past,

And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steered us through  
the rapids :

He shall be the focus of it all, the very heart of glad-  
ness,—

My soul is athirst for God, the God who dwelt in Man!  
Prophet, priest, and king, the sacrifice, the substitute,  
the Saviour,

Rapture of the blessed in the hunted One of earth, the  
Pardoner in the victim :

How many centuries of joy concentrate in that theme,  
How often a Methusalem might count his thousand  
years and leave it unexhausted !

And lo, the heavenly Jerusalem, with all its gates one  
pearl,

That pearl of countless price, the door by which we  
entered,—

Come, tread the golden streets, and join that glorious  
throng,

The happy ones of heaven and earth, ten thousand  
times ten thousand ;

Hark, they sing that song,—and cast their crowns be-  
fore Him ;

Their souls alight with love,—Glory, and Praise, and  
Immortality!—

Veil thine eyes: no son of time may see that holy  
vision,

And even the seraph at thy side hath covered his face  
with wings.

Both he not speak parables?—each one goeth on his  
way,

Ye that hear, and I that counsel, go on our ways for-  
getful.

For the terrible realities whereto we tend, are hidden  
from our eyes,

We know, but heed them not, and walk as if the tem-  
poral were all things.

Vanities, buzzing on the ear, fill its drowsy chambers,  
Slow to dread those coming fears, the thunder and the  
trumpet;

Motes, steaming on the sight, dim our purblind eyes,  
Dark to see the ponderous orb of nearing Immortality:  
Hammed in by hostile foes, the trifler is busied on an  
epigram;

The dull ox, driven to slaughter, careth but for pasture  
by the way.

Alas, that the precious things of truth, and the ever-  
lasting hills,

The mighty hopes we spake of, and the consciousness  
we feel,—

Alas, that all the future, and its adamantine facts,  
Clouded by the present with intoxicating fumes,—  
Should seem even to us, the great expectant heirs,  
To us, the responsible and free, fearful sons of reason,

Only as a lovely song, sweet sounds of solemn music,  
A pleasant voice, and nothing more,—doth he not speak  
parables ?

Look to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his  
brother :

Behold, for heaven—or for hell,—thou canst not escape  
from Immortality !

## Of Ideas.

---

~~Mind~~ is like a volatile essence, flitting hither and thither,

A solitary sentinel of the fortress body, to show himself everywhere by turns :

Mind is indivisible and instant, with neither parts nor organs,

That it doeth, it doth quickly, but the whole mind doth it :

An active versatile agent, untiring in the principle of energy,

Nor space, nor time, nor rest, nor toil, can affect the tenant of the brain.

His dwelling may verily be shattered, and the furniture thereof be disarranged,

But the particle of Deity in man slumbereth not, neither can be wearied :

However swift to change, even as the field of a kaleidoscope,

It taketh in but one idea at once, moulded for the moment to its likeness:  
Mind is as the quicksilver, which, poured from vessel to vessel,  
Instantly seizeth on a shape, and as instantly again discardeth it;  
For it is an apprehensive power, closing on the properties of Matter,  
Expanding to enwrap a world, collapsing to prison up an atom:  
As, by night, thine irritable eyes may have seen strange changing figures,  
Now a wheel, now suddenly a point, a line, a curve, a zigzag,  
A maze ever altering, as the dance of gnats upon a sunbeam,  
Swift, intricate, neither to be prophesied, nor to be remembered in succession,  
So, the mind of a man, single, and perpetually moving, Flickereth about from thought to thought, changed with each idea;  
For the passing second metamorphosed to the image of that within its ken,  
And throwing its immediate perceptions into each cause of contemplation.  
It shall regard a tree; and unconsciously, in separate review,  
Embrace its colour, shape, and use, whole and individual conceptions;  
It shall read or hear of crime, and cast itself into the commission;  
It shall note a generous deed, and glow for a moment as the doer;

It shall imagine pride or pleasure, treading on the edges  
of temptation ;  
Or heed of God and of His Christ, and grow transformed  
to glory.

Therefore, it is wise and well to guide the mind aright,  
That its aptness may be sensitive to good, and shrink  
with antipathy from evil :

For use will mould and mark it, or nonusage dull and  
blunt it ;—

So to talk of spirit by analogy with substance ;  
And analogy is a truer guide, than many teachers tell of,  
Similitudes are scattered round, to help us, not to hurt  
us ;

Moses, in his every type, and the Greater than Moses  
in His parables,

Preach, in terms that all may learn, the philosophic  
lessons of analogy :

And here, in a topic immaterial, the likeness of analogy  
is just ;

By habits, knit the nerves of mind, and train the  
gladiator shrewdly :

For thought shall strengthen thinking, and imagery  
speed imagination,

Until thy spiritual inmate shall have swelled to the giant  
of Otranto.

Nevertheless, heed well, that this Athlete, growing in  
thy brain,

Be a wholesome Genius, not a cursed Afrite :

And see thou discipline his strength, and point his aim  
discreetly ;



Feed him on humility and holy things, weaned from  
covetous desires ;  
Hour by hour and day by day, ply him with ideas of  
excellence,  
Dragging forth the evil but to loathe, as a Spartan's  
drunken Helot :  
And win, by gradual allurements, the still expanding  
soul,  
To rise from a contemplated universe, even to the Hand  
that made it.

A common mind perceiveth not beyond his eyes and  
ears :  
The palings of the park of sense enthrall this captured  
roebuck :  
And still, though fettered in the flesh, he doth not feel  
his chains,  
Externals are the world to him, and circumstance his  
atmosphere.  
Therefore tangible pleasures are enough for the animal-  
man ;  
He is swift to speak and slow to think, dreading his own  
dim conscience ;  
And solitude is terrible, and exile worse than death,  
He cannot dwell apart, nor breathe at a distance from  
the crowd.  
But minds of nobler stamp, and chiefest the mint-  
marked of heaven,  
Walk independent, by themselves, freely manumitted of  
externals ;  
They carry viands with them, and need no refreshment  
by the way,

Nor drink of other wells than their own inner fountain.  
Strange shall it seem how little such a man will lean  
upon the accidents of life,  
He is winged and needeth not a staff; if it break,—he  
shall not fall:  
And lightly perchance doth he remember the stale  
trivialities around him,  
He liveth in the realm of thought, beyond the world of  
things;  
These are but transient Matter, and himself enduring  
Spirit:  
And worldliness will laugh to scorn that sublimated  
wisdom.  
His eyes may open on a prison-cell, but the bare walls  
glow with imagery;  
His ears may be filled with execrations, but are listening  
to the music of sweet thoughts;  
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy  
his penury with peace,  
For mind is a kingdom to the man, who gathereth his  
pleasure from Ideas.

## Of Names.

---

**Adam** gave the name, when the Lord had made His creature,

For God led them in review, to see what man would call them.

As they struck his senses, he proclaimed their sounds,  
A name for the distinguishing of each, a numeral by  
which it should be known :

He specified the partridge by her cry, and the forest  
prowler by his roaring,

The tree by its use, and the flower by its beauty, and  
everything according to its truth.

**There** is an arbitrary name; whereunto the idea at-  
tacheth ;

And there is a reasonable name, linking its fitness to  
idea :

Yet shall these twain run in parallel courses,  
Neither shalt thou readily discern the habit from the  
nature.

For mind is apt, and quick to wed ideas and names together,

Nor stoppeth its perception to be curious of priorities ;  
And there is but little in the sound, as some have vainly  
fancied,

The same tone in different tongues shall be suitable to  
opposite ideas :

Yea, take an ensample in thine own ; consider similar  
words :

How various and contrary the thoughts those kindred  
names produce :

A house shall seem a fitting word to call a roomy  
dwelling,

Yet there is a like propriety in the small smooth sound,  
a mouse :

Mountain, as if of a necessity, is a word both mighty  
and majestic,—

What heed ye then of Fountain?—flowing silver in the  
sun.

Many a fair flower is burdened with preposterous appellatives,

Which the wiser simplicity of rustics entitled by its  
beauties :

And often the conceit of science, loving to be thought  
cosmopolite,

Shall mingle names of every clime, alike obscure to  
each.

There is wisdom in calling a thing fitly ; name should  
note particulars

Through a character obvious to all men, and worthy of  
their instant acceptance.

The herbalist had a simple cause for every word upon  
his catalogue,  
But now the mouth of Botany is filled with empty  
sound ;  
And many a peasant hath an answer on his tongue,  
concerning some vexed flower,  
Shrewder than the centipede phrase, wherewithal philo-  
sophers invest it.

For that, the foolishness of pride, and flatteries of  
cringing homage,  
Strew with chaff the threshing-floors of science; names  
perplex them all :  
The entomologist, who hath pried upon an insect,  
straightway shall endow it with his name ;  
It had many qualities and marks of note,—but in chief,  
a vain observer :  
The geographer shall journey to the pole, through biting  
frost and desolation,  
And, for some simple patron's sake, shall name that  
land, the happy :  
The fossilist hath found a bone, the rib of some huge  
lizard,  
And forthwith standeth to it sponsor, to tack himself on  
reptile immortalities :  
The sportsman, hunting at the Cape, found some strange-  
horned antelope,  
The spots are new, the fame is cheap, and so his name  
is added.  
Thus, obscurities encumber knowledge, even by the  
vanity of men  
Who play into each other's hand the game of giving  
names.

Various are the names of men, and drawn from different wells ;

Aspects of body, or characters of mind, the creature's first idea :

And some have sprung of trades, and some of dignities or office ;

Other some added to a father's, and yet more growing from a place :

Animal creation, with sciences, and things,—their composites, and near associations,

Contributed their symbolings of old, wherewith to title men :

And heraldry set upon its creature the figured attributes as ensigns

By which, as by a name concrete, its bearer should be known.

Egypt opened on the theme, dressing up her gods in qualities ;

Horns of power, feathers of the swift, mitres of catholic dominion,

The sovereign asp, the circle everlasting, the crook and thong of justice,

By many mystic shapes and sounds displayed the idol's name.

Thereafter, high-plumed warriors, the chieftains of Etruria and Troy,

And Xerxes, urging on his millions to the tomb of pride, Thermopylæ,

And Hiero with his bounding ships, all figured at the prow,

And Rome's Prætorian standards, piled with strange  
devices,  
And stout crusaders pressing to the battle, clad in  
sable mail ;  
These all in their speaking symbols, earned, or wore, a  
name.  
Eve, the mother of all living, and Abraham, father of a  
multitude,  
Jacob, the supplanter, and David, the beloved, and all  
the worthies of old time,  
Noah, who came for consolation, and Benoni, son of  
sorrow,  
Kings and prophets, children of the East, owned each  
his title of significance.

There be names of high descent, and thereby storied  
honours :  
Names of fair renown, and therein characters of merit :  
But to lend the lowborn noble names, is to shed upon  
them ridicule and evil ;  
Yea, many weeds run rank in pride, if men have dubbed  
them cedars.  
And to herald common mediocrity with the noisy notes  
of fame,  
Tendeth to its deeper scorn ; as if it were to call the  
mole a mammoth.  
Yet shall ye find the trader's babe dignified with sound-  
ing titles,  
And little hath the father guessed the harm he did his  
child :  
For either may they breed him discontent, a peevish re-  
pining at his station,

Or point the finger of despite at the mule in the trap-  
pings of an elephant :  
And it is a kind of theft to filch appellations from the  
famous,  
A soiling of the shrines of praise with folly's vulgar  
herd.  
Prudence hath often gone ashamed for the name they  
added to his father's,  
If minds of mark and great achievements bore it well  
before :  
For he walketh as the jay in the fable, though not by his  
own folly,  
Another's fault hath compassed his misfortune, making  
him a martyr to his name.

~~Who~~ Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch,  
Orion ?

Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his  
nurseling

Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole  
tenant of a name,

For it were a sore hindrance to hold it in common with  
a hundred :

In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,  
The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the  
sage share honours with the simple ;

Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arro-  
gant assumption,

Steering from caprice and affectations ; and for all thou  
doest, have a reason.

He that is ambitious for his son, should give him un-  
tried names,



For those that have served other men, haply may injure  
 by their evils ;  
 Or otherwise may hinder by their glories ; therefore, set  
 him by himself,  
 To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.  
 There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song, but  
 where is any record of the eight ?  
 One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his  
 brethren :  
 Who knoweth ? more distinctly titled, those dead eight  
 had lived ;  
 But the censers were ranged in a circle to mingle their  
 sweets without a difference.

Art thou named of a common crowd, and sensible of  
 high aspirations ?  
 It is hard for thee to rise,—yet strive : thou mayest be  
 among them a Musæus.  
 Art thou named of a family, the same in successive gene-  
 rations ?  
 It is open to thee still to earn for epithets, such an one,  
 the good or great.  
 Art thou named foolishly ? Show that thou art wiser than  
 thy fathers,  
 Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to  
 thy sphere.  
 Art thou named discreetly ? It is well, the course is  
 free :  
 No competitor shall claim thy colours, neither fix his  
 faults upon thee :  
 Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,  
 And win a blessing from the world, that men may love  
 thy name :

Yea, that the unction of its praise, in fragrance well de-  
serving,  
May float adown the stream of time, like ambergris at  
sea ;  
So thy sons may tell their sons, and those may teach their  
children,  
He died in goodness, as he lived ;—and left us his good  
name.  
And more than these : there is a roll whereon thy name  
is written ;  
See that, in the Book of Doom, that name is fixed in  
light :  
Then, safe within a better home, where time and its  
titles are not found,  
God will give thee His new Name, and write it on thy  
heart :  
A Name, better than of sons, a Name dearer than of  
daughters,  
A Name of union, peace, and praise, as numbered in thy  
God.

## Of Things.

---

Abstracted from all substance, and flying with the  
 feathered flock of thoughts,  
 The idea of a thing hath the nature of its Soul, a  
 separate seeming essence :  
 Intimately linked to the idea, suggesting many qualities,  
 The name of a thing hath the nature of its Mind, an in-  
 tellectual recorder :  
 And the matter of a thing, concrete, is a Body to the  
 perfect creature,  
 Compacted three in one, as all things else within the  
 universe.  
 Nothing canst thou add to them, and nothing take away,  
 for all have these proportions,  
 The thought, the word, the form, combining in the  
 Thing :  
 All separate, yet harmonizing well, and mingled each  
 with other,  
 One whole in several parts, yet each part spreading to a  
 whole :

The idea is a whole ; and the meaning phrase that spake  
idea, a whole ;  
And the matter, as ye see it, is a whole ; the mystery of  
true tri-unity :  
Yea, there is even a deeper mystery,—which none, I wot,  
can fathom,  
Matter, different from properties whereby the solid sub-  
stance is described ;  
For, size and weight, cohesion and the like, live distinct  
from matter,  
Yet who can imagine matter, unendowed with size and  
weight ?  
As in the spiritual, so in the material, man must rest  
with patience,  
And wait for other eyes wherewith to read the books of  
God.

~~Men~~ have talked learnedly of atoms, as if matter could  
be ever indivisible ;  
They talk, but ill are skilled to teach, and darken truth  
by fancies :  
An atom by our grosser sense was never yet conceived,  
And nothing can be thought so small, as not to be  
divided :  
For an atom runneth to infinity, and never shall be  
caught in space,  
And a molecule is no more indivisible than Saturn's  
belted orb.  
Things intangible, multiplied by multitudes, never will  
amass to substance,  
Neither can a thing which may be touched, be made of  
impalpable proportions ;

The sum of indivisibles must need be indivisible, as adding many nothings,  
And the building up of atoms into matter is but a silly sophism ;  
Lucretius, and keen Anaximander, and many that have followed in their thoughts,  
(For error hath a long black shadow, dimming light for ages,)   
In the foolishness of men without a God fancied to fashion Matter  
Of intangibles, and therefore uncohering, indivisibles, and therefore Spirit.

Things breed thoughts ; therefore at Thebes and Heliopolis,  
In hieroglyphic sculptures are the priestly secrets written :  
Things breed thoughts ; therefore was the Athens of idolatry  
Set with carved images, frequent as the trees of Academus :  
Things breed thoughts ; therefore the Brahmin and the Burman  
With mythologic shapes adorn their coarse pantheon :  
Things breed thoughts ; therefore the statue and the picture,  
Relics, rosaries, and miracles in act, quicken the Papist in his worship :  
Things breed thoughts ; therefore the lovers at their parting,  
Interchanged with tearful smiles the dear reminding tokens :

Things breed thoughts ; therefore when the clansman  
met his foe,  
The blood-stained claymore in his hand revived the me-  
mories of vengeance.

Things teach with double force ; through the animal eye,  
and through the mind,  
And the eye catcheth in an instant, what the ear shall  
not learn within an hour.  
Thence is the potency of travel, the precious might of  
its advantages  
To compensate its dissipative harm, its toil and cost and  
danger.  
Ulysses, wandering to many shores, lived in many  
cities,  
And thereby learnt the minds of men, and stored his own  
more richly :  
Herodotus, the accurate and kindly, spake of that he  
saw,  
And reaped his knowledge on the spot, in fertile fields  
of Egypt :  
Lycurgus culled from every clime the golden fruits of  
justice ;  
And Plato roamed through foreign lands, to feed on  
truth in all.  
For travel, conversant with Things, bringeth them in  
contact with the mind ;  
We breathe the wholesome atmosphere about ungarbled  
truth :  
Pictures of fact are painted on the eye, to decorate the  
house of intellect,  
Rather than visions of fancy, filling all the chambers  
with a vapour.

For, in Ideas, the great mind will exaggerate. and the  
lesser extenuate truth :

But in Things the one is chastened, and the other  
quickened, to equality :

And in Names,—though a property be told, rather than  
some arbitrary accident,

Still shall the thought be vague or false, if none have  
seen the Thing :

For in Things the property with accident standeth in a  
mass concrete,

These cannot cheat the sense, nor elude the vigilance of  
spirit.

Travel is a ceaseless fount of surface education,

But its wisdom will be simply superficial, if thou add  
not thoughts to things :

Yet, aided by the varnish of society, things may serve  
for thoughts,

Till many dullards that have seen the world shall pass  
for scholars :

Because one single glance will conquer all descriptions,

Though graphic, these left some unsaid, though true,  
these tended to some error ;

And the most witless eye that saw, had a juster notion  
of its object,

Than the shrewdest mind that heard and shaped its  
gathered thoughts of Things.

## Of Faith.

---

**Confidence** was bearer of the palm ; for it looked like  
conviction of desert :

And where the strong is well assured, the weaker soon  
allow it.

Majesty and Beauty are commingled, in moving with im-  
mutable decision,

And well may charm the coward hearts that turn and  
hide for fear.

Faith, firmness, confidence, consistency,—these are well  
allied ;

Yea, let a man press on in aught, he shall not lack of  
honour :

For such an one seemeth as superior to the native in-  
stability of creatures ;

That he doeth, he doeth as a god, and men will marvel  
at his courage.

Even in crimes, a partial praise cannot be denied to  
daring,



And many fearless chiefs have won the friendship of a  
foe.

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over  
them and in them;

The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thousand  
quail :

A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the tide of  
battle,

And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled ;

The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will shame  
the man to danger,

And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had van-  
quished fear.

Boldness is akin to power : yea, because ignorance is  
weakness,

Knowledge with unshrinking might will nerve the  
vigorous hand :

Boldness hath a startling strength ; the mouse may fright  
a lion,

And oftentimes the horned herd is scared by some brave  
cur.

Courage hath analogy with faith, for it standeth both in  
animal and moral ;

The true is mindful of a God, the false is stout in self :

But true or false, the twain are faith ; and faith worketh  
wonders :

Never was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had  
sprung of faith :

Nothing noble, generous, or great, but faith was the root  
of the achievement ;

Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith.

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Leonidas fought in human faith, as Joshua in divine :  
Xenophon trusted to his skill, and the sons of Mattathias to their cause :  
In faith Columbus found a path across those untried waters ;  
The heroines of Arc and Saragossa fought in earthly faith :  
Tell was strong, and Alfred great, and Luther wise, by faith ;  
Margaret by faith was valiant for her son, and Wallace mighty for his people :  
Faith in his reason made Socrates sublime, as faith in his science, Galileo ;  
Ambassadors in faith are bold, and unproved for boldness ;  
Faith urged Fabius to delays, and sent forth Hannibal to Cannæ :  
Cæsar at the Rubicon, Miltiades at Marathon ; both were sped by faith.  
I set not all in equal spheres : I number not the martyr with the patriot ;  
I class not the hero with his horse, because the twain have courage ;  
But only for ensample and instruction, that all things stand by faith ;  
Albeit faith of divers kinds, and varying in degree.  
There is a faith towards men, and there is a faith towards God ;  
The latter is the gold and the former is the brass ; but both are sturdy metal :  
And the brass mingled with the gold floweth into rich Corinthian ;

A substance bright and hard and keen, to point Achilles'  
spear :

So shalt thou stop the way against the foes that hem  
thee ;

Trust in God to strengthen man ;—be bold, for He doth  
help.

Yet more : for confidence in man, even to the worst and  
meanest,

Hath power to overcome his ill, by charitable good.

Fling thine unreserving trust even on the conscience of  
a culprit,

Soon wilt thou shame him by thy faith, and he will melt  
and mend :

The nest of thieves will harm thee not, if thou dost bear  
thee boldly ;

Boldly, yea and kindly, as relying on their honour :

For the hand so stout against aggression, is quite dis-  
armed by charity :

And that warm sun will thaw the heart casehardened by  
long frost.

Treat men gently, trust them strongly, if thou wish their  
weal ;

Or cautious doubt and bitter thoughts will tempt the  
best to foil thee.

Believe the well in sanguine hope, and thou shalt reap  
the better ;

But if thou deal with men so ill, thy dealings make them  
worse.

Despair not of some gleams of good still lingering in  
the darkest,

And among veterans in crime, plead thou as with their  
children :

So, astonished at humanities, the bad heart long estranged,  
Shall even weep to feel himself so little worth thy love;  
In wholesome sorrow will he bless thee; yea, and in that  
spirit may repent;  
Thus wilt thou gain a soul, in mercy given to thy faith.

Look aside to lack of faith, the mass of ills it bringeth:  
All things treacherous, base, and vile, dissolving the  
brotherhood of men.

Bonds break; the cement hath lost its hold; and each  
is separate from other;

That which should be neighbourly and good, is cankered  
into bitterness and evil.

O thou serpent, fell Suspicion, coiling coldly round the  
heart,—

O thou asp of subtle Jealousy, stinging hotly to the  
soul,—

O distrust, reserve, and doubt,—what reptile shapes are  
here,

Poisoning the garden of a world with death among its  
flowers!

No need of many words, the tale is easy to be told;

A point will touch the truth, a line suggest the picture.

For if, in thine own home, a cautious man and captious,  
Thou hintest at suspicion of a servant, thou soon wilt  
make a thief;

Or if, too keen in care, thou dost evidently disbelieve  
thy child,

Thou hast injured the texture of his honour, and  
smoothed to him the way of lying;

Or if thou observest upon friends, as seeking thee sel-  
fishly for interest,

Thou hast hurt their kindliness to thee, and shalt be  
 paid with scorn:  
 Or if, O silly ones of Marriage, your foul and foolish  
 thoughts,  
 Harshly misinterpreting in each the levity of innocence  
 for sin,  
 Shall pour upon the lap of home, pain where once was  
 pleasure,  
 And mix contentions in the cup, that mantled once with  
 comforts,  
 Bitterly and justly shall ye rue the punishment due to  
 unbelief;  
 Ye trust not each the other, nor the mutual vows of  
 God;  
 Take heed, for the pit may now be near, a pit of your  
 own digging,—  
 Faith abused tempteth unto crime, and doubt may make  
 its monster.

Man verily is vile, but more in capability than action;  
 His sinfulness is deep, but his transgressions may be  
 few, even from the absence of temptation:  
 He is hanging in a gulph midway, but the air is breath-  
 able about him:  
 Thrust him not from that slight hold, to perish in the  
 vapours underneath.  
 For, God pleadeth with the deaf, as having ears to hear,  
 Christ speaketh to the dead, as those that are capable of  
 living;  
 And an evil teacher is that man, a tempter to much sin,  
 Who looketh on his hearers with distrust, and hath no  
 confidence in brethren.

All may mend; and sympathies are healing: and reason  
hath its influence with the worst;  
And in those worst is ample hope, if only thou hast  
charity, and faith.

Somewhiles have I watched a man exchanging the  
sobriety of faith,  
Old lamps for new,—even for fanatical excitements.  
He gained surface, but lost solidity; heat, in lieu of  
health;  
And still with swelling words and thoughts he scorned  
his ancient coldness:  
But, his strength was shorn as Samson's; he walked he  
knew not whither;  
Doubt was on his daily path; and duties showed not  
certain.  
Until, in an hour of enthusiasm, stung with secret  
fears,  
He pinned the safety of his soul on some false prophet's  
sleeve:  
And then, that sure word failed; and with it, failed his  
faith;  
It failed, and fell; O deep and dreadful was his fall in  
faith!  
He could not stop, with reason's rein, his coursers on  
the slope,  
And so they dashed him down the cliff of hardened un-  
belief.  
With overreaching grasp he had strained for visionary  
treasures,  
But a fiend had cheated his presumption, and hurled  
him to despair.

So he lay in his blood, the victim of a credulous false  
 faith,  
 And many nights, and night-like days, he dwelt in outer  
 darkness.  
 But, within a while, his variable mind caught a new im-  
 pression,  
 A new impression of the good old stamp, that sealed  
 him when a child :  
 He was softened, and abjured his infidelity ; he was  
 wiser, and despised his credulity ;  
 And turned again to simple faith more simply than  
 before.  
 Experience had declared too well his mind was built of  
 water,  
 And so, renouncing strength in self, he fixed his faith in  
 God

It is not for me to stipulate for creeds ; Bible, Church,  
 and Reason,  
 These three shall lead the mind, if any can, to  
 truth.  
 But I must stipulate for faith ; both God and man de-  
 mand it :  
 Trust is great in either world, if any would be well.  
 Verily, the sceptical propensity is an universal foe ;  
 Sneering Pyrrho never found, nor cared to find, a  
 friend :  
 How could he trust another ? and himself, whom would  
 he not deceive ?  
 His proper gains were all his aim, and interests clash  
 with kindness.  
 So, the Bedouin goeth armed, an enemy to all,

The spear is stuck beside his couch, the dagger hid beneath his pillow.  
For society, void of mutual trust, of credit, and of faith,  
Would fall asunder as a waterspout, snapped from the cloud's attraction.

Faith may rise into miracles of might, as some few wise have shown :

Faith may sink into credulities of weakness, as the mass of fools have witnessed.

Therefore, in the first, saints and martyrs have fulfilled their mission,

Conquering dangers, courting deaths, and triumphing in all.

Therefore, in the last, the magician and the witch, victims of their own delusion,

Have gained the bitter wages of impracticable sins.

They believed in allegiance with Satan , they worked in that belief,

And thereby earned the loss and harm of guilt that might not be.

For, faith hath two hands ; with the one it addeth virtue to indifferents ;

Yea, it sanctified a Judith and a Jael, for what otherwise were treachery and murder :

With the other hand it heapeth crime even on impossibles or simples,

And many a wizard well deserved the faggot for his faith :

He trusted in his intercourse with evil, he sacrificed heartily to fiends,



He withered up with curses to the limit of his will, and  
was vile, because he thought himself a villain.

A great mind is ready to believe, for he hungereth to  
feed on facts,

And the gnawing stomach of his ignorance craveth un-  
ceasing to be filled :

A little mind is boastful and incredulous, for he fancieth  
all knowledge is his own,

So will he cavil at a truth ; how should it be true, and  
he not know it ?—

There is an easy scheme, to solve all riddles by the  
sensual,

And thus, despising mysteries, to feel the more suffi-  
cient :

For it comforteth the foul hard heart, to reject the pure  
unseen,

And relieveth the dull soft head, to hinder one from  
gazing upon vacancy.

True wisdom, labouring to expound, heareth others  
readily ;

False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind to  
argument.

The sum of certainties is found so small, their field so  
wide an universe,

That many things may truly be, which man hath not  
conceived :

The characters revealed of God are a strong mind's sole  
assurance

That any strangeness may not stand a sober theme for  
faith.

Ignorance being light denied, this ought to show the  
stronger in its view,

But ignorance is commonly a double negative, both of light and morals:

So, adding vanity to blindness, for ease, it taketh refuge in a doubt,

And aching soon with ceaseless doubt, it finisheth the strife by misbelieving.

Faith, by its very nature, shall embrace both credence and obedience:

Yea, the word for both is one, and cannot be divided.

For, work void of faith, wherein can it be counted for a duty;

And faith not seen in work,—whereby can the doctrine be discovered?

Faith in religion is an instrument; a handle, and the hand to turn it:

Less a condition than a mean, and more an operation than a virtue.

A moral sickness, like to sin, must have a moral cure;

And faith alone can heal the mind, whose malady is sense.

Ye are told of God's deep love: they that believe will love Him:

They that love Him, will obey: and obedience hath its blessing.

Ye are taught of the soul's great price; they that believe will prize it,

And, prizing soul, will cherish well the hopes that make it happy.

Effects spring from feelings, and feelings grow of faith:

If a man conceive himself insulted, will not his anger smite ?

Thus, let a soul believe his state, his danger, destiny, redemption,

Will he not feel eager to be safe, like him that kept the prison at Philippi ?

A mother had an only son, and sent him out to sea :  
She was a widow, and in penury ; and he must seek his fortunes.

How often in the wintry nights, when waves and winds were howling,

Her heart was torn with sickening dread, and bled to see her boy.

And on one sunny morn, when all around was comfort,

News came, that weeks ago, the vessel had been wrecked ;

Yea, wrecked, and he was dead ! they had seen him perish in his agony :

Oh then, what agony was like to her's,—for she believed the tale.

She was bowed and broken down with sorrow, and un-comforted in prayer ;

Many nights she mourned, and pined, and had no hope but death.

But on a day, while sorely she was weeping, a stranger broke upon her loneliness,—

He had news to tell, that weather-beaten man, and must not be denied :

And what were the wonder-working words that made this mourner joyous,

That swept her heaviness away, and filled her world with  
praise?

Her son was saved,—is alive,—is near!—O did she stop  
to question?

No, rushing in the force of faith, she met him at the  
door!

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## Of Honesty.

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All is vanity which is not honesty ;—thus is it graven  
on the tomb :

And there is no wisdom but in piety ;—so the dead man  
preacheth :

For, in a simple village church, among those classic  
shades

Which sylvan Evelyn loved to rear, (his praise, and my  
delight,)

These, the words of truth, are writ upon his sepulchre  
Who learnt much lore, and knew all trees, from the  
cedar to the hyssop on the wall.

A just conjunction, godliness and honesty ; ministering  
to both worlds,

Well wed, and ill to be divided, a pair that God hath  
joined together.

I touch not now the vulgar thought, as of tricks and  
cheateries in trade ;

I speak of honest purpose, character, speech and action.

For an honest man hath special need of charity, and  
prudence,  
Of a deep and humbling self-acquaintance, and of  
blessed commerce with his God,  
So that the keennesses of truth may be freed from asperities  
of censure,  
And the just but vacillating mind be not made the pendulum  
of arguments :  
For a false reason, shrewdly put, can often not be answered  
on the instant,  
And prudence looketh unto faith, content to wait solutions ;  
Yea, it looketh, yea, it waiteth, still holding honesty in  
leash,  
Lest, as a hot young hound, it track not game, but  
vermin.  
Many a man of honest heart, but ignorant of self and  
God,  
Hath followed the marsh-fires of pestilence, esteeming  
them the lights of truth ;  
He heard a cause, which he had not skill to solve,—and  
so received it gladly ;  
And that cause brought its consequence, of harm to an  
unstable soul.  
Prudence, for a man's own sake, never should be separate  
from honesty ;  
And charity, for other's good, and his, must still be  
joined therewith :  
For the harshly chiding tongue hath neither pleasuring  
nor profit,  
And the cold unsympathizing heart never gained a good.

Sin is a sore, and folly is a fever; touch them tenderly  
for healing;  
The bad surgeon's awkward knife harmeth, spite of  
honesty.  
Still, a rough diamond is better than the polished  
paste,—  
That courteous flattering fool, who spake of vice as  
virtue:  
And honesty, even by itself, though making many ad-  
versaries  
Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity have  
softened,  
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man great  
honour  
By giving others many goods, to his own cost and  
hindrance.

Freedom is father of the honest, and sturdy Indepen-  
dence is his brother;  
These three, with heart and hand, dwell together in  
unity.  
The blunt yeoman, stout and true, will speak unto  
princes unabashed:  
His mind is loyal, just and free, a crystal in its plain in-  
tegrity;  
What should make such an one ashamed? where  
courtiers kneel, he standeth;—  
I will indeed bow before the king, but knees were knit  
for God.  
And many such there be, of a high and noble con-  
science,

Honourable, generous, and kind, though blest with  
 little light :  
 What should he barter for his Freedom ? some petty  
 gain of gold ?  
 Free of speech, and free in act, magnates honour him  
 for boldness :  
 Long may he flourish in his peace, and a stalwarth race  
 around him,  
 Rooted in the soil like oaks, and hardy as the pine upon  
 the mountains !

Yet, there be others, that will truckle to a lie, selling  
 honesty for interest :  
 And do they gain ?—they gain but loss ; a little cash,  
 with scorn.  
 Behold, the sorrowful change wrought upon a fallen  
 nature :  
 He hath lost his own esteem, and other men's respect ;  
 For the buoyancy of upright faith, he is clothed in the  
 heaviness of cringing ;  
 For plain truth where none could err, he hath chosen  
 tortuous paths ;  
 In lieu of his majesty of countenance—the timorous  
 glances of servility ;  
 Instead of Freedom's honest pride,—the spirit of a slave.

Nevertheless, there is something to be pleaded, even for  
 a necessary guile,  
 Whilst the world, and all that is therein, lieth deep in  
 evil.  
 Who can be altogether honest,—a champion never out  
 of mail,



Ready to break a lance for truth with every crowding error ?

Who can be altogether honest,—dragging out the secrecies of life,

And risking to be lashed and loathed for each unkind disclosure ?

Who can be altogether honest,—living in perpetual contentions,

And prying out the petty cheats that swell the social scheme ?

For he must speak his instant mind,—a mind corrupt and sinful,

Exhibiting to other men's disgust its undisguised deformities :

He must utter all the hatred of his heart, and add to it the venom of his tongue ;

Shall he feel, and hide his feelings ? that were the meanness of a hypocrite.—

Still, O man, such hypocrisy is better, than this bold honesty to sin :

Kill the feeling, or conceal it : let shame at least do the work of charity.

☉ charity, thou livest not in warnings, meddling among men,

Rebuking every foolish word, and censuring small sins ;  
This is not thy secret,—rather wilt thou hide their multitude,

And silence the condemning tongue, and wearisome exhortation.

But for thee, thy strength and zeal shine in encouragement to good,

Lifting up the lantern of ensample, that wanderers may  
find the way :

That lantern is not lit to gaze on all the hatefulness of  
evil,

But set on high for life and light, the loveliness of  
good.

The hard censorious mind sitteth as a keen anatomist  
Tracking up the fibres in corruption, and prying on a  
fearful corpse :

But the charitable soul is a young lover, enamoured  
little wisely,

That saw no fault in her he loved, and sought to see one  
less ;

So, in his kind and genial light, she grew more worthy  
of his love ;

Won to good by gentle suns, and not by frowning  
tempest.

Verily, infirm thyself,—be slow to chide a brother's  
imperfections ;

For many times the decent veil must hang on faults of  
nature :

And the rude hands, that rend it, offend against the  
modesty of right,

While seeming zeal, and its effort to do good, is only  
feigned self-praise :

Often will the meannesses of life, hidden away in  
corners,

Prove wisdom ; and the generous is glad to leave them  
unregarded in the shade.

The follies none are found to praise, let them die un-  
blamed ;

Thine honest strife will only tend to make some think  
them wise :

And small conventional deceits, let them live uncen-  
sured :

Or if thou war with pigmies, thou shalt haply help the  
cranes.

Where to be blind was safety, Ovid had been wise for  
winking :

And when a tell-tale might do harm, be sure it is prudent  
to be dumb ;

That which is just and fit is often found combating with  
honesty :

In the cause of good, be wise ; and in a case indifferent,  
keep silence.

Let honesty's unblushing face be shaded by the mantle  
of humility,

So shall it shine a lamp of love, and not the torch of  
strife :

Otherwise the lantern of Diogenes, presumptuously  
thrust before the face,

If it never find an honest man, shall often make an  
angered.

Let honesty be accompanied by charity of heart, lest it  
walk unwelcome ;

Or the mouthing censor of others and himself, soon  
shall sink to scorn.

Let honesty be added unto innocence of life : then a  
man may only be its martyr ;

But if openness of speech be found with secrecy of  
guilt, the martyr will be seen a malefactor.

There is a cunning scheme, to put on surface bluntness,  
And cover still deep water, with the clamorous ripples  
of a shallow.

For a man, to gain his selfish ends, will make a stalking-  
horse of honesty ;

And hide his poaching limbs behind, that he may cheat  
the quicker.

Such an one is loud and ostentatious, full of oaths for  
argument,

Boastful of honour and sincerity, and not to be put down  
by facts :

He is obstinate, and showeth it for firmness : he is rude,  
displaying it for truth ;

And glorieth in doggedness of temper, as if it were un-  
compromising justice.

Be aware of such a man ; his brawling covereth de-  
signs ;

This specious show of honesty cometh as the herald of a  
thief :

His feint is made with awkward clashing on the buckler's  
boss,

But meanwhile doth his secret skill ensure its fatal  
aim.

This is the hypocrite of honesty ; ye may know him by  
an overacted part ;

Taking pains to turn and twist, where other men walk  
straight ;

Or walking straight, he will not step aside to let another  
pass,

But roughly pusheth on, provoking opposition on the  
way ;

He is full of disquietude for calmness, full of intriguing  
for simplicity,

Valorous with those who cannot fight, and humble to the brave :

Where brotherly advice were good, this man rudely blameth,

And on some small occasion, flattereth with coarse praise.

The craven in a lion's skin hath conquered by his character for courage ;

Sheep's clothing helped the wolf, till he slew by his character for kindness.

For honesty hath many gains, and well the wise have known

This will prosper to the end, and fill their house with gold.

The phosphorus of cheaterly will fade, and all its profits perish,

While honesty with growing light endureth as the moon.

Yea, it would be wise in a world of thieves, where cheating were a virtue,

To dare the vice of honesty, if any would be rich.

For that which by the laws of God is heightened into duty,

Ever, in the practice of a man, will be seen both policy and privilege.

Thank God, ye toilers for your bread, in that, daily labouring,

He hath suffered the bubbles of self-interest to float upon the stream of duty :

For honesty, of every kind, approved by God and man,  
Of wealth and better weal is found the richest cornucopia,

Tempered by humbleness and charity, honesty of speech  
hath honour ;  
And mingled well with prudence, honesty of purpose  
hath its praise :  
Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of  
action :  
And all men love to lean on him, who never failed nor  
fainted.  
Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and Nobleness of nature at  
his heart,  
And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his  
head :  
So, he stood in his integrity, just and firm of purpose,  
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels, and to  
men :  
Yea,—when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes  
of dissolution,  
Still, will he stand in his integrity, sublime—an honest  
man.

## Of Society.

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**Better** is the mass of men, Suspicion, than thy fears,  
Kinder than thy thoughts, O chilling heart of Prudence,

Purer than thy judgments, ascetic tongue of Censure,  
In all things worthier to love, if not also wiser to esteem.

Yea, let the moralist condemn, there be large extenuations of his verdict,

Let the misanthrope shun men and abjure, the most are rather loveable than hateful.

How many pleasant faces shed their light on every side,

How many angels unawares have crossed thy casual way!

How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made thee instant friends,

Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet no more;

Friends of happy reminiscence, although so transient in  
their converse,  
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly traits.  
I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much  
people,  
But never yet could find a spot, unsunned by human  
kindness ;  
Some more, and some less,—but truly all can claim a  
little ;  
And a man may travel through the world, and sow it  
thick with friendships.

There be indeed, to say it in all sorrow, bad apostate  
souls,  
Deserted of their ministering angels, and given up to  
liberty of sin,—  
And other some, the miserly and mean, whose eyes are  
keen and greedy,  
With stony hearts, and iron fists, to filch and scrape and  
clutch,—  
And others yet again, the coarse in mind, selfish, sen-  
sual, brutish,  
Seeming as incapable of softer thoughts, and dead to  
better deeds,—  
Such, no lover of the good, no follower of the generous  
and gentle,  
Can nearer grow to love, than may consist with pity.  
Few verily are these among the mass, and cast in fouler  
moulds,  
Few and poor in friends, and well-deserving of their  
poverty :



Yet, or ever thou hast harshly judged, and linked their  
presence to disgust,  
Consider well the thousand things that made them all  
they are.

Thou hast not thought upon the causes, ranged in con-  
secutive necessity,  
Which tended long to these effects, with sure constrain-  
ing power :

For each of those unlovely ones, if thou couldst hear his  
story,

Hath much to urge of just excuse, at least as men  
count justice :

Foolish education, thwarted opportunities, natural pro-  
pensities unchecked,—

Thus were they discouraged from all good, and pam-  
pered in their evil ;

And, if thou wilt apprehend them well, tenderly looking  
on temptations,

Bearing the base indulgently, and liberally dealing with  
the froward,

Thou shalt discern a few fair fruits even upon trees so  
withered,

Thou shalt understand how some may praise, and some  
be found to love them.

Nevertheless for these, my counsel is, Avoid them if  
thou canst ;

For the finer edges of thy virtues will be dulled by at-  
trition with their vice.

And there is an enemy within thee ; either to palliate  
their sin,

Until, for surface-sweetness, thou too art drawn adown  
the vortex ;

Or, even unto fatal pride, to glorify thy purity by contrast,

Until the publican and harlot stand nearer heaven than  
the Pharisee :

Or daily strife against their ill, in subtleness may irritate  
thy soul,

And in that struggle thou shalt fail, even through infirmity  
of goodness ;

Or, callous by continuance of injuries, thou wilt cease to  
pardon,

Cease to feel, and cease to care, a cold case-hardened  
man.

Beware of their example,—and thine own ; beware the  
hazards of the battle ;

But chiefly be thou ware of this, an unforgiving spirit.

Many are the dangers and temptations compassing a bad  
man's presence ;

The upas hath a poisonous shade, and who would slumber  
there ?

Wherefore, avoid them if thou canst ; only, under providence  
and duty,

If thy lot be cast with Kedar, patiently and silently live  
to their rebuke.

How beautiful thy feet, and full of grace thy coming,  
O better kind companion, that art well for either world !  
There is an atmosphere of happiness floating round that  
man,

Love is throned upon his heart, and light is found within  
his dwelling :

His eyes are rayed with peacefulness, and wisdom waiteth  
on his tongue ;  
Seek him out, cherish him well, walking in the halo of  
his influence :  
For he shall be fragrance to thy soul, as a garden of  
sweet lilies,  
Hedged and apart from the outer world, an island of the  
blest among the seas.

There is an outer world, and there is an inner centre ;  
And many varying rings concentric round the self.  
For, first, about a man,—after his communion with  
Heaven,—  
Is found the helpmate even as himself, the wife of his  
vows and his affections :  
See then that ye love in faith, scorning petty jealousies,  
For Satan spoileth too much love, by souring it with  
doubts ;  
See that intimacy die not to indifference, nor anxiety  
sink into moroseness,  
And tend ye well the mutual minds bound in a copart-  
nership for life.

Next of those concentric circles, radiating widely in cir-  
cumference,  
Wheel in wheel, and world in world,—come the band of  
children :  
A tender nest of soft young hearts, each to be separately  
studied,  
A curious eager flock of minds, to be severally tamed  
and tutored.  
And a man, blest with these, hath made his own society,

He is independent of the world, hanging on his friends  
more loosely :

For the little faces round his hearth are friends enow for  
him,

If he seek others, it is for sake of these, and less for his  
own pleasure.

What companionship so sweet, yea, who can teach so  
well

As these pure budding intellects, and bright unsullied  
hearts?

What voice so musical as theirs, what visions of elegance  
so comely,

What thoughts and hopes and holy prayers, can others  
cause like these?

If ye count society for pastime,—what happier recreation  
than a nurseling,

Its winning ways, its prattling tongue, its innocence and  
mirth?

If ye count society for good,—how fair a field is here,  
'To guide these souls to God, and multiply thyself for  
heaven!

And this sweet social commerce with thy children,  
groweth as their growth,

Unless thou fail of duty, or have weaned them by thine  
absence.

Keep them near thee, rear them well, guide, correct, in-  
struct them ;

And be the playmate of their games, the judge in their  
complainings.

So shall the maiden and the youth love thee as their  
sympathizing friend,

And bring their joys to share with thee, their sorrows for  
consoling :

Yea, their inmost hopes shall yearn to thee for counsel,  
They will not hide their very loves, if thou hast won  
their trust ;

But, even as man and woman, shall they gladly seek  
their father,

Feeling yet as children feel, though void of fear in  
honour :

And thou shalt be a Nestor in the camp, the just and  
good old man,

Hearty still, though full of years, and held the friend of  
all ;

No secret shall be kept from thee ; for if ill, thy wisdom  
may repair it ;

If well, thy praise is precious ; and they would not miss  
that prize.

O the blessing of a home, where old and young mix  
kindly,

The young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved  
communion !

O that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or  
daughter

May seek, with confidence of love, a father's hearth and  
heart ;

Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out ; of  
kindness, though men scorn them ;

And finding there the last to blame, the earliest to com-  
mend.

Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee  
astray,

I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to re-  
turn ;

Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee,  
There always shall be one to bless,—for I am on thy  
side !

Alas,—and bitter is their loss, the parents, and the chil-  
dren,  
Who, loving up and down the world, have missed each  
other's friendship.  
Haply, it had grown of careless life, for years go swiftly  
by ;  
Or sprang of too much carefulness, that drank up all  
the streams :  
Haply, sullen disappointment came and quenched the  
fire ;  
Haply, sternness, or misrule, crushed or warped the feel-  
ings.  
Then, ill-combined in tempers, they learnt not each the  
other ;  
The growing child grew out of love, and drew the breath  
of fear ;  
The youth, ill-trained, renounced his fears, and made  
a league with cunning ;  
And so those hardened men were foes, that should have  
been chief friends.  
Where was the cause, the mutual cause ? O hunt it out  
to kill it :  
And what the cure, the simple cure ?—A mutual flash of  
love.  
For dull estrangement's daily air froze up those early  
sympathies  
By cold continuance in apathy, or cutting winds of cen-  
sure ;

It was a slow process, which any fleeting hour could have melted ;  
But every hour duly came, and passed without the sun.  
Caution, care, and dry distrust, obscured each other's minds,  
Till both those gardens, rich to yield, were rank with many weeds :  
And doubt, a hidden worm, gnawed at the root of their Society,  
They lacked of mutual confidence, and lived in mutual dread.  
Judge me, many fathers ; and hearken to my counsel, many sons ;  
I come with good in either hand, to reconcile contentions ;  
For better friends can no man have, than those whom God hath given,  
And he that hath despised the gift, thought ill of that he knew not.  
Be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the sons,)—and win paternal friendships,  
Cultivate their kindness, seek them out with honour, and be the screening Japheth to their failings :  
And be ye wiser,—(I speak unto the fathers,)—gain those filial comrades,  
Cherish their reasonable converse, and look not with coldness on your children.  
For the friendship of a child is the brightest gem set upon the circlet of Society,  
A jewel worth a world of pains—a jewel seldom seen.

The third cycle on the waters, another of those rings upon the onyx,

---

A further definite broad zone, holdeth kith and kin :  
 A motley band of many tribes, and under various banners ;  
 The intimate and strangers, the known and loved, or  
 only seen for loathing :  
 Some, dear for their deserts, shall honour and have  
 honour of relationship,  
 Some, despising duties, will add to it both burden and  
 disgrace.  
 A man's nearest kin are oftentimes far other than his  
 dearest,  
 Yet in the season of affliction those will haste to help  
 him.  
 For, note thou this, the Providence of God hath bound  
 up families together,  
 To mutual aid and patient trial ; yea, those ties are  
 strong.  
 Friends are ever dearer in thy wealth, but relations to be  
 trusted in thy need,  
 For these are God's appointed way, and those the choice  
 of man :  
 There is lower warmth in kin, but smaller truth in  
 friends,  
 The latter show more surface, and the first have more of  
 depth.  
 Relations rally to the rescue, even in estrangement and  
 neglect,  
 Where friends will have fled at thy defeat, even after pro-  
 mises and kindness.  
 For friends come and go, the whim that bound may  
 loose them,



But none can dis sever a relationship, and Fate hath tied  
the knot.

Wide, and edged with shadowy bounds, a distant boulevard to the city,

The common crowd of social life is buzzing round  
about :

That is as the outer court, with all defences levelled,  
Ranged around a man's own fortress, and his father's  
house.

For many friends go in and out, and praise thee, finding  
pasture,

And some are honey-comb to-day, who turn to gall to-morrow :

And many a garrulous acquaintance with his frequent  
visit

Will spend his leisure to thy cost, selling dullness  
dearly :

For the idle call is a heavy tax, where time is counted  
gold,


And even in the day of relaxation, haply he may spare  
his presence,—

He found himself alone, and came to talk,—till they that  
hear are tired ;

Let the man bethink him of an errand, that his face be  
not unwelcome.

But many friends there be, both well and wisely  
greeted,

Gladly are they hailed upon the hills, and are chidden  
that they come so seldom.



Of such are the early recollections, school friendships  
 that have thriven to grey hairs,  
 And veteran men are young once more, and talk of boy-  
 ish pranks ;  
 And such, yet older on the list, are those who loved thy  
 father,  
 Thy father's friend, and thine, who tendereth thee tried  
 love :  
 Such also, many gentle hearts, whom thou hast known  
 too lately,  
 Hastening now to learn their worth, and chary of those  
 minutes ;  
 And such, thy faithful pastor, coming to thy home with  
 peace ;—  
 Greet the good man heartily,—and bid thy children bless  
 him !

Many thoughts, many thoughts,—who can catch them  
 all ?

The best are ever swiftest winged, the duller lag be-  
 hind ;

For, behold, in these vast themes, my mind is as a forest  
 of the West,

And flocking pigeons come in clouds, and bend the  
 groaning branches ;

Here for a rest, then off and away,—they have sped to  
 other climes,

And leave me to my peace once more, a holiday from  
 thoughts.

I dare not lure them back, for the mighty subject of  
 Society

Would tempt to many a hackneyed note in many a  
weary key :  
Sage warnings, stout advice, experiences ever to be  
learned,  
The foolish floatiness of vanity, and solemn trumperies  
of pride,—  
Economy, the poor man's mint,—extravagance, the rich  
man's pitfall,  
Harmful copings with the better, and empty-headed  
apings of the worse,  
Circumstance and custom, sympathies, antipathies, di-  
verse kinds of conversation,  
Vapid pleasures, the weariness of gaiety, the strife and  
bustle of the world,  
Home comforts, the miseries of style, the cobweb lines  
of etiquette,  
The hollowness of courtesies, and substance of deceits,—  
idleness, business, and pastime,—  
The multitude of matters to be done, the when, and  
where, and how,  
And varying shades of character, to do, undo, or miss  
them,—  
All these, and many more alike, thick converging  
fancies,  
Flit in throngs about my theme, as honey-bees at even  
to their hive.  
Find an end, or make one : these seeds are dragon's  
teeth :  
Sown thoughts grow to things, and fill that field, the  
world :  
Many wise have gone before, and used the sickle  
well ;

Who can find a corner now, where none have bound the  
sheaves?

So, other some may reap: I do but glean and gather:

My sorry handful hath been culled after the ripe harvest  
of Society.

## Of Solitude.

---

~~Who~~ hath known his brother,—or found him in his  
freedom unrestrained?

Even he, whose hidden glance hath watched his deepest  
Solitude.

For we walk the world in domino, putting on characters  
and habits,

And wear a social Janus mask, while others stand  
around:


I speak not of the hypocrite, nor dream of meant de-  
ceptions,

But of that quick unconscious change, whereof the best  
know most.

For mind hath its influence on mind; and no man is  
free but when alone;

Yea, let a dog be watching thee, its eye will tend to thy  
restraint.

Self-possession cannot be so perfect, with another intel-  
lect beside thee,



It is not as a natural result, but rather the educated produce.

The presence of a second spirit must control thine own,

And throw it off its equipoise of peace, to balance by an effort

The common minds of common men know of this but little ;

What then ? they know nothing of themselves : I speak to those who know.

The consciousness that some are hearing, cometh as a care,

The sense that some are watching near, bindeth thee to caution ;

And the tree of tender nerves shrinketh as a touched mimosa,

Drooping like a plant in drought, with half its strength decayed.

There are antipathies warning from the many, and sympathies drawing to the few,

But merchant-minds have crushed the first, and cannot feel the latter :

Whereas to the quickened apprehension of a keen and spiritual intellect,

Antipathies are galling, and sympathies oppress, and solitude is quiet.


He that dwelleth mainly by himself, heedeth most of others,

But they that live in crowds, think chiefly of themselves

There is indeed a selfish seeming, where the anchorite liveth alone,

But probe his thoughts,—they travel far, dreaming for  
 ever of the world :  
 And there is an apparent generosity, when a man mixeth  
 freely with his fellows,  
 But prove his mind, by day and night, his thoughts are  
 all of self :  
 The world, inciting him to pleasures, or relentlessly pro-  
 voking him to toil,  
 Is full of anxious rivals, each with a difference of in-  
 terest ;  
 So must he plan and practise for himself, even as his  
 own best friend ;  
 And the gay soul of dissipation never had a thought un-  
 selfish.  
 The hermit standeth out of strife, abiding in a contem-  
 plative calmness ;  
 What shall he contemplate,—himself ? a meagre theme  
 for musing :  
 He hath cast off follies, and kept aloof from cares ; a  
 man of simple wants ;  
 God and the soul, these are his excuse, a just excuse,  
 for solitude :  
 But he carried with him to his cell the half-dead feelings  
 of humanity :  
 There were they rested and refreshed ; and he yearned  
 once more on men.

There is the wise, or the learned, or the good, that  
 sought not solitude for thinking,  
 And from seclusion's secret vale brought forth his pre-  
 cious fruits ?  
 Forests of Aricia, your deep shade mellowed Numa's  
 wisdom,



Peaceful gardens of Vacluse, ye nourished Petrarch's  
love;  
Solitude made a Cincinnatus, ripening the hero and the  
patriot,  
And taught De Staël self-knowledge, even in the damp  
Bastile;  
It fostered the piety of Jerome, matured the labours of  
Augustine,  
And gave imperial Charles religion for Ambition:  
That which Scipio praised, that which Alfred practised,  
Which fired Demosthenes to eloquence, and fed the  
mind of Milton,  
Which quickened zeal, nurtured genius, found out the  
secret things of science,  
Helped repentance, shamed folly, and comforted the  
good with peace,—  
By all men just and wise, by all things pure and perfect,  
How truly, Solitude, art thou the fostering nurse of  
greatness!

Enough;—the theme is vast; sear me these necks of  
Hydra:  
What shall drive away the thoughts flocking to this  
carcase?  
Yea,—that all which man may think, hath long been  
said of Solitude;  
For many wise have proved and preached its evils and  
its good:  
I cannot add,—I will not steal; enough, for all is  
spoken:  
Yet heed thou these for practice, and discernment among  
men.



There are pompous talkers, solemn, oracular, and dull:  
Track them from society to solitude; and there ye find  
them fools.

There are light-hearted jesters, taking up with company  
for pastime;

How speed they when alone?—serious, wise, and  
thoughtful.

And wherefore? both are actors, saving when in soli-  
tude,

There they live their truest life, and all things show sin-  
cere:

But the fool by pomposity of speech striveth to be  
counted wise,

And the wise, for holiday and pleasance, playeth with the  
fool's best bauble.

The solemn seemer, as a rule, will be found more igno-  
rant and shallow

Than those who laugh both loud and long, content to  
hide their knowledge.

For thee; seek thou Solitude, but neither in excess nor  
morosely;

Seek her for her precious things, and not of thine own  
pride.

For there, separate from a crowd, the still small voice  
will talk with thee,

Truth's whisper, heard and echoed by responding con-  
science;

There, shalt thou gather up the ravelled skeins of  
feeling,

And mend the nets of usefulness, and rest awhile for  
duties:

There, thou shalt hive thy lore, and eat the fruits of  
study,

For Solitude delighteth well to feed on many thoughts :

There, as thou sittest peaceful, communing with fancy,

The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares :

There, as thou walkest by the sea, beneath the gentle  
stars,

Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy  
soul ;

Thou shalt weep in Solitude,—thou shalt pray in Soli-  
tude,

Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of  
Solitude.

Pass on, pass on !—for this is the path of wisdom :

God make thee prosper on the way ; I leave thee well  
with Solitude.

## The End.

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**E**very beginning is shrouded in a mist, those vague  
 ideas beyond,  
 And the traveller setteth on his journey, oppressed with  
 many thoughts,  
 Balancing his hopes and fears, and looking for some  
 order in the chaos,  
 Some secret path between the cliffs, that seem to bar his  
 way :  
 So, he commenceth at a clue, unravelling its tangled  
 skein,  
 And boldly speedeth on to thread the labyrinth before  
 him.  
 Then as he gropeth in the darkness, light is attendant  
 on his steps,  
 He walketh straight in fervent faith, and difficulties  
 vanish at his presence ;  
 The very flashing of his sword scattereth those shadowy  
 foes ;

Confident and sanguine of success, he goeth forth conquering and to conquer.

Every middle is burdened with a weariness,—to have to go as far again,—  
And Diligence is sick at heart, and Enterprize foot-sore :  
That which began in zeal, bursting as a fresh-dug spring,  
Goeth on doggedly in toil, and hath no help of nature :  
Then, is need of moral might, to wrestle with the animal re-action,  
Still to fight, with few men left, and still though faint pursuing.  
The middle is a marshy flat, whereon the wheels go heavily,  
With clouds of doubt above, and ruts of discouragement below :  
Press on, sturdy traveller, yet a league, and yet a league !  
While every step is binding wings on thy victorious feet.

Every end is happiness, the glorious consummation of design,  
The perils past, the fears annulled, the journey at its close :  
And the traveller resteth in complacency, home-returned at last :  
Work done may claim its wages, the goal gained hath won its prize :  
While the labour lasted, while the race was running,

Many-times the sinews ached, and half refused the struggle :

But now, all is quietness, a pleasant hour given to repose ;

Calmness in the retrospect of good, and calmness in the prospect of a blessing.

Hope was glad in the beginning, and fear was sad mid-way,

But sweet fruition cometh in the end, a harvest safe and sure.

That which is, can never not have been : facts are solid as the pyramids :

A thing done is written in the rock, yea, with a pen of iron.

Uncertainty no more can scare, the proof is seen complete,

Nor accident render unaccomplished, for the deed is finished.

Thus the end shall crown the work, with grace, grace, unto the topstone,

And the work shall triumph in its crown, with peace, peace, unto the builder.

I have written, as other some of old, in quaint and meaning phrase,

Of many things for either world, a crowd of facts and fancies :

And will ye judge me, men of mind?—judge in kindly calmness ;

For bitter words of haste or hate have often been repented.

Deep dreaming upon surface reading ; imagery crowded over argument ;



Order less considered in the multitude of thoughts :  
this witnessing is just.

Scripture gave the holier themes, the well-turned words  
and wisdom ;

While Fancy on her swallow's wing skimmed those  
deeper waters.

And wilt thou say with shrewdness,—He hath burnished  
up old truths,

But where he seemed to fashion new, the novelty was  
false ?

Alas, for us in these last days, our elders reaped the  
harvest :

Alas, for all men in all times, who glean so many tares !

That which is true, how should it be new ? for time is  
old in years :

That which is new, how should it be true ? for I am  
young in wisdom.

Nevertheless, I have spoken at my best, according to the  
mercies given me,

Of high, and deep, and famous things, of Evil, or of  
Good.

I have told of Errors near akin to Truth, and whole-  
somes linked with poison ;

Of subtle Uses in the humblest, and the deep-laid plots  
of Pride :

I have praised Wisdom, comforted thy Hope, and  
proved to thee the folly of Complaining ;

Hinted at the hazard of an Influence, and turned thee  
from the terrors of Ambition.

I have shown thee thy Captivity to Law ; yet bade thee  
hide Humilities :

I have lifted the curtains of Memory ; and smoothed the  
soft pillow of Rest.

Experience had his sober hour ; and Character its keen  
appreciation ;

And holy Anger stood sublime, where Hatred fell con-  
demned.

Prayer spake the mind of God, even in His own good  
words :

And Zeal, with kindness warmly mixt, allied him to  
Discretion.

I taught thee that nothing is a Trifle, even to the laugh  
of Recreation ;

I led thee with the Train of Religion, to be dazzled at  
the name of the Triune.

Thought confessed his unseen fears ; and Speech de-  
clared his triumphs ;

I sang the blessedness of Books ; and commended the  
prudence of a Letter :

Riches found their room, either unto honour—or de-  
spising :

Inventions took their lower place, for all things come of  
God.

I scorned Ridicule ; nor would humble me for Praise ;  
for I had gained Self-knowledge ;

And pleaded fervently for Brutes, who suffer for man's  
sin.

Then, I rose to Friendship ; and bathed in all the ten-  
derness of Love ;

Knew the purity of Marriage ; and blest the face of  
Children.

And whereas, by petulance or pride, I had haply said  
some evil,

---

Mine after-thought was Tolerance, to bear the faults of  
all :

Many faults, ill to bear, bred the theme of Sorrow ;  
Many virtues, dear to see, induced the gush of Joy.

Thus, for awhile, as leaving thee in joy, was I loth to  
break that spell ;

I roamed to other things and thoughts, and fashioned  
other books.

But in a season of reflection, after many days,

A thought stood before me in its garment of the past,—  
and lo, a legion with it !

They came in thronging bands,—I could not fight nor  
fly them,—

And so they took me to their tent, the prisoner of  
thoughts.

Then, I bade thee greet me well, and heed my cheerful  
counsels ;

For every day we have a Friend, who changeth not with  
time.

Gladly did I speak of my commission, for I felt it graven  
on my heart,

And could not hold my wiser peace, but magnified mine  
office.

Mystery had left her echoes in my mind, and I dis-  
coursed her secret :

And thence I turned aside to man, and judged him for  
his Gifts.

Beauty, noble thesis, had a world of sweets to sing  
of,



And dated all her praise from God, the birthday of the  
soul.

Thence grew Fame; and Flattery came like Agag;  
But this was as the nauseous dregs, of that inspiring  
cup:

Forth from Flattery sprang in opposition harsh and dull  
Neglect;

And kind Contentment's gentle face to smile away the  
sadness.

Life, all buoyancy and light, and Death, that sullen  
silence,

Sped the soul to Immortality, the final home of man.

Then, in metaphysical review, passed a triple troop,  
Swift Ideas, sounding Names, and heavily armed  
Things:

Faith spake of her achievements even among men her  
brethren;

And Honesty, with open mouth, would vindicate himself:  
The retrospect of Social life had many truths to tell of.

And then I left thee to thy Solitude, learning there of  
Wisdom.

Friend and scholar, lover of the right, mine equal kind  
companion,—

I prize indeed thy favour, and these sympathies are  
dear:

Still, if thy heart be little with me, wot thou well, my  
brother,

I canvass not the smiles of praise, nor dread the frowns  
of censure.

Through many themes in many thoughts, have we held  
sweet converse;

But God alone be praised for mind ! He only is sufficient.

And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established :

Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer ?

I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice,

I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for gratitude,—

God hath blest my mind, and taught it many truths ;

And I have echoed some to thee, in weakness, yet sincerely :

Yea, though ignorance and error shall have marred those lessons of His teaching,

I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof.

If thou lovest, help me with thy blessing ; if otherwise, mine shall be for thee ;

If thou approvest, heed my words ; if otherwise, in kindness be my teacher.

Many mingled thoughts for self have warped my better aim ;

Many motives tempted still, to toil for pride or praise :

Alas, I have loved pride and praise, like others worse or worthier ;

But hate and fear them now, as snakes that fastened on my hand :

Scævola burnt both hand and crime ; but Paul flung the viper on the fire :

He shook it off, and felt no harm ; so be it ! I renounce them.

Rebuke then, if thou wilt rebuke,—but neither hastily  
nor harshly ;

Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly, of right: I  
work for God and good.



TEΛΟΣ.

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